Barnabæ Itinerarium

OR

BARNABEE'S JOURNAL

By RICHARD BRATHWAIT A.M.

WITH A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION TO

THE ITINERARY

AND A CATALOGUE OF HIS WORKS

EDITED FROM THE FIRST EDITION

By JOSEPH HASLEWOOD

"E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires"

A NEW EDITION CAREFULLY REVISED.

By W. CAREW HAZLITT

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TO

WILLIAM BOLLAND, ESQ.

THIS REVIVAL OF A POPULAR WORK

(AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ORIGINAL),

NOW THE NINTH TIME PRINTED,

IS DEDICATED

AS A TRIBUTE OF FRIENDSHIP

BY

JOSEPH HASLEWOOD.

Conduit Street,
November 5, 1820.

PREFACE.

THERE are books and books : real books, and objects which look like them—things in books' clothing, form or semblance. *Barnaby's Journal* by Richard Brathwaite is no counterfeit ; it is a genuine piece of literature, and may indeed be pronounced *sui generis*. It was the prototype of other and very inferior productions by Masters, Corbet, and others. Brathwaite presents to us, besides, the interesting and unusual spectacle of a man of fortune and position, who to the last hours of a prolonged life devoted himself to literary pursuits with equal ardour and success.

There is only one true text of the *Journal*, and that is the original one of 1638, reproduced faithfully by Joseph Haslewood in 1820, in two squat duodecimo volumes, with an elaborate bibliography of that and the author's other works, and a few graphic embellishments. The latter is so exhaustive in its treatment and range, that it is almost as unique editorially as Brathwaite's own effusion is in a literary way. It is, in fact, a monograph, and was to Haslewood a labour of mere love. The research was immense ; and the old Westmoreland bard found a commentator more voluminous than the *recensor* of a Delphin Classic. Like Cervantes (*si parva licet*, &c.), Haslewood did many other things ; but this was his *magnum opus*, his " Don Quixote."

The edition of 1638 is among the scarcest morsels in

early English literature in a complete state. It is an ordinary duodecimo ; but it collates in eights. Nearly all the known copies are more or less cropped, and such must have been the case with those which Haslewood inspected, since his reprint does not really follow the dimensions of the *editio princeps*, as he intended that it should.

It was therefore thought, having regard to the intrinsic worth of the book, and the difficulty of procuring it in a desirable shape in respect to text and illustrations, that a new and cheaper edition, containing *an exact reissue, plates as well as letterpress*, of that of 1820, save and except only where more recent information might enable one *to correct actual mistakes or supply material corrections*, would be an acceptable guest to many lovers of such reading.

It was found, indeed, on a careful examination of the volumes, that (partly owing to the somewhat peculiar order in which the volumes seem to have been printed) a certain amount of rearrangement, such as Haslewood himself would in all probability have adopted as a matter of course under similar circumstances, including the insertion of additional notes in their proper places, and the cancelling of perhaps inadvertent, and certainly fruitless, repetitions, would prove highly conducive to the utility and *readability* of the work.

The impression consists of 500 copies, besides five-and-twenty copies printed for subscribers on Whatman's paper, in crown octavo.

W. C. H.

KENSINGTON, *April* 1876.

OF OUR AUTHOR

RICHARD BRATHWAIT:*

BORN about 1588; FLOURISHED 1611—1665; DIED Mar. 4, 1673.

—o—

THE ancestors of BRATHWAIT were possessed of a good freehold domain in the county of Westmorland, and appear to have resided thereon through several generations. Whether the estate passed by an oft-condemned entail, whereby families

* The family name underwent many of the capricious variations that distinguish the orthography of that period, it being sometimes spelt Braithwaite, Braythwait, Braynthwayt, Branthwait, Braythwayte, and Brathwait. Some literary friends have obliged the Editor by communicating four different autographs of our author. That engraved under the portrait is from the letter given at length in a note, dated February 1629. The three copied beneath the monument are from legal instruments,—the first dated in January 1663; the two last, of successive days in March 1672,—and are upon one sheet of paper. Some doubt may be entertained of both signatures being written at the same time, although probably that was the fact. They clearly show the decrepitude of age as well in the tremulous handwriting as incertitude of spelling, not unusual at the writer's advance in years; who was then, we presume, at least 84. The solitary chance, therefore, of the name being once wrote Brathwait*e*, need not endanger another little deluge of ink,—to imitate some praiseworthy commentators, by laboured

usually inherit respect without attaining eminence, is not important: the first member of the family of Brathwait whose mental endowments gave distinction to the name, was our author.

Richard Brathwait, the grandfather, lived at and was owner of Ambleside in the barony of Kendal, in Westmorland. He married Anne, daughter of William Sandys, of East Thwaites, Lancashire, and had issue one son, Robert * B., who possessed Burneshead † in the same county, and married Alice, daughter of John Williamson of Milbech, Cumberland. They had issue—1, Anne, married John Bradley of Bradley, Lancashire; 2, Thomas; 3, Elizabeth, married George Benson of Hugell, Westmorland; 4, Isabell, married Thomas Briggs of Caumire, Westmorland; and 5, Gawen, married Isabell, daughter of Richard Forster, Esq.

Thomas, the eldest son, father of the author, having purchased of John Warcop, after a family possession of above three centuries, the manor of Warcop near Appleby, resided there until, probably, the death of his own father, when he became possessed of Burneshead. To him a grant was made, by way of increase to the ancient family arms,‡ and he was afterwards knighted. He married Dorothy, daughter of Robert Bindloss of Haulston, Westmorland, and had issue—1, Agnes, married Sir Thomas Lamplew of Downby, Cambridgeshire; 2, Thomas (who was knighted),

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discussion; as at present it sufficeth that many concurring authorities confirm the adoption of what our author has thrice written, viz. *Brathwait*.

* Wood calls him Thomas.

† Sometimes spelt Barnside, or Burnside.

‡ Gules, on a cheveron argent three cross croslets fitchée sable; a crest or cognizance thus: Upon the helme on a torse white and black, a grey hound couchant argent, his collar and lyne gules, mantled gules, double argent.

married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Dalston of Dalston, Cumberland; 3, Alice, married Thomas Barton of Whenby, Yorkshire; 4, RICHARD BRATHWAIT; 5, Dorothy, married Francis Salkeld of Whitehall, Esq.; 6, Mary, married John Brisco of Crofton, Esq.; 7, Anne, married to Alan Askoughe of Richmond in Yorkshire, Gent.* Richard Brathwait is supposed to have been born about 1588 at Burneshead, which is in the parish of Kendall; and he alludes to the latter as his "native place" in some lines addressed "to the truely worthy the Alderman of Kendall and his brethren." After lamenting therein the prevalence of drunkenness, he says—

"How happie should I in my wishes be,
If I this vice out of request could see,
Within that native place *where I was borne*,
It lies in you deere Townes-men to reforme." *

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* The *Description of a good Wife*, 1619, was inscribed by the author

"To his 5 equally affectionate Sisters, all vertuous content.

To you that are the chiefest of my care,
Tyes of my loue and figures of my life,
Send I this character, where ech may share
Her equal portion in my rare-good Wife,
And be the same, which I'me resolu'd you are:
So shall your Husbands say (I doubt it not)
The Sisters liues prou'd what their Brother wrot.

"Yours iointly as his owne.

"MVSOPHILVS."

† In another poem, addressing the *Cottonneers of Kendall*, he confirms that country being his place of residence and nativity, by the following lines—

And in my observations seeme to show,
That due respect I to my country owe.
*   *   *   *   *
That did this taske and labour undertake,
For your profession and your countries sake,

In some moral reflections published by Brathwait, and founded upon the events of his own life, he dwells rather unsparingly upon the idle and thoughtless hours of early youth. Books he describes as first loved only for their covers; and, like most infantine readers, he always preferred the gaiety of the flowers and indented letters to the matter. This carelessness he began to shake off when he had served only two apprenticeships (as he says) in the world, and at that period had advanced higher in stature than discretion. After leaving school he was sent to the University, and, according to Wood, "became a commoner of Oriel College A.D. 1604, aged 16, and was matriculated as a gentleman's son and a native of the county of Northumberland [*sic.*]." There he rapidly advanced in his studies; and when time called, examination approved him for a graduate. Having afterwards received for a task *Terræ Filius*, his exercise exhibited such signs of proficiency that he received considerable encouragement to pursue his studies, as also a free tender of ample preferment. In this course he remained contented for several years, deriving from the bounteous bosom of Alma Mater and the freedom of those studies no less private comfort than in the voice of others encouragement, until he resolved to set his rest there if it accorded with his parents' liking. In this determination he was soon crossed, being parentally enjoined to turn the course of academic exercises, wherein he had tasted such infinite content, to a

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Whose ayre I breath'd, O I were worthy death,
Not to love them, who suckt with me one breath:
How many families supported be,
Within the compasse of one Barronry.
* * * * *

Let me exhort you, in respect I am
Unto you all both friend and countriman.
See *Strappado for the Devil*, 1615, p. 1732–10.

profession little suited with his disposition. He who had, according to Wood, "avoided as much as he could the rough paths of logic and philosophy, and traced those smooth ones of poetry and Roman history, in which at length he did excel," found the flowers of poesy and history could not be easily transplanted and thrive amidst the thorny places and plashes of the Law. Most unwillingly he took leave of the University,* and was compelled to address his studies to knowledge as different from his former element as if moulded to some new dialect; for though versed in most tongues, he was in this, he declares, a mere novitiate. Here he remained long, and lightly profited; studying more for acquaintance than knowledge, and still, like others, running deeply in arrears with time, and gulling the eyes of opinion with the semblance of a law-gown.

This burst into life, relieved from the shackling lessons of a tutor, and probably far distant from the penetrating eye of a parent, seems to have confirmed

* "He removed to Cambridge, as it seems, where also he spent some time for the sake of dead and living authors."—*Ath. Oxonienses.* It was probably while at Cambridge that his tutor was Lancelot Andrews, afterwards Bishop of Winchester. In *His farewell to Poetry*, Brathwait delineates the University life in the following lines—

"Much better was my state, and far more free,
When I remain'd i' th' Vniversitie;
Where as I had nought, so I car'd for nought,
But for th' pitch of knowledg, which I sought:
Having both cheerfull sleep, and healthfull ayre,
And stomach too, hows'ere my *commons* were.
What choice delights were then afforded us
In reading Plutarch, Livie, Tacitus,
Or the Stagyrians rare philosophie,
Whereto the Inds may not compared be
With all their precious oare; for I did finde
No mine on earth could so enrich the minde."

his taste for literary composition. However, the effect may best appear in his own words—

"Amidst these disrelishing studies," he says, "whereto I was rather enforced than enclined: I bestowed much precious time (better spent than in Tavernes and Brothells) in reviving in mee the long-languishing spirit of Poetrie, with other morall assayes; which so highly delighted mee, as they kept mee from affecting that loose kind of libertie, which through fulnesse of meanes, and licentiousnesse of the age, I saw so much followed and eagerly pursued by many. This moved mee sometimes to fit my buskin'd Muse for the Stage;* with other occasionall Presentments or Poems; which being freeborne, and not mercenarie, received gracefull acceptance of all such as understood my ranke and qualitie. For so happily had I crept into Opinion (but weake is that happinesse that is grounded on Opinion) by closing so well with the temper and humour of the time, as nothing was either presented by mee (at the instancie of the noblest and most generous wits and spirits of that time) to the Stage; or committed by me to the presse; which past not with good approvement in the estimate of the world. Neither did I use these private solaces of my pen, otherwise than as a play onely to the imagination: rather to allay and season more serious studies, than account them any fixt imployment. Nor did I onely bestow my time on these; for I addressed my selfe to subjects of stronger digestion; being such as required

* At this period, when his mind fevered for fame, restlessly toiling to maintain the enviable distinction given him by the finger of notoriety as "one of the wits," the aid of his "buskin'd muse" no doubt assisted his purpose; but whatever he then produced for the stage remains unknown, if not entirely lost. Those pieces by which his name is recorded among the dramatic writers, are founded upon political events that happened after the work above quoted was in print.

more maturitie of judgement, though lesse pregnancie of invention : relishing more of the lampe than those lighter measures which I had formerly penned ; wherein I grew as strong in the opinion and reputation of others as before. This I must confesse, begot in mee a glowing heat and conceit of my selfe : but this I held an easie errour, and the more dispensable, because arising from the infirmitie of nature. Howsoever, I can very well remember (and what other followers can bee to such a remembrancer but penitent teares and incessant feares) that I held it in those dayes an incomparable grace to be styled one of the Wits. Where, if at any time invited to a publique feast, or some other meeting of the Muses, wee hated nothing more than losing time ; reserving ever some select houres of that solemnity, to make proofe of our conceits in a present provision of epigrams, anagrams, with other expressive (and many times offensive) fancies.

"But Wits so ill employed were like weapons put into mad mens hands. They hurt much, benefitted little : distasting more than they pleased ; for they liked onely such mens palats, as were male-contents, and critically affected. By this time I had got an eye in the world ; and a finger in the street. There goes an Author ! One of the wits !" *

From the Inns of Court he appears to have adventured awhile among the merchants, and finally to have left court and city to turn honest countryman, his parents having settled a competent estate upon him. This determination was made soon after the decease of his father ; † an event which probably led to an arrangement whereby possession was given, at no very

* *Spiritval Spicerie*, 1638.

† See his epitaph, *infrâ*.

distant period, of the landed property limited and assigned for his use. In the will of the father, as appears in the extracts below,* his early unsteady,

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* "In the name of God, Amen, the eighteenth of February in the yeare of o^{r} Lord God one thousand six hundred and six: I, Thomas Braithwaite, of Burneshead in the County of Westmerland, Esquier" * * *

"And also my Will and mynd is that my sonne Richard Braithwait shall contynue in the Univ^{r}sitie of Oxford, and there to applie and followe learning for and during such tyme as my Wife, wth the advise of the more p^{t} of the superviso^{rs} of this my last Will and Testament, then living, shall thinke meet: And afterwards goe and remayne at the Innes of Court, and there to applie and followe the studie of the lawes of this Realme, so long as he shall well behave himselfe, and diligentlie followe and applie the said studie: as my trust is that he will do. And my mynde is that my wife shall bestowe upon him, yearly, during her life, a competent and reasonable porc'on, at her discretion, for and towards his mayntenance and fynding, so long as he wilbe obedient unto her, and ruled and advised by her, and be of good demeano^{r} and behaviour: the same to be levied in such manner and frome as I have lymitted and appointed by the said Indenture, hereinbefore menc'oned, made betwene me of thone p'tie, and the said Richard Hutton, Robt Bindlose, Thomas Lamplugh, Thomas Burton, and Robt Crosfeild, of the other p'tie. And whereas by the same Indenture I have lymitted and appointed unto him certaine lands, tenem^{ts} and hereditam^{ts}, as by the same Indenture more at large appeareth, my will intent and meaning is, that the said lands, tenem^{ts} and hereditam^{ts}, so to him lymitted and assigned, shalbe and stand for his full advancm^{t} and p'ferm^{t}, and in full recompence and satisfac'on of the filliall or child's porc'on, w'ch should or ought by and after my death, to belong or app'teyne to him of my goods or chattells. Also I will and bequeath unto my three daughters Agnes Lamplughe, Alice Burton, and Mary Briscoe, twenty pounds apeece. And I do will and straightlie charge my two sonnes, Thomas and Richard, that they be kinde, loving, obedient and dutifull to there Mother, and be advised and counselled by her. And I do likewise charge all my daughters that they shalbe kynd, loving and comfortable to her." * * *

"And I do give and bequeath to Dorothie my wel-beloved wife all my goods and chattells whatsoev^{r}, hereinbefore not bequeathed, my debts, fun^{r}alls and legacies discharged. And I

volatile habits are partially glanced at, while admonishing him as a favourite and perhaps too much indulged son. The testator's injunction for the completing his education at the University, and afterwards to apply and perfect his studies at the Inns of Court, shows the fond hope and confidence entertained of his future proficiency as a scholar and ability as a lawyer. But, as it commonly happens, neither paternal forethought, or the staid admonitions of those clothed with testamentary authority, could stay natural inclination, nor prevent the ambition of our author penning

"A stanza when he should engross."

However, certain it is the death of the father created some family differences, that were only staid in progress by the prudent intervention of friends. He particularly alludes to this subject in a dedication to his uncle in 1611, where he refers to "the troubled course of our estates and the favourable regard you had of our attonement, which is now (he adds), so happily confirmed." * In addressing his elder brother he also alludes to the same subject—

"Our ciuill warres be now ended, vnion in the sweete harmony of minde and coniunction hath prevented the current of ensuing faction," † &c.

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do make her my sole Executrix. And I do nōiate and appoint Supervisors of this my last Will and Testam^t, my welbeloved nephew Richard Hutton, Sergiant at lawe; my welbeloved brother in lawe Robt Bindlose, Esquier; my welbeloved sonnes in lawe Thomas Lamplugh, Thomas Burton, and John Briscoe, Esquiers; and my nephew Thomas Braithwait, Gentleman; desireing them, as my trust is in them, that they wilbe aiding and helping to my wife and children, and to see this my last Will and Testament to be p'formed so farr as in them lieth." * * *

Proved at York 28th May, 1610.

* *Golden Fleece*, 1611.

† Ibid.

He first married, in 1617, Frances, daughter of James Lawson of Nesham * near Darlington, in the Bishopric of Durham, at which place she was born, being the descendant of a very ancient family. †

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* Neare Darlington was my deare darling borne,
Of noble house, which yet beares honor's forme.
Anniversaries upon his Panarete, 1634.

† Brathwait occasionally introduced in his stories and poems incidents that happened in his own family and life; and many allusions therein imply that the parents, or one of them, for some cause unexplained, objected to or occasioned a deferring of his union with Frances Lawson. In the following letter, written to obtain the licence, there seems a laboured ambiguity in endeavouring to assume the especial character of a friend, at the same time using the signature of the father, or that of a near relative or kinsman of the lady, as intending to impose on the notary. However, if fictitious in substance, and an ingenious love-fraud by Brathwait to effect a clandestine marriage, the purpose succeeded; for it was considered authentic by Mr Hegge the Notary Public, Durham, to whom it was addressed, and the required licence immediately granted.

"Mr. Hegge. After my right hartie commendac'ons remembred gr. [greeting] I earnestlie require by a speciall frinde of myne the rather by reason of my acquaintance wth you, to be a meanes for the . . . [procuring] and obteyninge a license for the marriage of a coople wthin . . . [the spiritual] courte at Durham. The p'tyes names to be married ar Richard Brathwayte and Fraunces Lawson whoe I darre assure you of my creditt and as I am verilye p'swaded in confidence, are eache of them free from anye other p'contracte, but betwene themselves; and that (as I am crediblye enformed) the same concluded and agreed upon by consent of bothe ther parents: The fees therfor dewe you shall receyue by this bearer: if the same licence must of necessitye express the minister his name in p'ticular who should marrye them (as some saye it ought) wch for my p'te I knowe not, thoughe I have noe directions eyther from the p'tyes themselves, or my s'd frynde to nominate anye, then you may speciallye name Mr. Thomas Thompson p'son of Hurworthe for that purpose: otherwise I pray you lett the license be as generall as may be, and the same I pray you make readye

These circumstances explain the passages in the Journal, when, on the first visit to Nesham, Barnabee says—

Heræ vultu speciosam :

And upon the second, *ad Nesham cum uxore*—

Et amamur & amamus.

The licence was dated the 2d May 1617, and granted at the request of Ralph Lambe, servant of James Lawson of Nesham, Esq.; and the marriage ceremony took place at Hurworth, in which parish Nesham is situated, and is a village about three miles from Darlington.*

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agaynst to morrow that this bearer shall call for the same Thus requiringe your good frindshippe and furtherance hearin

"I cōmit you to God and will rest ever
"Your uerye lovinge freinde
"James Lawson."

"Nesham this 2 of
Maij 1617."

* The issue of this union was nine children, viz. Thomas, Robert, James, Richard, Philip, Dorothy, Alice, Agnes, and John.

Thomas, the eldest son, who then resided at Ambleside, gave by deed, dated 26th Nov. 1674, a collection of medals to the University of Oxford, which probably was formed by his father. See Camden's *Britannia* by Gibson, col. 987.

John, the youngest child, was born the 19th February 1630: his father hailed the event in some verses appended to the *Whimzies* in the following year as

Clitvs his Genethlia vpon the Birth-day of his sonne John.

Vagiendo vallem intramus,
Suspirando relinquimus.
With shreekes we live, and with a sigh we die;
Thus live we, die we, griefe is ever die.

God bless thee John and make thee such an one,
That I may ioy in calling thee my Son.
Thou art my ninth, and by it I divine
That thou shalt live to love the Muses nine.
And live by loving them : for it were fit
A younger brother had an elder wit—&c.

Living at Burneshead many years, Brathwait "became (says Wood) Captain of a Foot-company in the Trained-Bands,* a Deputy-Lieutenant in the county of Westmorland, a Justice of Peace,† and a noted Wit and Poet. He wrote and published several books in English, consisting of prose and poetry, highly commended in the age wherein published, but since slighted and despised as frivolous matters, and only to be taken into the hands of novices."

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* Probably he held a military appointment about the close of the reign of Charles I., as his loyal exertions in favour of that unfortunate monarch are evinced in many instances; and there is a traditionary belief that he commanded a troop of horse during the Civil Wars. It may also be conjectured that Thomas B., his eldest son, accompanied the royal exile Charles II. to Breda in 1650. The following official paper is given from an original manuscript *penes me*—

"Charles R. Our will and pleasure is that you pay and deliver the summe of one hundred gulders to Captaine Braithwaite and the summe of fifty gulders to Captaine Allen for their charges in our seruice which we haue directed them to doe. And for so doing this shal be your Warrant. Giuen at Breda the 28h of May 1650.

"By his Mats command,
"ROB. LONG."

"To our trusty and welbeloued
Seruant, Sr Edward Walker
Knt our Receiur Generall."

[Indorsed] "Breda 29h of May 1650. Receaued then of Sr Edward Walker Knt his Maties Receauor Generall the full sum of one Hundred Guilders according to his Maties Warrant within written. I say receaved by me
100 Guildrs. "THO. BRATHWAIT."

"Breda 29 May 1650. Receaued, &c., 50 Guildrs.
"WILLIAM ALLANE."

† This appointment he obtained very soon after his settling in the country. "It pleased the prince," he says, "to put mee in commission for administration of Justice: a vertue and a choyce one too, yet such an one, as by the abuse of man, not of time, may be compared to the Celedony stone, which retaineth her vertue no longer than it is rubbed with gold. For my

Brathwait is little obliged to honest Anthony a Wood for this character. Indeed, though the biographer is apt to deal largely in this sort of criticism on popular writers, it is not such as conveys very precise ideas. He has said something of the same kind of Robert Greene and many others. What is its fair import? That our author was a favourite in his day with a higher class of readers than in the succeeding age! And what is this but to have incurred the evils inseparable from the popularity of fashion? It is of the essence of fashion to *descend* in the subjects of its dominion; and to transfer its yoke to the vulgar, at the period when it is thrown off by those of rank and consideration.

To take advantage of temporary topics and a temporary phraseology, to excite notice, is certainly a strong presumption of a minor genius. It is that "deciduous sort of laurel" ascribed by Wood to Brathwait; but it is the business of an impartial critic to examine whether in this instance (as in many others) it has been justly ascribed by this indiscriminate biographer. As the author of *Barnabee's Journal*, it will scarcely be denied that he possessed a native and unsophisticated wit and humour, a perspicuity of expression, a dance of imagery, and a facility of metre, which rank him with those whose talents are calculated to rise above the casual attractions derived from the manners of a single generation, and to command the notice and praise of every age.*

carriage therein, I appeale to such as knew mee: many imperfections and failings (heaven knowes) accompanyed mee, which by an humble acknowledgement of mine owne wants and an earnest desire of supply by God's grace, became so rectified in mee; as what before seemed crooked, was by that golden rule of his divine will in mee streightned."—*Holy Memorials*, &c.

* Of his style of correspondence I have only obtained a single specimen, and that a letter upon a pecuniary arrangement: how-

Brathwait's wife died March 7th, 1633, and he piously and sincerely mourned the event. In veneration of her memory, and as a public acknowledgment

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ever, it is not of less interest or importance than the epistolary scraps now too commonly made public as written by men of talent and genius that have passed the bourn of mortality. The envelope is lost: it is supposed to be addressed to Sir Timothy Hutton, son of the archbishop, who was always in difficulties: he married a daughter of Sir George Bowes;—and the Sir Talbot named is probably Sir Talbot B., brother to his wife; and the brother, Thomas B. of Streatham, Esq.

"Sr. Such small successe did ōr last meeting produce, as I am wholly disheartned to renew them. Besides, I doe much feare, that in accepting of new propositions, or admitting of any new bargaine, it might fare wth me, as it doth wth unexperienced younglins, who after one arrow lost, or graz'd, shoot another after. Truth is, if these propositions (wch in generall tearmes you expresse in your letter) did probably induce me that they intended any conclusion, I should be the more inclinable unto them: but how farre these have come short formerly of so faire and successive a cloze I appeale unto your knowing selfe. Notwithstanding all this, so strong and impressive a conceite have I ever recyved of your candor and integrity, as I perswadd myselfe that nothing you propound eyther in this particular or in ought else that may tend to honest and competible mediations, but they receive opinion from you of assured successe, at least so probably grounded as they promisse no lesse.—If you will be pleased to draw to some head such propositions as you intend, and returne them so punctually and definitely as eyther to conclude so or not, I shall out of that respect and observance wch I tender you, not only returne answer to your demandes, but if it shall be requisite, or that such propositions as you shall make accommodate themselves to any probable end, I shall insert some different place to treate more fully, touching the premizes. Which course, as I conceive is so much the rather to be embraced, in that it prepares the parties what they may obiect, how to resolve, and in each particular to addresse what they propose to some effectuall conclusion. If some occasions of maine consequence doe not divert my resolves, I purpose (God willing) to be at York Assizes, against wch tyme I suppose upon conference wth Sr Talbot and his brother, you may pitch upon some conclusive resolves: howsoever upon returne of your particular propositions, wch I shall expect wth all convenient expedition, I shall

of her worth and virtues, he published [two copies of] verses as the *Anniversaries upon his Panarete* [and the *Anniversaries Continued*, 1634 and 1635]; and when reprinting the *Essays on the Five Senses*, 1635, he took the advantage of delivering a moral admonition to their infant offspring, by introducing therein "Love's Legacy, or Panarete's blessing to her children," which is framed as if delivered in her very last moments, forbearing to speak of marriage because their childhood could not yet conceive it.

After remaining a widower six years he married again, taking for his second wife Mary, daughter of Roger Crofts of Kirtlington in Yorkshire, Gentleman; who was well jointured, being seised in her own right of the valuable manor of Catterick. He describes her as a widow and a native of Scotland.* Their issue

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addresse my answer unto yourselfe. So w[th] our best respects unto yourselfe and second selfe,

"I rest

"Your assured loving friend,

"Ri. Brathwait.

"Burneshead this 23
Februarij 1629."

* In *Panarete's Triumph*, 1641, he says—

But cheerfull is my Panthea, and desires
To feed her fancy with diviner fires.
It cannot her sweet disposition please
To twit her *last Choice* with abilities
Of her *first Husband:* Such discourse, sayes she,
Tasts more of lightnesse then of modestie.

Again—

The church gives her a lesson; and her scorne
Is to be taught in any other forme.
For though, where those grand Covenanters be
She took the place of her Nativitie,
The odious projects she does so despise
As with her needle shee'd pick out their eyes
For want of stronger Armour, to expresse
That loyall love which she did still professe
To Prince and Countrey: this twas made me bring
That Scottish posie to her nuptiall ring:

was the gallant Strafford Brathwait, who was afterwards knighted, and killed in the ship Mary, under the command of Sir Roger Strickland, during an engagement with the Tyger Algerine man-of-war, which was taken.

Some time after his second marriage he quitted Burneshead,* probably to occupy the Manor-house at Catterick.† How long he continued there is not

"Thus Twede and Tyne our loyall loves combine,
"Which Twedish factions never shall untwine."

[In 1640 Thomas Nabbes inscribed his tragedy of *The Unfortunate Mother* to "The Right Worshipfvll Richard Braithwaite, Esquire," and here the dramatist refers to Braithwaite's "many published and unquestionable labours."]

* The fevered state of the times might in part occasion his quitting the family residence at Burneshead. Brathwait was "a subject sworn to loyalty," and not likely under any sway at that lawless period to escape the common wrack of power. Lavish hospitality in support of the royal cause on the one hand, and contributions imperiously demanded and violently enforced in the name of either the Parliament or the Usurper upon the other, would serve equally to impoverish his hereditary property, and make a removal to the newly-acquired estate at Appleton a matter of convenience to prevent shading family honours. He declares himself to have been "a resolute sufferer for both" sovereign and country, and depicts the very impaired state of his fortune at the Restoration, in a poem addressed "To his Majesty upon his happy arrivall in our late discomposed Albion" (1660), which he describes as written "by him, who ever held his intimacy of Loyalty a sufficient reward for all his sufferings; and his house most happy in the hospitality of your [the King's] servants."

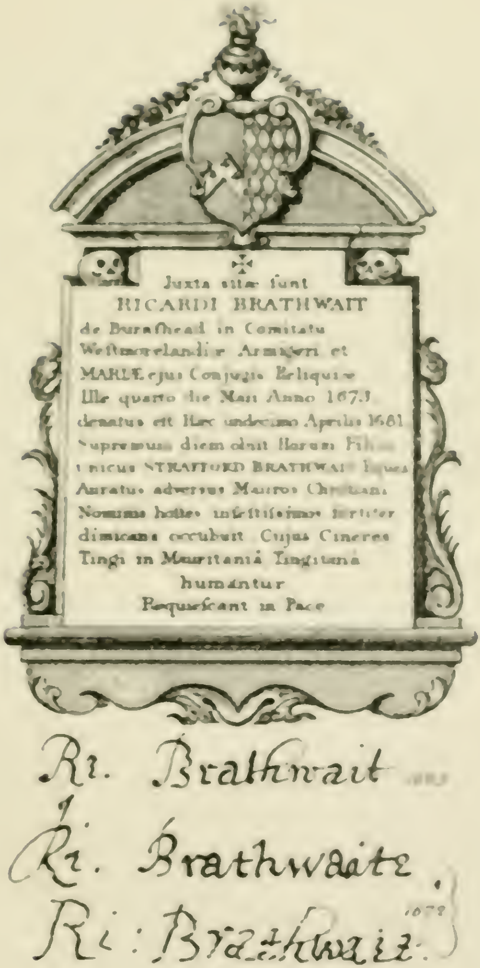
"My ruin'd fortunes I shall nere bemone
Though I have felt as much as any one
Of the Delinquent's whip: I'm still the man
I was, before the Civill warrs began;
Those capitall grand-bugbears had no power
T' affright your servant, though they might devour
That *small remainder* which he then possest,
Wherein they grew *half-sharers* at the least."

† His possession of the Manor is confirmed by several documents, and it is probable that with the family of Crofts he had



Ri: Brathwait




Juxta sitæ sunt
RICARDI BRATHWAIT
de Burnshead in Comitatu
Westmorelandiæ Armigeri et
MARIÆ ejus Conjugis Reliquiæ
Ille quarto die Maii Anno 1673
denatus est Hæc undecimo Aprilis 1681
Supremum diem obiit Horum Filius
Unicus STRAFFORD BRATHWAIT Eques
Auratus adversus Mauros Christiani
Nominis hostes infestissimos fortiter
dimicans occubuit Cujus Cineres
Tingi in Mauritaniâ Tingitanâ
humantur
Requiescant in Pace
Ri. Brathwait
Ri. Brathwaite
Ri: Brathwait

certain. He died at East Appleton, a small township of and adjoining to Catterick, and where his father-in-law then resided. The event happened on the fourth

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been, long before his second marriage, in close or neighbourly intimacy.—The Rev. Michall Syddall, Vicar of Catterick, appointed by his will Henry Darcy, Esq., Richard Brathwait, Esq., William Thornton, Esq., and Edward Crofts, Gent., Trustees for the conducting of a Free School instituted at Catterick. In Jan. 1663-64, the surviving Trustees were only Richard Brathwait and Edward Crofts, who by Power of Attorney appointed Roger Crofts of Gray's Inn, Gentleman, to treat, determine, and agree with Mrs Margaret Syddall, all differences and disputes betwixt them, which appear to have arisen on claims made for her son William. This difference was early compromised, but that did not long ensure a quiet execution of the Trusts to the Trustees. It is in such cases of common interest advisable, to prevent endless litigation, that the original powers and regulations of every charity should be defined, and kept, together with an account of the funds, successive appointments, and yearly payments, properly accessible, either as a provincial register, or else in some public depositary for county archives. Such a measure would preserve the funds of the charities from the peculation of individuals appointed as officers therein, and undue partiality of acting Trustees. Another evil might also be prevented, now rapidly increasing; that of inquisitive strangers, or relators as they are legally defined, who, under the shallow pretence of correcting abuses, are rapidly undermining our national religion. Who were the individuals Brathwait had to contend with is uncertain: we only know that the Puritans of that day were as pertinacious meddlers as the Dissenters are now; and therefore, probably, his rights and powers were sought to be wrested from him by neighbours of that description. In March 1672-73 the surviving Trustees elected Sir Christopher Wandesford, Bart., and Ma. Norton, Esq., in the room of William Thornton and Henry Darcy, deceased, as persons qualified according to the will of the Donor, and as "succeeding them in their estates in the said parish;" and they at the same time approved, under hand and seal, "Ralph Cottingham, Master of Arts, to be Master of the Free Schoole." It seems doubtful if the election was admitted; and the right of appointment was warmly resisted. Mr Norton in a letter to Mr Crofts, dated 12th April 1673, remarks: "Mr Brathwite being chiefe Lord of the Man[r] of Catterick I

day of May 1673; and he was buried on the seventh of the same month in the parish church of Catterick, where a neat mural monument was erected to his memory on the north side of the chancel.

He left behind him, says Wood, "the character of a well-bred gentleman and good neighbour;" and there might be added, a consistent Christian * and upright man. A description of his person has descended orally, as also of his dress, by which the trim fashion of his green years added comeliness to his grey hairs. Tradition reports him to have been in person below the common stature; well proportioned, and one of the handsomest men of his day; remarkable for ready wit and humour; charitable to the poor in the extreme, so much so as to have involved himself in difficulties by it. He commonly wore a light-grey coat, red waistcoat, and leather breeches. His hat

suspecte will not waue such a flower for its charyty and peyety in the adorning and wraping vp of the garland of the rest of his royalties there, and p'myt the same to be disposed of by other of his Nighbours without his Appʳbation, contrary to the doner's intention, to which a just regard ought to be had."

* The ways of his youth, those transient wanderings, proved afterwards the offspring of many bitter reflections. The undue waste of the Sabbath he laments thus in the *Penitent Pilgrim*:—"Thou needest no Arguments to perswade thee that the Sabbath is morall; being so far from making it *Evangelicall*, as thou didst make it thy day to satisfie thy lusts. At best thou thoughtst thyself well imployed that day, if thou bestow'd it upon sight of a wake, a Morrice dance, or the sociable frequent of an Alehouse. Yet had it beene better for thee to have *digg'd*, then have *danced*; to have plow'd, then so to have *unhallow'd* this holy day the *Sabbath*. How carefull wouldst thou be of observing a profane meeting; where God was never remembred but in Oaths! Such merry Meetings might not be forgotten: the end whereof was to forget God and his Judgments: and if it were possible, to put farre from them the evill day. But as the fumes of drinke begot forgetfulnesse in the evening: so the sense of sinne begot bitternesse in the morning."—P. 81.



was a high-crowned one, and beyond what was common in those days, when such hats were worn.* His equals in life bestowed on him the name of *Dapper*

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* An opinion has been entertained that the whole-length figure introduced in the engraved title to the *English Gentleman* represents the author. The first edition in 1630 exhibits the rich dress of a courtier of that period: which in the third edition, 1641, is altered; and the boots, spurs, sword, belt, and cloak, show the heavy serviceable habiliments worn in those formidable times by the warlike cavalier. He also wears in the first a very broad-brimmed hat, and in the latter a remarkable high-crowned hat: which may support the presumption, though it does not prove it was a portrait of Brathwait. The following passage, from a very uncommon tract, will show the value of that article of dress when full trimmed:—"I saw," says the author, "a complete Gentleman of late, whose Beuer-hat cost xxxvii.*s.* a feather xx.*s.* the hatband iij.*li.* and his ten double Ruffe iiij.*li.*: thus the head and necke onely were furnished, and that but of one suite, for ix.*li.* xvii.*s.* Now taking the proportion of the brauery for the rest of the body; the cloak liend with veluet, daubed ouer with gold lace two fingers broad, the sattin doublet and hose in like sort decked, the silke stockings, with costly garters hanging downe to the small of the legge, the Spanish shooes with glittering roses, the girdell and Steletto; I leaue it to those that herein know more than I, and can speake of greater brauery than this, to cast vp the totall summe: wherein also (as an appurtenant) they may remember his Mistris suited at his charge, and cast vp both summes in one. But on the contrary, I observed but 60 years since, generally a man full as good or better in ability than this complete, lusty looking lad, whose hat and band cost but v.*s.* and his ruffe but xii.*d.* at the most. So you see the difference of these summes; the one ix.*li.* xvii.*s.* and the other vi.*s.* Then after this proportion, the whole attire of the one cost aboue 30 times as much as the attire of the other; forget not also that the one lasteth three times as long as the other; subiect to change as fashions change . . . Of late the broad brimmd hat came suddainely in fashion, and put all other out of countenance and request; and happy were they that could get them soonest, and be first seene in that fashion; so that a computation being made, there is at the least 300000.*li.* or much more, in England onely bestowed in broad brimmd hats, within one yeare and an halfe. As for others, either Beuer or

Dick,* by which he was universally known. In disposition he was as admirable as in person; and always taking, from the gaiety of his heart, a conspicuous part in the neighbourhood in promoting the festivities of Christmas, those good times gone by long beheld him the darling of that side of the country.

By a nuncupative will Brathwait left the whole of his personal property to his youngest son "Sir Strafford Brathwait Knight de Catterick," which was valued as exceeding seven hundreds pounds. His real estates probably passed by marriage settlement.

Two portraits of our author were published in 1638. By the one prefixed to the *Nursery for Gentry*, subscribed *Ætatis* 48, with the motto *Meliori nascimur ævo*, and given as a frontispiece to the present volume, he appears then to have enjoyed the bloom of life and full vigour of constitution. The other is given in the engraved title to the *Psalms*, where he has a more aged appearance; probably adopted as the sedate Christian moralist,—a character he seemed desirous uniformly to sustain in all his serious and religious pieces. In the original it forms a medallion or oval of the same size as here given, and is rather laconically subscribed *Quanquam ô*.

Felts, they were on the suddaine of no reckoning at all: in so much, that my selfe (still continuing one fashion) I bought a Beuer hat for v.*s.* which the yeare before could not be had vnder 30.*s.*"—*The present State of England, expressed in this Paradox, Our Fathers were very rich with little, and Wee poore with much. Written by Walter Cary. London*, &c. 1627. 4to.

* In Mr Wilson's copy it is said "he was usually called Dagger Dick."

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BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CATALOGUE

OF THE WORKS OF

RICHARD BRATHWAIT.

[*This Catalogue has undergone considerable revisal. But considering the date at which it was compiled, it reflects great credit on Haslewood.*]

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BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CATALOGUE

OF THE WORKS OF

RICHARD BRATHWAIT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

BRATHWAIT early announced himself "ambitious after the name of an author," and in commencing his literary career, sought to secure that distinction by some ill-digested effusions, more willing to obtain present notice than trust to the uncertain, if more lasting, meed of posterity.

The early subjects of his muse were satirical and moral. As a satirist he attacked with some poignancy the fashionable attire, manners, and idle pursuits of that period. To censure the prevailing and less consequential foibles of society becomes an easy and amusing speculation. Fashion almost at all times invites to ridicule, and a small portion of caustic humour will render such exposures acceptable to the circle of ephemeral readers, and ensure a transient popularity to the author, however unworthy the waste of the effervescence of genius.

With the moral poet he united the character of a pious versifier. Many of his longer poems have

scriptural passages introduced, which rather humble than exalt his poetical character.

The era in which he commenced was also unfavourable. The reign of true genius had just expired, and an arbitrary pedant extended his prerogative to the literary world. All the powerful visions of romance and fiction were suddenly disenchanted; nature and her congenial attributes fell into disuse, and the vigour of intellect received a check from the cramp regimen of abstruse learning. It was then that a mountebank altar was raised to fame, whereon witchcraft mounted for a time, while tobacco fumed around a glowing incense. To the uncongenial influence of that tasteless age may be ascribed the circumstance that many of our author's poems at first were received, have shared in the common fate of those rhymes which seek the favour of popular caprice, and then fall into disesteem and obscurity.

Brathwait was a very voluminous prose writer, and, with the exceptions of Prynne and Wither, few have exceeded him in number of compositions. He wrote largely on historical, but more so on ethical subjects, and often with a strain of fervent piety, enforcing the necessity of practical religious duties so strongly, as to make some of his early humorous productions appear to have been given to the world in the very wantonness of authorship.

Although the topics of his pen were universal, only a few subjects have attracted attention and remained of easy reference. Of these the *English Gentleman* and *English Gentlewoman*, and the *Survey of History*, retain a place in most well-chosen collections of books. All his poetical works have become rare; and those more partially known, such as the *Strappado for the Diuell; Nature's Embassie, or the Wilde-man's measures; Golden Fleece*, &c., have been rendered conspi-

cuous by their quaint or taking titles, a species of bibliopolistic study in which he was an adept, and which enabled him sometimes to hit upon a happy conceit that, perhaps, ensured a rapid sale.

In 1815 an endeavour was made to revive his memory by a well-warranted reprint of the *Essays upon the Five Senses*, by the Editor of the *Archaica*. To that reprint was prefixed a preface, which not only contained some critical opinions on the merit of Brathwait, but augmented the very imperfect list that A. Wood had given of his writings. However, that active editor will allow me, with a frankness of friendship long felt for him, to discharge a duty always due to the public, in making these remarks on his labours on that occasion, which my professed love of scrupulous accuracy would induce me to make on those of a stranger. My friend has on this occasion suffered the ardour of his mind to carry him on, without sufficient examination of different copies, and thereby reprinted the *Essays on the Five Senses* from an incomplete copy, although it probably once belonged to the author himself. His edition * wants four pages of the table and the *Instructions of Philoretus to his Son*, forming two more at the end; and also the addition of a leaf, containing on one side eight verses as *Love's choice*, and on the reverse, an apologetic remark *Upon the Errata*. How this mischance occurred is conjectured on a future page; and probably my friend will be glad to adopt his author Brathwait's excuse on this occasion, and say—

"Curteous reader, it shall suit well with thy ingenuous candor, modestly to correct with a clear censure all such either literal or material errors as may obviously occur in the perusal of these subjects;

* Part VI. of the *Archaica*.

knowing how many authors innocentest labours have been press'd to death by errors."

Well aware of my friend's variety of occupation, both while resident at home, or rambling as a tourist, it may be some excuse to say, that at that moment, in addition to the parliamentary business which commonly engaged his mind, his time, strength, and zeal were nearly exhausted by the accidental pressure of a more than ordinary portion of literary labour. Though he has now become a settled traveller, yet his pen will not be idle, and I therefore presume to urge him to set a little higher value on these *minutiæ* than he seems to believe it necessary to do, lest some future Ritson should come upon him with an unsparing scalping-knife, and treat him as that hypercritic once treated his favourite Warton. In the title-page, moreover, the reprint is said to be from the edition of 1625, though in the preface the true date of 1620 is given.

I am further induced to remark, while upon the subject of reprints, that the same Editor has given a small selection of Brathwait's Odes from his private press. To him therefore the praise is due of having made the first attempt to revive the memory of our author, though nothing exceeded his surprise or pleased him more than the discovery that Brathwait was the author of Barnabee's Journal, of which he hailed the communication with the most frank acknowledgments, not in the least abated by the detection of his error, or by my venturing to reprove his carelessness. We have all our different pursuits, our varied duties, and little ambitions; and by mutual good-will and candid co-operation may correct each other without anger or peevishness, and abet without rudeness or incivility. It would as ill become me to eulogise my friend in his regretted absence, as to

dwell on his defects; his numerous publications are before the world, and candid readers will judge of his diversified talents and multifarious attainments, without reference to the mistake of a date, or dwelling on the casual use of an imperfect original.

It is, I apprehend, on his general criticisms that my friend relies for any valuable accession which his reprints may furnish to English literature. Of our author, he has cited several passages from his poems to prove that "he was not altogether deficient in poetical genius." He remarks in him, even from those specimens, some strong characteristics which well agree with the author of *Barnabee's Journal*, "their tendency to colloquial and vulgar allusion of expression;" though he there mentions it for the purpose of blame, because it is intermixed with what is "grave, and with passages of elegance and beauty." But he sums up his character in these words: "It is rather as a miscellaneous writer, than for his poetical merit, that we must place the claims of Brathwait to revived notice. His Essays are ingenious, and sometimes almost eloquent, though too often full of quaintness and conceit, the great fault of his age. They appear to me also to have another fault: they seem to be written in a factitious temperament of mind and feeling, which too many writers, and too many readers, very erroneously suppose to be the warmth of genius. It requires no artificial enthusiasm to relish the touches which a pure and unprompted fancy executes. There is a reflector in the bosom of mankind always ready to receive and give them back.

"But in prose Brathwait shows himself a more than ordinary master of a copious and polished phraseology, and abounds as well in sentiment as in the stores of knowledge collected by various and extensive reading."

It only here remains to observe that some novelty, if not merit, arises out of the following catalogue of Brathwait's works from its copiousness, and from restoring to their legitimate author several works hitherto considered as anonymous. Time and opportunity will probably enlarge the list, but without, it is humbly conceived, entirely superseding its value.

I.

1. *The Golden Fleece. Whereto bee annexed two Elogies, Entitled Narcissvs Change. And Æsons Dotage. By Richard Brathvvayte, Gentleman. London Printed by W. S. for Christopher Pursett, dwelling in Holborne, neere Staple Inne*, 1611. Oct. Sig. G 8.

[Dedication wishes] To the right Worshipfvll M. Robert Bindlosse, Esquire, his approued kind Vnkle: The continuance of Gods temporall blessings in this life, with the Crowne of immortalitie in the world to come.

[Continuing.] Right Worshipfull, I haue penned heere a short Treatise, entituled the Golden Fleece, which I no sooner had reuiewed and corrected, making it fit for the presse; as not doubting but it should passe the presse of detraction, which delighteth more in carping, then discreete censuring of others labours: but I bethought me of some Patron, not so much for the preseruing of this my first issue from abortment, as from the detraction of maleuolent carpers, who vse to finde fault with Nature herselfe that she set not the Oxes hornes vpon his backe rather then vpon his head, being the stronger and more puissant part. At the first I resolued to dedicate these fruits of my labours vnto him, from whom I receiued the grouth, and quiet encrease of my studies: But it pleased God

to alter my purpose, by preuenting him by death, who was the nourisher of my slender endeuors, and the protectour of mine orphane labours, which had no sooner hapned, then in a distast of my studies, wanting him whose relish sweetened my vnseasoned poemes, I was fully resolued to haue wrapped this tract vp in obliuion, and to haue depriued it of publike view. But the troubled course of our estates and the fauourable regard you had of our attonement, which is now so happily confirmed, enforced me to consecrate this pamphlet as one of Bassas fragments, to your best affectioned selfe; to shew a willingnesse in me to gratifie that sollicitous and carefull regard you euer had, since the time of our desolation, euen his death, whose life was a mirrour in his time, and whose well concording death ensued, as a reward of eternitie for his well spent daies: for his fruits shall follow." The argument of the poem is next given, and he concludes wishing his uncle "may be inuested with the crowne of immortalitie in the world to come. Your affectioned Nephew, Richard Brathwaite."

The principal poem of *The Golden Fleece*, or treatise, (as described by the author) for "vse spirituall, morally deriued from Jason," &c. including the *Pieridvm Invocatio*, &c. extends to forty pages, in six-line stanzas, and annexed the two Elegies, of similar measure. At sig. E 3. the following new title-page—

2. *Sonnets or Madrigals. With the Art of Poesie annexed thereunto by the same Author.*

Horatius in Lib. de arte Poetica.

Non satis est pulchra esse Poemata, dulcia sunto,
Et quocunque volunt animum auditoris agunto.

Ouid.

Nec modus aut requies, nisi mors reperitur amantis,
Verus amor nullum nouit habere modum.

Idem.

Hei mihi, quòd nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.

Printed at London, for Christopher Purset, 1611.

Dedicated "to the worshipfvll his approued brother Thomas Brathwaite, Esquire, the prosperity of times successe in this life, with the reward of eternitie in the world to come.

[Continuing.] Janus hath now shut vp his Temple, our ciuil warres be now ended, vnion in the sweete harmony of minde and coniunction, hath preuented the current of ensuing faction, we may now sit downe vnder our Beech tree : and make a vertuous vse of an experienced necessitie. Trauellers hauing passed many perils, inexplicable dangers, vse to be delighted with the recounting of their forepast miseries, sea-beat mariners hauing sustained the tempestuous gustes of the surging sea, and at last arriued at their hauen, which so long time with importunacie they desired, seeme not a little delighted with the description of their manifolde daungers. Wee have purchased by a mutuall experience of our owne power, a mutual peace : and reposing vnder the comfortable shade of minds attonement, may make discourse of our forepast griefes.

"Themystocles exiled his natiue countrie, and kindly entertained by the king of Persia, vsed to say to his traine : *periissē, nisi periissem.* O sirs, I had bene vndone, if I had not been vndone ; so we, for in our losse consists our welfare, hauing tried the rough chasticement of discord, and exiled as it were, the borders of peace and amitie, and now enioying

the content of mindes vnion, may say, we had neuer beene thus happy, if we had not bene vnhappie, for the fruition of happinesse hath the best taste in his palate, who hath once tasted the bitter relish of vnhappinesse.

"We may now make a good consort, since the iarring strings of discord be reduced to so pleasant harmony, that the verie straines of our well concording strings may delight our friendes with a soule conceiuing melodie, but distract the minds of such as in the billowes of our vnnaturall troubles, conceiued no small felicitie. But these were like Tyrtæus that enuious Poet, who hearing how the workes of others grew acceptable and delightfull, hanged himselfe in despaire of their good fortunes."—At the end of the dedication are the following lines—

Vpon the dedication of the last Epistle.

After this proeme, proeme, I may call it,
  Came pensiue tidings to my Muses cell,
At which my Muse, in boundlesse wars empalled
  Resolude to bid lasciuious rithms farewell.
Yet they in spite of me and of my Muse
  Burst out against my will (as others vse.)

Then pardon me that could not vse mine owne,
  In singing layes, when odes should best befit,
This was my first birth, which being riper growne,
  Shall yeeld the blossomes of maturer wit.
Meane time receiue this poeme which I shew
  Portraid in sable colours vnto you.

It is probable that while his "first birth" was printing, the "pensive tidings" announced the death of his father; and two stanzas follow addressed by "the Authour to his disconsolate Brother." From the Sonnets or Madrigals, seven in number, we select

THE FOVRTH

SONET.

Doest thou so fondly loue, and art not lou'de,
  In louing those, who little care for thee?
If that thy fancie haue such fruites approu'de,
  I scorne to match with such imparity.
For wel I know a Prince may loue for lust,
  Those eyes of thine, and then returne to dust.

If Rosamond had euer bene an hower,
  Nere bene interred in her bed of earth,
If she had euer kept such vitall power,
  As to smell sweet with her mellifluous breath,
She had bene well excusde to chuse that state,
  Which should be neere ecclipsde by mortall date.

For she poore wench did flourish for a while,
  Cropt in the primrose of her wantonnesse,
And she that did the noblest thoughts beguile,
  Is now conuerted into rottennesse.
Thus doe we finde the truth of euery thing,
  Sinne is a sinne euen in the noblest king.

For there is nought that can be esteemed so,
  Depraude, deformde, as to apologize,
A sinne actde by a Prince, but hence this woe,
  Appeares in poets which doe temporize.
I will not sooth a Monarch for his crowne,
  But I must tell him, sinne will throw him downe.

Plutarch saith well, that he that bridle can
  His fond affections, is halfe vertuous,
But he that's wholy firme's an honest man,
  His minde remaines certaine not impious,
Nor tost with tempest of each breathing winde
  But as a mirrour of a constant minde.

Hard things are pleasant, and those things appeare,
  To be the best, which be the hardliest won,

Then if repressing of fond lust thou feare,
  To be too hard, yet being once begun,
A better relish it will yeeld to thee,
  Then treasure had in great varietie.

One that should passe the Alpes, and hauing done,
  Reposing him vpon some harbour low,
Considers with what perill he begun,
  And numbring them discursiuely in row,
Cannot but ioyfully be glad of this,
  That he hath ended what his heart did wish.

How oft would he lie groueling on the ground,
  And in a descant of his sweete repose,
With ioyfull mirth and pleasure would abound
  To haue transfreted such a Sea of woes.
And by recounting how he earst did creepe
  Above those cliffes, he would fall fast asleepe.

So thou obtaining this so hard a taske,
  Must needs be ioyfull in the victory,
To haue pure liquor in a purer caske,
  Which might redound to minds felicitie.
And that same caske, that vessell thou doest beare,
  Should have a crowne of glory, doe not feare.

Love not too high estates, for theyle despise
  Thy poore estate brought downe to beggery,
Ayme at the lower ranke (if thou be wise)
  For theyle acknowledge thy supremacie.
Yet in my minde there's nought can equall that,
  To condescend vnto an equall state.

Neither can boast of birth or parentage,
  Neither can brag of their too high estate,
But passe their daies of wofull pilgrimage,
  With like to like, the begger with his mate,
Irus though he be poore, yet rich in this,
  Irus a begger, may a begger kisse.

3. *Art of Poesie*, &c.

On the last page of sheet G the catchword 'The'

appears, and there can be little doubt the Art of Poesy was printed, but two copies, that have been referred to, are deficient as to this Essay.*

II.

4. *The Poets Willow: or, The Passionate Shepheard: With sundry delightfull, and no lesse Passionate Sonnets: describing the passions of a discontented and perplexed Lover. Diuers compositions of verses concording as well with the Lyricke, as the Anacreonticke measures; neuer before published: Being reduced into an exact and distinct order of Metricall extractions. Artem qui tractant Musicam, hæc legant, & Poesem ament.*

Author; Impresse.
Nec mori timeo, nec opto.

Imprinted at London by John Beale. for Samuel Rand, and are to be sold at his shop at Holborne bridge, 1614. Small oct. 48 leaves.

"To the right worthie Gentleman Master William Ascham replenished with the bovnties of Art and Nature:" a dedication in six seven-line stanzas is addressed "to protect our [author's] infant poems." It is probable that Ascham was a contemporary collegian from the invitation.

> Call but to mind the seedplot of your youth,
> Stagyras well-spring, Britons Hesperie,
> Which at one time receau'd both you and me.

This address concludes, "Your vertues admiror humblie deuoted, Richard Brathwayte."

Then as an Elegy "Vpon the illustrate Prince Henrie, the Authors long meditated teares: Draigned

* [No copy containing the *Art of Poesy* is known.]

from a fresh renewing spring euer distilling: Some whereof the passionate Elegiacke offers to His neuer dying monument."

"The Argvment of this treatise" is given in prose, followed by the pastorall of *The Poet's Willow* in forty-four eleven-line stanzas. The Shepherds Tmolus, Thyrsus, Pelorus, Tymallus (the last two deceased), and Berillus the hero; probably intended by our author for his brothers and himself.

Amatory poems to Eliza and Dorinda form the remainder of the collection;* from which may be selected, for novelty of measure, a short extract from

The pensiue thoughts of Gastilio, in Sapphychs.

Rouze up thy spirit, (creature most inhumane)
Fix thy contentment on Elizaes beauty,
To which the wood gods tied are in duety,
Shame fall a coward.

How many Heroes haue adored her Image,
Passing a torrent of approaching danger?
More then Alcides for a Deyanyra
Ere made aduenture.

Let Hymenæus who was euer present,
At thy solemnizd orisons be graced,
With an eternall monument of glory,
Leaue to be shamefast.

Shame may confound the shame to after ages,
To let a cheerfull virgin lie beside thee,
And yet do nothing; worst of ills betide thee:
Learne to be wanton.——

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* Anthony a Wood refers to the Annotations. They occur partly in the body of the work; and are, 1. upon the last canto of the *Poet's Willow*, at p. 56, extending to p. 67; 2. upon the last Elegy, at p. 81, extending to the end.

In "a Threnode occasioned vpon the Author's discontent, in that he loue's yet cannot be respected;" he declares nature subject to the universal passion, as

The plants, the birds, the beasts, the fishes small,
Are made to loue : see how the iuy twines
Vpon the ruines of a skaled wall,
Or twist's about the wasts of fruitfull vines :
    Embracing them with branches spreading broad,
    Supporting them when grapes their scions load.

The louing turtle loues her faithfull make,
Whom if she misse, she pines away and dies,
Abiuring mirth and pleasure for his sake,
Filling the crispling aire with dolefull cries :
    The stock, the starling, and the sweet tun'd thrush,
    Wil seek their makes through euery brake and bush.

The libbard, tigre, panther, beasts most wild,
Can be subdu'd by loue's sweet harmony,
Transform'd from sauage beasts to creatures mild,
Oppress'd (as seems) with loue's extremity.
    The cliuy mountaines, and the vales below,
    By ecchoes shrill, their loue's pursuits doe show.

The skalie fishes in their watry clime,
Tast of the fruit of loue, each in their kind,
Obseruing season, nature, course and time,
Such relish pleasures in loues passions find.
    That languishing they fall away and die,
    When they'r depriu'd of loue's society.

III.

5. *The Prodigals Teares: or His fare-well to Vanity. A Treatise, of Soueraigne Cordials to the disconsolate Soule, surcharged with the heauy burthen of his sinnes; Ministring matter of remorse to the Impenitent, by the expression of God's Iudgements. By Richard Brathwait. Avgvst. Quid et cras & cras, cur non hodie? London*

Printed by N. O. for T. Gubbins, and are to be sold at his Shop, neere Holborne Conduit, 1614. Small 8vo. pp. 138. title, ded. and last leaf, To the reader, 6 more.

Ded. to the right worshipfull Richard Hvtton, Sergeant at lawe.

"Treatises (right worshipful) of this kinde wee haue too few: of lascivious consequence too many; and neuer was presse more oppressed with impertinences. This subiect I composed for mine owne priuate benefite, intending to engrosse it to my selfe. But so many were the bonds of duety and affection, in which I was tyed, and shall be euer, to you and yours, as I could no way better expresse that intimate zeale I beare you, then in commending these penitentiall Teares to your worthy acceptance. Teares they are, and drained from the Limbecke of a contrite soule, which heartily groanes in spirit, laments her sinnes, and with all feruencie desires to beare the yoke of Christ: yea what affliction soeuer is laid vpon hir, concluding with the Tragedian; *Feras non culpes quod vitare non potes:* And this patience not enforced neither, but proceeding from the inward deuotion of the Soule, willing rather to faint vnder the Crosse, then not to beare the Crosse,"—&c. &c.—"Your worships in all duety to be commanded, Rich. Brat."

An excellent little work, written in animated language, and evidently from the heart.

IV.

6. *The Schollers Medley, or an intermixt Discovrse vpon Historicall and Poeticall relations. A Subiect of it selfe well meriting the approbation of the Iudicious, who best know how to confirme their knowledge, by this*

briefe Suruey, or generall Table of mixed Discourses. And no lesse profitable to such as desire to better their immaturity of knowledge by Morall Readings. Distinguished into seuerall heads for the direction of the Reader, to all such Historicall Mixtures, as be comprehended in this Treatise. The like whereof for variety of Discourse, mixed with profite, and modest delight, hath not heretofore beene published. By Richard Brathwayte Oxon.

Hor. *Quod verum atq' decus curo & rogo*
- - - & omnis in hoc Sum.

London, Printed by N. O. for George Norton, and are to bee sold at his Shop neere Temple-barre, 1614. 4to, 63 leaves.

By inscribing the Dedication "to the Right Honovrable, the Lord of Sovthampton (Learnings best Fauorite *) Rich: Brathwayte wisheth [to that nobleman] perpetuall encrease of best meriting Honours."

This edition is now become very rare, but the work is universally known by its running title of '*A survey of History.*' The second edition was in 1638, as will be described in a future page.

V.

7. *A Strappado for the Diuell. Epigrams and Satyres alluding to the time, with diuers measures of no lesse Delight. By* Μισοσυκος, *to his friend* Φιλοκρατες. *Nemo me impune lacessit. At London printed by I. B. for Richard Redmer and are to be sold at the West dore of Pauls at the Starre.* 1615. 12mo. 182 leaves.

The Strappado for the Divel is formed of a miscellaneous collection of a large number of casual pieces

* *Learning's Select Favourite,* 2nd ed.

of humour, epigrams and satires, such as the fever of youth too commonly produces, and the continued popularity of the volume appears from a writer under the signature of 'Joan: Patridophilus,' in some lines addressed to Humphry Mill, as "his worthy friend the Author of the Night's search:" wherein he says—

> If Decker deckt with discipline and wit,
> Gain'd praises by the *Bell-man* that he writ;
> Or laud on Brathwait waiting did abound,
> When a *Strappado for the devill* he found,
> Then may this Mill of Mills, by right of merit
> Equall (if not superior) fame inherit,* &c.

Anagrams, and addresses to the reader and book fill six leaves of introduction, of which a single article will be a sufficient specimen.

"The Epistle Dedicatorie. To all Vsurers, Broakers, and Promoters, Sergeants, Catchpoles, and Regraters, Vshers, Panders, Suburbes Traders, Cockneies that haue manie fathers. Ladies, Monkies, Parachitoes, Marmosites, and Catamitoes, Falls, high tires and rebatoes, false-haires, periwigges, monchatoes: graue Gregorians, and Shee painters. Send I greeting at aduentures, and to all such as be euill, my *strappado* for the Diuell."

At sig. B the pagination commences and runs to p. 234: then two leaves having signature and direction "¶ Place this and the leafe following after the end of the First Booke." Here we are informed in some lines "to the equall Reader,"

> ——if these ierks, so lightly laid on, smart,
> Thoull finde rare whipping cheere i' th' *Second part*,

* Prefixed to a *Night's Search* by Humphrey Mill., 1640.

Where Furies run diuision on my song :
Patience awhile, and thou shalt haue 't ere long.

The second part so announced, never appeared, unless, as seems probable, the "Furies run division" in "the Wilde-man's measures" which certainly appeared "ere long." But the two works have no link of continuation, and the Wilde-man's measures hold no common features, except as being satires, with the Strappado. That might arise from the latter being ill received and partly condemned from the circumstance of the Title, which we gather from the Essay on Detraction. Our author says : "Wonder I cannot chuse (for else should I wonder at my owne stupidity) how any should harbour the least conceit of an intended *Detraction* by mee, or by my Labours, unlesse my title of *Devill* imply so much, which may seem to have affinitie with that which the Greeks terme διαϐολή, Detraction." In 1625, ten years after the appearance of the Strappado, this extract has the following marginal note : "A pleasant poeme by the Author, long since published; and by some no lesse censoriously than causelessly taxed."

Some of the poems in the Strappado are of considerable length although entitled Epigrams, which is thus explained—

To the Captious Reader.

My answer 's this to him that saies I wrong
Our Art to make my Epigrams so long ;
I dare not bite, therefore to change my nature,
I call 't an Epigram which is a Satire.

We come now to the second part of the volume, entitled—

8. *Loves Labyrinth : or The true-Louers knot : inclvding the disastrous fals of two star-crost Louers Pyramvs*

& Thysbe. A Subiect heeretofore handled, but now with much more proprietie of passion, and varietie of inuention continued: By Richard Brathwayte. Res est soliciti plena timoris amor. At London printed by I. B. for Richard Redmer and are to be sold at the West dore of Pauls at the Starre. 1615.

The dedication to perpetuate the memory, is accompanied with elegies and anagrams in honour of the author's deceased patron "the most generous and ingenious, the right Worshipfull, Sir Richard Mvsgrave, Knight Barronett of Hartley; who died in Italy being preuented of his religious purpose, intending to visit the holy Sepulchre of our Saviour in Jerusalem." These are in part addressed to his "vertuous and modest Lady" Frances daughter to Philip Lord Wharton. Then some lines "to all vnhappy Louers" and the following by

The Author vpon his infant Poeme.

If ought's amisse, imputed let it be
To th' time wherein this Poeme it was writ,
Which was (I must confesse) my infancy
Of Age, Art, Iudgement, Knowlege, and of Wit:
Nor doe I thinke it would this time befit
To meddle with my youth's minority.
Vnpolisht and vnhew'd, I therefore send it
Freely to th' world, that she may friendly mend it.

Love's Labyrinth is a long poem in easy heroic numbers and, whatever may be the imperfections, not discreditable as the production of early youth. Being founded on the tragical love tale of Pyramus and Thisbe makes it appear singularly placed as at the end of the *Strappado for the Devil*, as it neither in story, character, or style, can be said to have any connection therewith. It certainly forms a new work,

and has a distinct pagination, but the signature continues through the volume. In other instances our author ventured to extend his pages after the same medley fashion, as if to display his versatility of talent and considering his lucubrations secure in interest without continuity of subject.

At the end of the poem five pages of notes "to the vnderstanding Reader."*

VI.

9. *A Solemne Ioviall Disputation, Theoreticke and Practicke; briefely Shadowing the Law of Drinking; together, with the Solemnities and Controversies occurring: Fully and freely discussed according to the Civill Law. Which, by the permission, priviledge and authority, of that most noble and famous order in the Vniversity of Goddesse Potina; Dionisius Bacchus being then President, chiefe Gossiper, and most excellent Governour, Blasius Multibibus, alias Drinkmuch. A singular proficient and most qualifi'd Graduate in both the liberall Sciences of Wine and Beare; in the Colledge of Hilarity, hath publikely expounded to his most approved and improved Fellow-Pot-shots; Touching the houres before noone and after, usuall and lawfull. We are to observe whether this may be or how much of this is admitted to be in the society of men. l.* 38. *ff. De rebus crea. Faithfully rendred according to the originall Latine Copie.* OENOZYTHOPOLIS. *at the Signe of Redeyes.* CIↃIↃCXVII.† 12mo.

* In this part of the volume the pagination ends at 104; the signature at Z z. The notes are not paged.

† Prefixed is a spirited and minute engraved title, in two compartments, exhibiting Wine drinkers and Beer drinkers, by Marshall, inscribed "The Lawes of Drinking." The same plate, with, I believe, some immaterial variation in the architectural outline, or furniture, also embellishes as a vignette the title of a thin quarto volume intended for "*An Antidote against Melan-*

The Laws of Drinking extend to eighty pages without the introductory articles. Like the Itinerary it was published without an author's name and is now

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choly: made up in pills, compounded of Witty Ballads, Jovial Songs, and Merry Catches." [plate.]

These witty poems though sometime may seem to halt on crutches,
Yet they'll all merrily please you for your charge, which not much is.

Printed by Mer-Melancholicus, to be sold in London and Westminster, 1661.

It must be admitted the assumed name of Mer-Melancholicus and the rumbling distich have something of the manner of Brathwait; but to the contents of the volume, consisting of popular lyrical pieces, some of known authors, he could have no higher claim than that of being the selector.

A leaf prefixed to the "Laws of Drinking" is often wanting in the copies of that work, and therefore given here, it being our author's explanation of "The Device of this Frontispiece to the booke translated and entitled Jus Potandi, or the Law of Drinking." Which Sculpture was addressed to his deserving Friend and Exquisite artist, Mr Marshall.

Divers persons are shadowed in this Frontispiece carousing one unto another; using sundry kindes of actions, and in severall habits. Sundry sorts of vessells before them, as Tankards, Pint-pots, Pottles, &c.

Where these Tankards are set which signify *Beare-drinkers*, persons are presented in Shipmens habits and capps; In their actions carousing, gesticulating, reeling and hugging their Bona-roba's or Shee-Bouzees which are set by them; with a Piper, he playing, they dancing. Alluding to the *Elius*, who used to present their slaves drunken and shewing all their beastlinesse; purposely to deterre their Children from the like filthinesse. Above the Tankards, blackjacks, and other Materialls apt to drinke in, is presented a Conduit or Cesterne, inscribed with this word *Puddlewharfe*.

Where the Pintepotts, Pottles, &c., are placed, which signifie *Wine drinkers*, are persons shadowed in more Civill or gentile habits: Dionisian Colleagues; Gowned consorts; and above them a pure Christalline fount or Spring; in the margin or border whereof this word inscribed, *Aristippus*. Next adjoyning

first given to Brathwait. Upon the authority of the title it is to be believed the work was "faithfully rendered according to the original latin copy," but we are not in this instance supplied with the "original" on the alternate pages, or supplied with any clue of reference as to where it exists. The volume commences with a few dedicatory lines addressed "to his Mæonian Hebe, Will. Meere, his onely pierian pilote, at the Ship* in the Old Bayly," succeeded by the following prose address—

"*To honest Ralph of Brainford.*

Ralph, I am not ignorant, how thou art wholly ignorant of Latin; wherefore, to satisfie thy request, and requite thy many with-drawing-apron curtesies; I have heere returned thee, *The Lawes of Drinking*, (as to one sufficiently enabled and qualified that way from thy youth up) in thy owne mother tongue. For thy father, he profest himselfe a Scholler, having been long time a Colledge Taylor, whereby he purchas'd many stoln shreads of Latin, both of pupil and Tutor. Rendred it is in downright pot English, printed in

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stands the signe of the Dolphin with a bush and upon the signe this impreze, TEMULENTIS LÆTOR IN UNDIS.

'*Poets impaled with Laurell Coronets;*'*—and above them severall springs or rivolets, discovered by these names; Hippocrene, *Aganippa:* Environed with a sharpe hill or mount, expressed by the name of *Hellicon*. Each of these Enthesiastick Spirits liberally drinking one to another: Apollo filling their cups; with this impreze above the Health-cuppe: *Nectarus ingenium*.

All which persons be so to life portrayed, by this accurate artist, that albeit, the Page seeme penurious for a Device so copious, yet may they be, without any farther illustration bestowed, both by their habits and actions clearely distinguished."

* In the Itinerary he sailed in flaggons to the Griphin in the Old Bailey, part 2, sign. E.

* The words in 'commas' form the imprese.

pot paper, and directed to thee my honest Ralph Pot. Now if having read it, thou at any time distaste it, all the better to relish it, burne Suger with it, that it may dye a sweet death. Returne by this Bearer, the rates of your Barbary Sugar, Nutmegs, Mace, Cloves, with other your Materials at Brainford. For if they hold at too high a price, I meane to furnish my port-mantua heere at London, before I visit thee. Commend me to Kit Brewster, and Kate Boulster, with all the rest of our kind Gossips and Comaters, thou knowest wheere,

From, *It cats A Feather; in Sheere-Lane.*

A president of binding any one Apprentise to the known trade of the Ivy-bush, or Red-Lettice, taken out of the ancient Register of Potina.

Be it knowne unto all men by these presents, That I Ralph Rednose of Running-Spiggot in the Countie of Turne-Tap, Bowzer; am tide and fast bound unto Francis Fiery-face, in all up carouses; in twenty pots sterling, that is to say, not by the common can or jug now used; but by the ancient full top and good measure, according to the laudable custome of the Red Lettice of *Nip-scalpe:* to the which said paym^t^ well and truely to be made, I bind me, my heires, Ale-squires, pot-companions, Lick-wimbles, Malt-wormes, Vine-fretters, and other faithfull Drunkards firmely by these presents: Dated the thirteenth of *Scant-sober*, and sealed with O I am sicke, and delivered with a Bowle and a Broome! in the presence of the Ostler, the Tapster, and the Chamberlaine."

Then some lines 'to all people' signed 'Oenopota Vandunk, German,' and the following as

A Carouse Canto.

The Welsh-man loves *Case-bobbie*
The French a *Curtain-sermon*,
  But I must slash in Balderdash,
  For I'm a true bred German.

Cap-a-pe, let us welter, and bouze helter-skelter,
Tom Tinker his Tankard, the Fleming his Flagon,
  The Irish Chough his Usquebough,
  The Dutch Fro his Slapdragon.

Then follow the rules "of the Law of Drinking," defined in sixty different positions, "Corollarries" as additions, with "Cornelius Vandunk his character," and, in verse, "Cornelius Vandunk his Satyre." On the last page the two following pieces, the last of which exhibits a curious fact as to the publishers of that period.

Vandvnks foure Humours, in qualitie and quantitie.

I am mightie *melancholy*,
  And a quart of *Sacke* will cure me,
I am *chollericke* as any,
  Quart of *Claret* will secure me;
I am *phlegmaticke* as may be,
  Peter see me must inure me;
I am *sanguine* for a Ladie,
  And coole Rhenish shall conjure me.

Vpon this Impression in the Vacation.

In the Vacation Stationers are loth
To publish bookes, but rather in the Terme,
Whereas the *Law of Drinking* serves for both,
For by this worke Bon-socio's may discerne
  Those proper postures that belong thereto,
  Till they like posts can neither speake nor goe.

FINIS.

VII.

10. *The Smoaking Age, or the man in the mist: with the life and death of Tobacco. Dedicated to those three renowned and imparallel'd Heroes, Captaine Whiffe, Captaine Pipe and Captaine Snuffe. To whom the Author wisheth as much content, as this Smoaking Age can afford them. Divided into three Sections.*

1. *The Birth of Tobacco.*
2. *Pluto's blessing to Tobacco.*
3. *Times complaint against Tobacco.*

Satis mihi pauci lectores, satis est unus, satis est Nullus.

Upon Tobacco.

This some affirme, yet yeeld I not to that,
'Twill make a fat man leane, a leane man fat,
But this I'm sure (hows'ere it be they meane)
That many whiffes *will make a fat man* leane.

OENOZYTHOPOLIS.

At the Signe of Teare-Nose. CIƆIƆCXVII.*

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* Prefixed is another engraved title from the same masterly burine of Marshall, entitled "the Smoaking age or the Life and Death of Tobacco." It is given in compartments with crowded materials which are defined by the author in

"The Draught of this Frontispice, addressed for the Booke entitled The Smoaking Age or the Life and death of Tobacco.

A Tobacco shop to life presented.

A Black-more upon the Stall with rolls of Tobacco, Drinking his Petoune, according to the nature and guise of that Country: viz. A great portion of Tobacco formed to the manner of a Tobacco pipe, and smoaking it continually till it be consumed.

In the verge, are Negroes shadowed, fishing and diving for Pearle: Confined to an Island, expressed by this word, *Necotiana.* Before the Portell or Entrance of the Shop, a roundell globe or

At the back of the Title "Upon the Errata's," followed by a Sonnet inscribed "to my learned, judicious, and most experienced friend, T. C. Doctor of Physicke: All successe to his conscionable endevours," and subscribed "Eucapnus Nepenthiacus, Neapolitanus," as are also dedicatory lines addressed

"To my worthy approved and judicious Friend, Alexander Riggby, Esquire, all generous content.

Assumpsits are Law-ties in Courts above,
So be Assumpsits in respect of Love;
This hath induc'd me, Sir, to render you,
Neare to my day, a tender of my due.
For in *Gants* aged-towne last time we met,
I promis'd you, and promises are debt,
To publish some choice subject in your name,
And in this Toy have I perform'd the same;

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garland stickt full of Tobacco-pipes, with glasses, vialls and other proper utensiles, representing a Tobacco-shop to life.

Within the shop, Partcloses or Partitions.

Three men discovered by a curtaine, and presented to the halfe-body: The first, distinguished by the name of Captaine Whiffe, with this impreze above his head; *Qui color albus erat:* This person is described with an amazed or surprised count'nance, meagre and gastly; whiffing Tobacco downe with these words issuing out of the fumell of the pipe: *Icum est invisera terra.* The second distinguished by the name of Captain Pipe, with a long Tobacco-pipe at his mouth, with desperate Mouchato's; this impreze above his head: *Quantum mutatus ab illo?* with these words steeming out of his Pipe: *Fistula dulce canit.* The Third distinguished by the name of Captaine Snuffe, is described by smoake issuing from his Nose abundantly; edging his two Consorts scornefully and bravingly; this impreze above his head, *Anglus in Æthiopem;* with these words flaming out of his pipe: *Mea messis in herba est.*

No other posture appropriate to these, but only leaving [leaning], as persons taken with Migrim, upon one anothers shoulders. All which are so to life described and artfully shadowed, as they shall not need to be farther explaned."

Which, give't no pleasing relish to your minde,
It shall by fire be purged and refin'd,
Whereby the airie substançe of my booke,
May be resolv'd to nothing else but smoake."——

A short incidental advertisement is given, as

" *The Stationer to the Reader.*

"This Manuscript falling into my hand, for the deserving esteeme of the Author whose name it bore, I communicated it to the serious perusall of sundrie judicious Censors, who highly approved the curious conceit and invention of the Author: who composed it (as hee hath since ingenuously acknowledged) in his infancie of judgement which made him altogether averse from publishing it. Howsoever the subject seeme light, you shall finde it like a delightfull soile, so plenteously interveined with pregnant passages, pleasant allusions, liberall and unforc'd relations, as I make little doubt, but it will afford a pleasing relish to any ones palate, who through Criticisme of censure is not prejudicate. Read, reape, and returne."

A long preface is quaintly inscribed " to whomsoever, whensoever, or wheresoever," wherein it is remarked of the young-English gallants their " first salutation to their acquaintance is, Will you take a pipe of Tobacço;" and honoured by the " hopeful Gentry, whose desire was rather to be matriculated in the exquisite taking of a pipe than in the tossing of a pike; in a quiffe and a quaffe, than shaking of a staffe." There is also noted the existence " of divers bookes treating of the use and commerce of Tobacco, as the poem of that English *Musæus*, entitled *Tobacco battered.* Likewise, another pleasant poeticall paradox in the praise of the P. wherein is learnedly proved, and by impregnable reasons evinced, that Tobacco is the onely soveraigne experimentall cure not onely for the

Neapolitan itch, but generally for all maladies incident to mans bodie." * The extravagant prevalence of this custom seems to have provoked our author to attempt to give, by *the Smoaking age, or the life and death of Tobacco* (a kind of narrative tale, mingling mythology with common life), some check or restriction to its youthful proselytes without totally con-

* In "Dyets Dry Dinner consisting of eight seuerall courses &c. By Henry Buttes Maister of Artes and Fellowe of C. C. C. in C." 1559, 8vo, is

A Satyricall Epigram vpon the wanton and excessiue vse of Tabacco.

It chaunc'd me gazing at the Theater,
To spie a Lock-Tabacco-Chevalier,
Clowding the loathing ayr with foggie fume
Of Dock-Tabacco, friendly foe to rume.
I wisht the Roman lawes seuerity : Alex. seu. Edict.
Who smoke selleth, with smoke be done to dy
Being well nigh smouldred with this smokie Stir,
I gan this wize bespeak my gallant Sir :
Certes, me thinketh (Sir) it ill beseems,
Thus here to vapour out these reeking steams :
Like or to Maroes steeds whose nosthrils flam'd ;
Or Plinies Nosemen (mouthless men) surnam'd,
Whose breathing nose supply'd mouths absency.
He me regreets with this prophane reply :
Nay ; I resemble (Sir) Jehouah dread,
From out whose nosthrils a smoake issued :
Or the mid-ayrs congealed region,
Whose stomach with crude humors frozenon
Sucks vp Tabacco-like the vpmost ayr,
Enkindled by Fires neighbour candle fayr :
And hence it spits out watry reums amaine,
As phleamy snow, and haile, and sheerer raine :
Anon it smoakes beneath, it flames anon.
Sooth then, quoth I, it's safest we be gon,
Lest there arise some Ignis Fatuus
From out this smoaking flame, and choken us.
On English foole : wanton Italianly ;
Go Frenchly : Dutchly drink : breath Indianly.

demning the use of it. His own opinion of his labour is given at the end in a marginal note—

> "Thus have I prov'd *Tobacco* good or ill,
> Good, if rare taken ; bad, if taken still."

Some verses follow as "Times Sonnet," and the volume ends with the following poem—

Chavcers incensed Ghost.

From the frequented path where Mortals tread,
  Old-aged CHAVCER having long retir'd,
  Now to revisit Earth at last desir'd,
Hath from the dead rais'd his impalled head,
Of purpose to converse with humane seed,
  And taxe them too, for bringing him o' th' Stage
  In writing that he knew not in his age

'Las ; is it fit the stories of that book,
  Couch'd and compil'd in such a various forme ;
  Which art and nature joyntly did adorne,
On whose quaint Tales succeeding ages look,
Should now lie stifled in the steems of smoak,
  As if no poet's genius could be ripe
  Without the influence of Pot and Pipe ?

No, no, yee *English Moors*, my Muse was fed
  With purer substance than your *Indian* weede ;
  My breathing Nosethrils were from Vapors freede,
With Nectar and Ambrosia nourished,
While hospitality so flourished
  In great mens Kitchins ; where I now suppose
  Lesse smoake comes from their chimneyes than their
    nose.

But I heare some prepar'd to question mee,
  The reason why I am so freely bent
  In such sad straines to publish my complaint,
Or what strict *Mamothrept* that man should bee,
Who has done Chaucer such an injurie ;
  Whose tongue, though weake, yet is his heart as strong,
  To call them to account that did him wrong.

I'le tell it yee, and must expect redresse ;
Wold any of you hold it not a blot
To father such a brat hee never got ?
Or would he not ingenuously confesse,
Hee'd rather wish himselfe quite issue lesse ?
Conceive this well ; for if it be a crime,
As sure it is, such is the case of mine.

Downe by a secret Vault as I descended,
Pent in with darknesse save some little ray,
Which by a private cranie made his way,
By helpe whereof I saw what me offended,
Yet found no meanes to have the fault amended :
Fixt to a post, (such was poore Chaucers lot)
I found my name to that I never wrot,

And what might be the Subject ? no relation
Sad, solid, serious, morall, or divine,
Which sorted with the humours of my time,
But a late Negro's introduced fashion,
Who brought his drugs here to corrupt our Nation :
'Gainst which, because its used in excesse,
My Muse must mount, that she may it suppresse.

Now some may well object, as many will,
This taske addes rather glory to my name,
Than any way seemes to impaire the same ;
But I say no ; Chaucer would thinke it ill
To plant Tobacco on Parnassus hill :
Sacred the Synod of the Muses bee,
Nor can such weeds spring from Apollo's tree.

Besides, what danger might Prescription bring !
For had the use of it been knowne to me,
It might have pleaded well antiquitie ;
But th' Poets of my time knew no such thing,
How could they then of such a subject sing ?
No ; th' age we liv'd was form'd of milder stuffe,
Then to take ought, like Malecontents, in snuffe.

Pure are the crystall streames of Hippocrene;
  Choice the dimensions which her Bards expresse;
  Cleare is their heart as th' Art which they professe:
How should they relish then ought that's uncleane,
Or waste their oyle about a smoaky dreame?
  Farre bee't Minerva should consume her Taper
  In giving life or lustre to a Vapor.

The TALES* I told, if morally applide,
  How light soe're, or wanton to the show,
  Yet they in very deed were nothing so;
For were the marke they aym'd at but descride,
Even in these dayes they would be verifide;
  And like Sybillas Oracles esteem'd,
  Worth worlds of wealth, how light soe're they seem'd.

Witness my *Miller*, and my *Carpenter*,
  The amorous stories of my *Wife of Bath*,
  Which such variety of humours hath;
My *Priour*, *Manciple*, and *Almoner*,
My subtile *Sumner*, and the *Messenger;*
  All which though moulded in another age,
  Have rais'd new subjects both for *Presse* and *Stage.*

Yet note these times disrelishing my tongue,
  Whose Idioms-distaste by nicer men
  Hath made me mince it like a Citizen!
Which Chaucer holds a manifest wrong,
To force him leave what he had used so long:
  Yea, he dislikes this polishing of art,
  Which may refine the Core, but spoiles the heart.

But yet in serious sadnesse I impute
  This to no fate or destiny of mine,
  But to the barraine Brain-wormes of this time;
Whose Muse lesse pregnant, present or acute,
Affording nought that with the age can sute,
  Like to the truant Bee, or lazie Drone,
  Robbe other Bee-hives of their hony-combe.

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* Whose pleasing Comments are shortly to bee published. [Not published until 1665.—*Ed.*]

And which is worse ; this worke they make their owne,
Which they have pruned, purged, and refin'd.
And aptly form'd it to the Author's mind ;
When I'm assured, if the truth were knowne,
They reape the crop which was by others sowne :
Yea, theese usurpers to that passe are brought,
They'l foyst in that wee neither said nor thought.

This, this it was incens'd old Chaucer's Ghost,
And caus'd him vent his passion in this sort,
And for a while to leave th' Elysian Court,
Where honest Authors are esteemed most :
Excluded are, enjoyn'd by Fate to won
Vpon the scorching banks of Phlegeton.

Yee then, whose measures merit well the name
And Title yee retaine, Poets, I meane,
Bedew'd with influence from Hippocrene,
As yee professants seeme, so be the same,
And with your own pennes eternize your fame :
Shun these *Pipe-Pageants ;* for there seldom come
Tobacco-Factors to Elysium.

The Smoaking Age continues the pagination of the preceding article to p. 194, then the poems of Times Sonnet and Chaucer's incensed Ghost follow, ending signature O 4.*

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* Mr Bindley possessed a remarkable fine and perfect copy of these pieces (afterwards in the possession of George Hibbert, Esq.), and in a manuscript note he pronounced 'it one of the scarcest books in England : having never met with ye Title in any catalogue. The plates by Marshall (he adds) are exceedingly well done for that time (viz. 1617) and are, I am apt to believe, ye earliest production of that Engraver. I. B.'

Upon this it may be observed that the volume very rarely contains the engravings and descriptions, and is seldom entered correctly in the catalogues, which probably misled my late valued friend, whose universal knowledge and accuracy on such points may remain unquestionable, although the possessors of the Laws of Drinking and Smoaking must not indulge in believing it 'one of the scarcest books in England.'

VIII.

A Happy Husband or Directions for a Maide to choose her Mate. As also a Wives behaviovr towards her Husband after Marriage. By Patricke Hannay, Gent.

To which is adioyned the Good Wife; together with an Exquisite discourse of Epitaphs, including the choysest thereof Ancient or Moderne. By R. B. Gent.

Exempla iunctæ tibi sint in amore Columbæ,
Masculus & totum fœmina coniugium. } Propert.

*Printed at London for Richard Redmer, and are to be sold at his shop at the West end of Saint Pauls Church.** 1619. 12mo.

After the poem by Patrick Hannay a new title-page—

11. *The Description of a good Wife: or, a rare one amongst Women. At London printed for Richard Redmer, and are to be sold at his shop at the West end of Saint Pauls Church.* 1619.

The Argument is given in verse, and followed by 'a good Wife,' which Mr Park praises for 'perspicuity of design' and 'harmony of metre' in an article containing a specimen of the poem given in *Cens. Lit.* vol. v. p. 369.

The author having laid himself on the grass in a retired spot is visited by a grave old man, of reverend aspect, years that imported something good and in

* The part by Hannay concludes with first leaf of sig. C, then the new title, which, as well as the next two leaves, are without signature, completing sheet C, but the fourth leaf has sig. B, and the alphabet continues regular through the volume. The Happy Husband was reprinted in 1622. See *Censura Literaria*, vol. v. p. 371.

sable habit. This proves to be his father, who, after a flood of tears, commences his address with—

Good rest my sonne, yet (Sonne) retire from rest
And heare thy Father, pray thee then awake,
For though I'me dead, yet is my loue exprest
Euen in my death ; then for thy Father's sake,
Lay vp these last instructions in thy brest,
Which with obseruance if thou keepe, they may
Cheere thee both here, and in the latter day.

Thou knowest my Sonne, though thou wert *last in birth*,
Thou wert not *least* in my affection too,
Witnesse my care of thee, while I on earth ·
Soiorned :—

Having now found his son in the Isle *Foolonia*, he succinctly instructs him against hollow-hearted men, fools in folio, and similar characters, and at length tells him how to choose a Wife. Here Brathwait indulges in his favourite topic to lash the Puritans.

Chuse thee no coy precisian, she is too smooth
To proue sincere, in simpringst looks we finde
Oft most deceit, for these (as th' water doth)
Seeme calmest where they're deepest ; let thy minde
Be so prepar'd, as thou wilt euer loath
Such formalists, *She-doctors*, who have sought
To teach far more then euer they were taught.

The father having described at some length the rules by which the son is to be guided in his choice proceeds in the same smooth nervous strain to "shew what by a husband should be done." At length the shade vanishes, there appears a virgin, and the interview, we may conclude, gives something of the reality of the then recent termination of the author's courtship.

This Virgins name *Simpliciana* hight,
Daughter unto *Zelocto* the precise,

Who had me once before discarded quite,
Because my weaker fortunes did not rise
To the hight of her expectance, yet that night
(So feruent is affection) did that Maide
Trace me along to make her Loue displaide.

Shame curb'd her tongue, yet fancy bad her speak,
While I suppli'd her silence with my speach,
And thus her passion for her selfe did break,
While shee stood by and seconded the breach,
With a teare-trickling eye and blushing cheeke:
Where thus I woo'd myselfe, yet in her name,
Shewing her loue, yet shadowing the same.

In this address he makes the lady declare unfeigned love has no respect for time, that she is bound to her mother while the object of her affection is neither riches or substance, but the man; and though opposed by father and mother, not either should divide her from her 'orbicular,' knowing

though that my Mother chide
My Father fret and both stood chafing o'er me
I did but that themselves haue done before me.

This address succeeds, and the author obtained 'The good Wife, or a rare one amongst Women,' for the reader is invited to the Nuptials—

But if (through some dogg'd humour) you'le not come,
The Bridegroom saies, 'A Gods-name stay at home.'

Poems as the 'author's choice;' to his 'affectionate Sisters;' upon the 'married life;' and 'single life,' conclude this portion of the work. Then a new title—

12. *Remains after death: Including by way of introduction diuers memorable obseruances occasioned vpon discourse of Epitaphs and Epycedes; their distinction and definition seconded by approued Authors. Annexed*

there be diuers select Epitaphs and Hearce-attending Epods worthie our obseruation: The one describing what they were which now are not: The other comparing such as now are with those that were: Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori. By Richard Brathvvayte Gent. Imprinted at London by John Beale. 1618. begins at sig. C 2, ends sig. L 3.

"To the reader. It may be obiected (reader) that small is the concurrence, lesse the coherence in the titles of these two subiects, pleasantly concluding that it were pittie Death should so soone seaze on a goodwife by the course of nature, as shee is had heere in pursuit by *Deaths remainder.* But this obiection may be answered by a twofold solution: First, the Printers importunacie, whose desire was in regard of the breuitie of the former part, to haue it by the annexion of some other proper subiect enlarged; to whose reasonable demand I equally condescended. Secondly, the subjects propriety, which, howsoeuer by the iudgment of the Critik censurer traduced (the pitch of whose knowledge aimes rather at taxing then teaching) concurres as well with the precedent Title, as Man with mortalitie, Time with mutabilitie, Life with death. And as the more vertuous the neerer ofttimes their dissolution, which no doubt proceedes from Gods mercy that they might haue of him a fuller contemplation: so we commonly see the best Wiues limited to the shortest times, approued by that Maxime:

For this each daies experience seemes to show
Ill wiues liue longer farre then good ones doe.

Let this suffice: if not, let the subiect it selfe write his censure, whose singularitie makes of each thing an error. Mvsophilvs.

Then follow "Observations vpon Epitaphs: their Antiquitie and vse; with authoritie from approued Authors of their deriuations; with diuers other memorable occurrences," in which the author's intimate knowledge with ancient history is particularly displayed.

"A description of Death" follows in octave stanzas. Then "Epitaphs vpon sudden and premature deaths: occasioned vpon some occurrents lately and vnhappily arising," which are of a mingled description, some being original and others selected.

Vpon an Actor now of late deceased: and vpon his Action *Tu quoq;* and first vpon his Traueil.

Hee whom this mouldered clod of earth doth hide,
New come from Sea, made but one face and dide.

Vpon his Creditors.

His debtors now, no fault with him can finde,
Sith he has paid to nature, all's behinde.

Vnto his fellow Actors.

What can you craue of your poore fellow more?
He does but what *Tu quoque* did before:
Then give him dying, Actions second wreath,
That second'd him in Action and in death.

In obitum Thomæ Brathwaite optimæ spei, indolis generosissimæ, vitæ probatissimæ, fidei integerrimæ, omni ex parte parati peritiq'; R. B.*
Memoriæ eius studiosissimus lugubria ista Poemata grati animi pignora diu meditata & iam serò sed seriò in publicam lucem prolata (Dialogi more) composuit.

* *De Ambleside.*

Philaretus et Euthymius.

Philaret. *Quò redis?*
Euthym. *In gremium matris:*
Philaret. *Quos quæris?*
Euthym. *Amicos.*
Philaret. *His moriendo cares:*
Euthym. *His moriendo fruor.*
Philaret. *Tunc tibi mors lucrum:*
Euthym. *Mihi lux, via, vita, leuamen.*
Philaret. *Tunc non amissus;*
Euthym. *Missus at ante meos.*

In Anagramma quod sibi ipsi composuit & Annulo inscripsit.

Brathwaite.
Vita vt herba.

Vita vt Herba tuum est Anagramma, tuaq'; sub vrna
Hoc videam, breuis est vita, sed herba leuis,
Annulus hoc tenuit, namq'; Annulus arctus vt annus,
Quo (velut afflatu) fata futura refers.

A funerall Ode.

O thou heauen-aspiring Spirit,
Resting on thy Sauiours merit!
Live in peace,
For encrease

Blest this Iland in thy being:
Mindes vnited still agreeing.
Peace possest thee,
Peace hath blest thee.

Halcyon dayes be where thou dwellest,
As in Glorie thou excellest.
Death by dying,
Life enioying.

Richer fraight was nere obtained,
Then thy pilgrim steps haue gained.
Blessed pleasure,
Happy treasure.

Thus many distinct ioyes in one exprest,
Say to thy Soule : '*Come Soule and take thy rest.*'

At the end of the Epitaphs is a poem of thirty-three seven-line stanzas called "The prodigals Glasse." A short and rather interesting extract follows—

Those vaine and brain-sick humors of our age,
Should be both whipt and stript : but who dare call
A Gallants humor idle? publique stage
May chance to breake a iest, and that is all;
For if in presse some tarter pamphlet fall
Of Whipt and Stript abuses, ere't begin
To shew it selfe, it must be called in.*

What Theatre was ere erect'd in Rome,
With more ambitious state, or eminence,
Then the whole Theaters we haue of some,
Where there's nought planted saue sins residence :
The Flagge of pride blazing th' excellence
Of Albyon's vanitie? pittie to heare
Where th' light is most, most darknesse should be there.

Then "A compendious Discourse annexed by the Author, touching Moderate Weeping, behouefull for euerie tenderly affected Reader, who many times offends in the extremetie of this Passion; vsing such Immoderation, as if death were no passage but a parting; this life no Pilgrimage, but a dwelling, and our bodies of no fraile substance, but euerlasting."

In this long discourse, in prose, of 'The Mourner's Meane' extending to 17 pages, we meet with "the Author's resolution—

"Receiue therefore this Resolution which I for

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* This couplet may solve the doubt as to the poem of *Abuses Stript and Whipt* by Geo. Wither being published in 1611, as it is probable the first edition was "called in." See *British Bibliographer*, vol. i. p. 180, *note*.

some yeeres haue to my selfe proposed, and by the Almighties helpe may continue it. 'I haue no friend too deare for my dearest friend, nor will I grieue at my friends departure, being (as my hope assures mee) gone to his Sauiour ; at least if natural affection force me [to] weepe, after a while shall my faith renew my ioy : for sorrow may last for a night, but ioy commeth in the morning."

A few more Epitaphs are collected at the end of the volume. The first is well known to the readers of Shakespeare, and is

An Epitaph vpon one Iohn Combe of Stratford vpon Avon, a notable Vsurer, fastened vpon a Tombe that he had caused to be built in his life time—

Ten in the hundred must lie in his graue,
But a hundred to ten whether God will him haue?
Who then must be interr'd in this Tombe?
Oh (quoth the Diuell) my *John a Combe.*

The Mourners Meane ends with sig. L 2, then one leaf, with lines 'Vpon his Epitaphs,' and a prose address : "To the Reader. Vnderstand (courteous Reader) the sundry escapes committed in this Treatise, were occasioned vpon a late-receiued hurt by the Authour, which detained him from comming to the presse : but the next Impression (doubt it not) shall giue thee more full and ample satisfaction :" &c.

In some copies of this work may be found variations in the text, at least one that I have seen appeared in part to have been the printer's uncorrected proofs.

IX.

13. *A new Spring shadovved in sundry Pithie Poems. Mvsophilvs. Quid nescis, si teipsum noscas? London, Printed by G. Eld, for Thomas Baylie, and are to be sold at his Shop, in the middle-row in Holborne, neere Staple-Inne.* 1619. 4*to*, containing E in fours, last leaf blank.

A curious woodcut on the title representing a well inclosed within spikes, and various persons, male and female, filling their pitchers from it.

Ded. "To my worthy and iudicious Friend, Sir Francis Ducket Knight; his best wishes.

So many kinde respects haue I had showne
From you and yours, that if you were mine owne
As you are mine; for what can be more neere,
Then Loue and Blood contracted in one Spheere?
I could not prize Loue at a higher rate,
Nor to my selfe more kindnesse vendicate:
In lieu whereof, (but 'lasse th' requitall's small)
I tender you this Spring, and this is all:
Wherein, if ought tune fitly with the Time,
I'ue stil'd it Yours, it shall no more be mine.

Yours in all respectiue loue,

MVSOPHILVS.

Vpon the new Spring.

A new Spring's found which cureth most diseases;
It cleeres the Eye-sight, and the Bladder eases,
It cooles the Stomacke, and it cheeres the Heart,
And giues free passage to th' digestiue part,
It recombines the Sinnewes too, some say,
And makes the Cripple throw his Crutch away.

So as there's none that iustly can complaine them,
Since both a Knight* and 's Spring doe entertaine them.

Hee, out of Loue and Bounty mixt together,
It by it's Virtue healing such come thither.
O that the Reader could like Vertue finde
In my New Spring, to cure the griefes of minde,
But much I feare me, if it had like Force,
The Bodies case would make my Spring tast worse.

An Elegie which the Author entituleth

BOUND YET FREE.

Speaking of the benefit of imprisonment.

Thou, whom we call lifes death, Captiuity
Yet canst contemplate in the darkest Cell
Of things aboue the reach of Vanitie
Dost in my judgement Liberty excell;
In that thou teachest man to mortifie
His indisposed passions; and canst well
Direct him how to mannage his estate,
Confin'd to th' narrow prospect of thy Grate.

Hee sees the passage of this Globe of earth,
And makes right vse of what his sight partakes
Some he obserues expresse a kinde of mirth,
Of which he this due application makes;
If they did know the misery of Birth
With Death's approach, they would not hazard stakes
Of Soules eternall glory, for a day
Of present ioy, which one houre takes away.

Others he heares bemoning of the losse
Of some deare friend; or 't may be not so well
Decrease of fortune, or some other crosse,
Which to forgoe they deeme a second hell,
(So firmely fixed be their mindes on drosse)
As nought smels well but what of gaine doth smell.

* Sir Edward Bellingham, a knight of extended bounty and curtesie.

These he condemnes, and proues it euery way,
The captiu'st wretch 's in better state then they.

Others he notes obseruing of the time,
Meere Fashion-mongers, shadowes of the great ;
And these attendance giue where th' Sunne doth shine
And like to Isis Asse admire the Seat
More then the Person, 'cause the robes be fine
That hang about it : and hee doth intreat
Their absence ; for, "These cannot well (saith hee)
"By liuing, leaue name to posteritie."

Others as base and farre more dangerous
Notes he, as Politician Machauels
Who count that gaine which is commodious
Adhering to themselues, and to none els :
For these make ancient houses ruinous,
And Charitie from out the Realme expels,
Reducing th' Orphans teare and Widdowes curse
To th' damn'd Elixie of their well-cramm'd purse.

Others he notes, and they would noted be ;
For painting, purfling, smoothing, certesing,
Shew they would be obseru'd for vanitie,
Staruing their Soules by bodies cherishing,
And these hee laughes at for their foolery ;
For while they put the Case to garnishing,
That Shell of frailty, they're indifferent
What shall become of th' Soule the instrument.

Others there be which seeme least what they are,
Pretending truth in falshood, and doe gull
The World with shadow, yet doth he compare
The passage of euents, and finds at full
Their end's attended with an endlesse care,
And th' pregnant wit which seemes so smooth proues dull,
When thousand Testates shall produced be,
For to disclose their close hypocrisie.

Others he sees and taxeth, for they hold
  Proportion with the World, being made
After a better Image, yet they'r sold
  To all collusion, making in their trade
This vilde Position : Who'll be rich when old
  Must cheat being young :—but see how they'r displaid,
    So oft haue they deceiu'd as now they must,
    Perforce deceiue themselues by mens distrust.

Others as Prollers of the time he sees,
  But scornes to take acquaintance ; for their fate
Presageth worst of ills, whose best increase
  Proceeds from good mens falls ; yet mark their state
As indirectly got, so little peace
  Accrewes in state to any, for the hate
    Of God and man attends them ; and how then
    Should there be peace wher's war with God and Men?

More hee beholds, and hee obserues them too,
  And numbers their demensions as they passe
The compasse of his Prospect too and fro,
  For this same Grate he makes his Looking-glasse,
In which he sees more then the world can show,
  Conferring what is present with what was ;
    Extracting this from times experienc't Schoole,
    The Captiue's freer then the World's foole.

For by the first we shew but what we are,
  And Moralize ourselues in being pent
Close from the World's eye, which we compare
  Vnto a Prison, since th' enfranchisement
We haue's in Heauen : then howsoere we fare,
  Though bound, if free in minde, th' imprisonment
    We suffer, cannot so our spirits depresse,
    That th' freedome of our minds should seem ought lesse :

Ought lesse ; nay more ! for we approue as true
  What the deuine Morall taught. That one may haue
A fuller and more perfect interuiew
  Of the Starres beauty in a hollow Caue
Then on the Superficies ; for the shew
  Of pompe distracts our passions, and doth slaue
    Our reason to our sense ; whence we may know,
    The dangers of high states are seene below.

Below ; and what more low then to be shut
  From open ayre, strang'd from the sight of Men,
Clos'd in obliuion, linked hand and foot
  Least their escape gaine liberty ? what then
Shall this enthrall my soule ? it cannot doo't,
  It does aspire aboue the thoughts of them
    Who shed their Childish teares when they are sent
    By higher powers to take them to restraint.

The truth of things (saith sage Democritus)
  Lies hid in certaine Caues, that is, the Cell
Of Thraldome which restraines and limits vs,
  Which makes vs happy if we vse it well
For we're sequestred from th' pernicious
  Objects of earth, and may in priuate tell
    What we in publike were, where we doe finde,
    The freest man may haue the slauish'st minde

For my experience tells me th' Act of Sin,
  Proceeds from sinnes occasion ; which restrain'd,
To meditate Soules freedome we begin,
  And flie from earth when th' Body is enchain'd
Making our thoughts contemplators of Him,
  Whom if we get we haue sufficient gain'd :
    So as the Grate of our Captiuity,
    Is th' Gate that opens to soules liberty.

Whence 'tis we see so many tast the ayre
  Of freedome, with neglect of what they are ;

Making their will their Law ; but when they share
  Their portion in affliction, then their care
Is in the honour of that inward faire,
  And they lament the state wherein they were :
    For Man in state forgets himselfe and his,
    Till his affliction tells him what he is.

If life indeed were such a Jubile,
  That euery houre, day, yeare, did promise vs
Continuate health, and wealth, and liberty,
  Then had we better reason to excuse
The loue we haue to our mortality :
  But since wee see we cannot will nor choose,
    But must be reft of these, why should we grieue,
    To leaue as men what men are forced to leaue ?

Nor skills it much were we bereft of these,
  Whether in Thrall or Freedome, but of th' two
I'de rather lose my fortune where I cease,
  To make resort to any, and must know
No more of th' World or the Worlds prease ;
  But am retired from the publike show
    Of this fraile Theatre ; and am confin'd
    In Flesh to tast true liberty of Minde.

A Minde as free as is the Body thrall,
  Transcendent in her being, taking th' wings
Of th' Morning to ascend, and make that all
  Of her's immortall, sphearing it with Kings
Whose glory is so firme it cannot fall :
  Where euery Saint in their reposure sings
    Th' triumphant Pæan of eternity,
    To Him whose sight giues perfect Liberty.

Then whether my restraint enforce or no,
  Ile be myselfe, but more in my restraint ;
Because through it I see the end of woe,
  Tasting in griefe the Essence of content :
That when from this same double-ward I goe,
  This same entangled Prison ; th' continent

Of heauenly Freedome may receiue my Soule,
Which Flesh imprison might, but not controul.

Rest then (Retired Muse) and be thy owne
Though all thy owne forsake thee, that when Friends,
Fortune and Freedome are but small or none
Thy hopes may ayme at more transcendent ends ;
So by the body in strait durance throwne
Thy vnconfined Soule may make amends,
For that which she had in her Freedome lost,
In that most blest wherein she seem'd most crost.

Besides these spirited and harmonious lines the collection has several small Poems, some serious, some jocose; on the whole a curious and entertaining tract. It had not escaped the notice of Mr Ellis, who has given some specimens among the Uncertain Authors. See *Specimens*, &c., ed. 1803, vol. iii. p. 144.

X.

14. *Essaies vpon the Five Senses, with a pithie one vpon Detraction. Continued with sundry Christian Resolues full of passion and deuotion, purposely composed for the zealously-disposed. By Rich. Brathwayt Esquire.*

Mallem me esse quam viuere mortuum.

London, Printed by E. G. for Richard Whittaker and are to be sold at his shop at the Kings head in Paules Church-yard. 1620. 12mo. 76 leaves.

Dedicated.—"To the right Eminent Favovrer and furtherrer of all noble and freeborne studies, Sr Henry Yeluerton Atturney Generale, accomplished happinesse." And concluding that the five senses "were

excellent types, and not vnbeseeming the purest and piercingst eye: now it rests, and I draw in my sailes, least my gate be too great for my worke, onely thus much I may confidently say,

> If my presumption err, my thoughts replie,
> It is my loue that errs, it is not I.

May I euer so direct my subiect as to render you content, whose deseruing parts make me honour you, more then that title of honour which is conferred on you, vowing to rest

Yours
in duest obseruance,
Rich. Brathwaite.

At the end of this volume is the character of "a Shrow," which is omitted in the Second edition. It begins:

"A Shrow is a continuall dropping, whose actiuitie consists principally in the volubilitie of an indefatigable tongue; her father was a common Barretter, and her mothers sole note (being the voice of her vocation) eccoed, New Wainflete Oysters: In her sleepe, when shee is barr'd from scolding, shee falls to a terrible vaine of snoring, and fomes at mouth as if she were possessed, or shrudely rid by the Nightmare: Shee is most out of her element, when most at quiet, and concludes ioyntly with the Arithmetician, that *Vnities* are to be excluded from numbers. Her progenie is but smal, yet all hopefull to be interested in some clamarous offices; for her eldest itcheth after *Bellman*, her next after *Cryer*, and her daughters scorn to degenerate, vowing to bring the aunciently-erected Cuckstoole into request: She frets like gum'd *Grogram*, but for weare she is *Sempiternum*. Shee goes weekly a catterwauling, where shee spoiles their

spice-cup'd gossiping with her tart-tongued calletting: She is a Bee in a box for she is euer buzzing: Her eyes, though they be no *matches*, for she squints hatefully, are more firing than any matches: She is a hot shot, for she goes euer charg'd: She hath an excellent gift for memorie, and can run division vpon relation of iniuries," &c. &c.

The following lines on the last leaf are addressed

"*To my loving friends, my Country-Cottoneers.*

Droupe not, though dead, you may reuiue againe
By th' cheerefull beams of such a Soueraigne;
Who can discerne what painfull men deserue,
And would be loath your families should starve,
Or want the *staffe of bread*, but by command
Will see your case redressed out a hand;
Meanetime read my Resolues, where you shall finde
In state-distresse, some solace to your minde:
Which found, build on this ground, and be as I,
Who am resolu'd hows'ere I liue, or die.

Yours, or not his owne, R. B.

The Errata has this apology.

"For the *Booke* I'le say, if there be errors in't,
The world had not known them, but for th' *Print*."

XI.

15. *The Shepheards Tales.*

Too true poore Shepheards do this Prouerbe find,
No sooner out of sight then out of mind.

London, Printed for Richard Whitaker. 1621. oct. 25 leaves.

A continuation of these Tales or Eclogues was printed with the next article, as "having relation to

a former part, as yet obscured;" and therefore not then published. A single copy,—for this piece is uncommonly rare,—must serve for authority for the above title, which is also prefixed to the continuation.

The dedication, in verse, is addressed "to my worthy and affectionate kinsman, Richard Hvtton, Esquire, Sonne and Heire to the much honoured and sincere dispenser of judgements, Sir Richard Hvtton, Sergeant at Law, and one of the Judges of the Common Pleas: the fruition of his selectedst wishes." The author calls him "Deere Cuz:"—

"Who by your father's vertues and your owne
Are truly lou'd, whereseuer you are knowne:
In State secure, rich in a faithfull make,
And rich in all that may secure your state.——
Receiue this poem, Sir, for as I liue,
Had I ought better, I would better giue.

RICH. BRATHWAIT."

The tales are called "the first part," are three in number, and the Interlocutors named Technis, Dymnus, Dorycles, Corydon, Sapphus, and Linus. By the first tale, related by Technis, that character may be applied to the author, declaring he was not bred on the flowery plain;

"For if I would, I could strange stories tell
Of Platoe's and of Aristotle's well,
From whence I drain'd such drops of diuine wit,
As all our swaines could hardly diue to it:——
A prentiship did I in Athens liue
Not without hope but I might after giue
Content and comfort where I should remaine,
And little thought I then to be a swaine:
For I may say toyou I then did seeme
One of no small or popular esteeme,
But of consort with such, whose height of place
Aduanced me, because I had their grace:——

Hauing thus long continued, as I said,
And by my long continuance Graduate made,
I tooke more true delight in being there,
Than euer since in Court or Country ayre.——
—— in famous Athens did abide,
But 'lasse whilst I secure from thought of care,
With choicest consorts did delight me there
Free from the tongue of rumor or of strife,
I was to take me to another life.
Lin. To what, good *Technis ?*
Tech. To haue Harpies clawes ;
To take my fee and then neglect the cause.
Sapp. A Lawier, Technis !
Tech. So my father said,
Who as he had commanded, I obey'd.——
For ne're had Father showne vnto his Sonne
More tender loue to me than he had done :——
To waine my minde, and to withdraw my sight
From all such studies gaue me once delight :
And to inure me better to discerne
Such rudiments as I desir'd to learne,
I went to *John a Styles* and *John an Okes*,
And many other Law-baptized folkes,
Whereby I set the practise of the Law
At as light count as turning of a straw,
For straight I found how John a Styles did state it,
But I was ouer Style ere I came at it ;
For hauing thought (so easie was the way)
That one might be a Lawyer the first day :
I after found the further that I went,
The further was I from my element.——
————Hauing thus long applide
The streame of Law, my aged father dide,
Whose vertues to relate I shall not neede,
For you all knew him :
Doric. So we did indeed :
A patron of all Justice, doe him right.
Sap. Nor was there *Art* wherein he had no sight.
Dym. Yet was he humble ;
Lin. And in that more blest.
Corid. He liues, though seeming dead ;

Tech. So let him rest.
Hauing lost him whose life supported me,
You may imagine Shepheards, what might be
My hard succeeding fate : downe must I goe
To know if this report were true or no.
Which I did finde too true, for he was dead,
And had enioyn'd me *Guardians* in his stead
To sway my vntrain'd youth.
Dym. And what were they ?
Tech. Such men as I had reason to obey :
For their aduice was euer for my good,
If my greene yeeres so much had vnderstood :
But I puft vp with thought of my demaines,
Gaue way to Folly, and did slacke my raines
Of long restraint :
Dory. 'Las Technis, then I see.
What in the end was like to fall on thee.
Tech. O Dorycles if thou hadst knowne my state,
Thou wouldst haue pitied it !
Corid. Nay, rather hath
Thy youthfull riot.
Tech. Thou speakes well vnto 't,
For the *Black Oxe* had nere trod on my foot :
I had my former studies in despight,
And in the vainest consorts tooke delight.
Which much incens'd such as affection bare
To my esteeme: but little did I care
For the instruction of my graue protectors
Who neuer left me, but like wise directors
Consulted how to rectifie my state.——

The guardians propose matrimony; and the disappointment arising from his attention to "the Parson's wife, a lusty trolops," which occasions a discarding by the heroine, Amarillida, is the narrative of the remainder of the Eclogue.

On the last page a few lines as "a pastorall Palinod," to prepare the reader for three other tales to "giue new life to sorrow."

XII.

16. *Natvres Embassie: or, the Wilde-mans Measvres: Danced naked by twelue Satyres, with sundry others continued in the next Section.*

Wilde men now dance wise measures; Come then ho,
Though I be wilde, my measures are not so.

Printed for Richard Whitaker. 1621. 8vo.

The Epistle Dedicatory wishes, by the address "to the accomplished mirror of trve worth, Sr. T. H. the elder, knight, professed fauorer and furtherer of all free-borne studies: continuance of all happinesse." The author describes himself to "haue penned this short Discourse, interwoven with history as well as poesie, for two things summarily, and especially for the first thereof. The first is the iniquitie of the present time.—The second reason is the motion of a priuate friend.—Thus tendring you the fruites of my reading compiled, and in manner digested not out of selfe-conceit, but aime to publique good intended, I rest from my studie. May 24. Yours to dispose Richard Brathwayt."

The Satyrs are divided into two sections, the first containing twelve and the other eighteen, making thirty in the whole, levelled against the common vices of society, with illustrative examples from ancient history. In the first Satyr on Degeneration as personated in Nature, the following stanza must clearly allude to his contemporary, Geo. Withers—

But I will answer thee for all thy beautie:
If thou wilt be an ape in gay attire,
Thou doest not execute that forme of dutie,
Which Nature at thy hand seemes to require:

Which not redrest, for all thy goodly port,
Thou must be stript, and whipt, and chastis'd for't.

In the eleventh Satyr, the "children of election" are exhibited under "Hypocrisy;" and that which then applied to Puritans might now as fitly serve for certain sectarists. At the end of the first section is "A Conclvsive Admonition to the Reader:" who is informed

These two months trauell like the almond rod,
May bring forth more when opportunitie
Giueth fit time:

And as both parts are now always found together, it remains uncertain as to there being, and when, an earlier edition of the first part.

After the admonition, "here followeth some Epycedes, or Funerall Elegies, concerning sundry exquisite Mirrours of true loue." These consist of three Elegies on the stories of Hero and Leander, Pyramus and Thisbe, and Dido and Æneas. Then a new title for

17. *The Second Section of Divine and Morall Satyres: With an Adivnct vpon the precedent; whereby the Argument with the first cause of publishing these Satyres, be euidently related.*

Disce et doce.

London, Printed for Richard Whitaker. 1621.

A Dedication, in three stanzas, is addressed "to the worthie Cherisher and Novrisher of all generous Studies, S. W. C. Knight, R. B. his affectionate Country-man wisheth the increase of all honour, health, and happinesse," and subscribed, "Yours in all faithfull obseruance, Richard Brathwayte, Musophylus."—The patron probably died while

the work was printing, by the following lines, which immediately follow

Vpon the Dedicatorie:

Though he (and happie he) bereft by fate,
To whom I meant this worke to dedicate,
This shall find shelter in his liuing name,
He's chang'd indeed, but I am still the same.

At the end of the second section are "two short moderne Satyres," the first 'Pseudophilia,' is a pointed philippic on the hypocritical puritan. The last is called 'Poligonia,' another admonition to the reader, subscribed, "thine if thine owne, Musophilus." Then follows a new title for

18. *The Shepheards Tales.*

Too true poore Shepheards do this Prouerbe find,
No sooner out of sight then out of mind.

London, printed for Richard Whitaker, 1621.

"His Pastoralls are here continved with three other Tales; having relation to a former part, as yet obscured: and deuided into certaine Pastorall Eglogues, shadowing much delight vnder a rurall subiect:" as the head title expresses. From the third Eglogve is taken the following Song, as characteristic of that period, and preserving the names of several tunes or ditties now obsolete. The marginal note is singular: "Forth of a curious Spinet graced with the best rarities of Art and Nature, Mopsus a shepheard, and Marina a sheepheardesse, singing a Nuptiall Hymne in the way to the Bridall."

The Shepheards Holy-day, reduced in apt measures to Hobbinalls Galliard, or John to the May-pole.

Mopso. Come Marina, let's away,
For both Bride and Bridegroome stay,
Fie for shame, are swaines so long,
Pinning of their head-geare on?
Pray thee see, None but we,
Mongst the swaines are left vnreadie,
Fie, make hast, Bride is past,
Follow me and I will leade thee.
Mar. On my louely Mopsus, on,
I am readie, all is done,
From my head vnto the foote,
I am fitted each way to't;
Buskins gay, Gowne of gray,
Best that all our flocks do render,
Hat of stroe, Platted through,
Cherrie lip and middle slender.
Mop. And I think you will not find
Mopsus any whit behind,
For he loues as well to go,
As most part of shepheards do.
Cap of browne, Bottle-crowne,
With the leg I won at dancing,
And a pumpe Fit to iumpe,
When we shepheards fall a prancing.
And I know there is a sort
Will be well provided for't,
For I heare, there will be there,
Liueliest swaines within the shere:
Ietting Gill, Iumping Will,
Ore the floor will haue their measure:
Kit and Kate, There will waite
Tib and Tom will take their pleasure.
Mar. But I feare;
Mop. What doest thou feare?
Mar. Crowd the fidler is not there:
And my mind delighted is,
With no stroake so much as his.

Mop. If not he, There will be
Drone the piper that will trounce it.
Mar. But if Crowd, Strucke aloud,
Lord, methinks how I could bounce it.
Mop. Bounce it Mall, I hope thou will,
For I know that thou hast skill,
And I am sure thou there shalt find,
Measures store to please thy mind;
Roundelayes, Irish-hayes,
Cogs and rongs and Peggie Ramsie,
Spaniletto, The Venetto,
John come kisse me, Wilsons fancie.
Mar. But of all there's none so sprightly
To my eare, as Tutch me lightly;
For its this we shepheards loue,
Seing that which most doth moue;
There, there, there, To a haire,
O Tim Crowd, me thinks I heare thee,
Young nor old, Nere could hold,
But must leake if they come nere thee.
Mop. Blush Marina, fie for shame,
Blemish not a shepheards name:
Mar. Mopsus why, is't such a matter,
Maids to shew their yeelding nature?
O what then, Be ye men,
That will beare your selues so froward,
When you find, Us inclin'd,
To your bed and boord so toward?
Mop. True indeed, the fault is ours,
Though we tearme it oft-times yours:
Mar. What would shepheards haue vs do,
But to yeeld when they do wo?
And we yeeld Them the field,
And endow them with our riches.
Mop. Yet we know, Oft-times too,
You'le not sticke to weare the breches.
Mar. Fooles they'le deeme them, that do heare them
Say their wiues are wont to weare them:
For I know there's none has wit,
Can endure or suffer it:

But if they, Haue no stay,
Nor discretion (as tis common)
Then they may Giue the sway,
As is fitting to the woman.
Mop. All too long (deare loue) I weene,
Haue we stood vpon this theame:
Let each lasse, as once it was,
Loue her swaine, and swaine his lasse:
So shall we, Honor'd be,
In our mating, in our meeting,
While we stand Hand in hand,
Honest swainling, with his sweeting.

The next piece has also a new title—

19. *Omphale, or, the Inconstant Shepheardesse.*

Perijssem, nisi perijssem.

London, Printed for Richard Whitaker. 1621.

Back of this title is the following dedication: "To her in whose chaste breast choisest vertues, as in their abstract are seated: the accomplishd Lady P. W. wife to the nobly-descended S. T. W. Knight: and daughter to the much honoured S. R. C. all correspondence to her worthiest wishes."

The tale of Omphale, in heroic measure, occupies near eighteen pages; and at the end is

A Poem describing the leuitie of a woman: reseruing all generous respect to the vertuously affected of that sexe.

First I feare not to offend,
A very thing of nothing,
Yet whom thus farre I commend,
She's lighter then her clothing:
Nay from the foote vnto the crowne,
Her very fan will weigh her downe:
And marke how all things with her sexe agree,
For all her vertues are as light as she.

She chats and chants but ayre,
A windie vertue for the eare,
'Tis lighter farre then care,
And yet her songs do burthens beare.

She dances, that's but mouing,
No heauie vertue here she changes,
And as her heart in louing,
So her feete inconstant ranges.

She softly leanes on strings,
She strikes the trembling lute and quauers:
These are no weightie things,
Her strokes are light, so are her fauours.

Those are her vertues fitting to her kind,
No sooner showne, but they turn'd all to wind.

Then to you, O sexe of fethers,
On whose browes sit all the wethers,
I send my passion weau'd in rimes,
To weigh downe these light emptie times.

The last division of this volume has for title

20. *His Odes: or Philomels Teares.*

Odes in straines of sorrow tell
Fate and fall of euery fowle,
Mounting Merlin, Philomel,
Lagging Lapwing, Swallow, Owle;
Whence you may obserue how state
Rais'd by pride, is raz'd by hate.

London, Printed for Richard Whitaker. 1621.

The Odes were selected by Sir Egerton Brydges in 1815, as a specimen of the genius of our author, and as proving "him not to have been without merit, either for fancy, sentiment, or expression." The reprint was in small octavo, and formed one of the limited series of works, so tastefully embellished, that issued from the private press at Lee Priory.

XIII.

21. *Times Cvrtaine Dravvne, or The Anatomie of Vanitie. With other choice Poems, Entituled; Health from Helicon. By Richard Brathvvayte Oxonian.*

Ille ego qui quondam.

London Printed by Iohn Dawson for Iohn Bellamie, and are to be sould at the South entrance of the Royall-Exchange. 1621, oct. 100 leaves.

Dedication, in rhyme, wishing "To the famovs Seminary of all accomplish'd Knowledge, his deare foster-mother, the Vniversitie of Oxford; the happie supplie of iudicious witts, with the encrease of all succeeding Honovr." Then follows the principal poem: "Times Anatomie, displayed in six distinct subiects: Riches; Pouertie; Iustice; Iniustice, Fate, Death."

Another dedication in rhyme "to him vvhom trve merit hath ennobled; the right Honorable John Earle of Bridgewater, Vicovnt Brackley, the accomplishment of his selectedst wishes:" and "the Avthor continves his former Discovrse, anatomizing man more fully in these foure subiects: Preparation, Securitie, Courtship, Hospitalitie."

Several poems follow; one a gratulatory emblem "to the high and illvstriovs Monarch Christian King of Denmarke;" and "an Embleme vpon the Royall Masqve presented in the King of Den̄markes last being here, personated regally, shadowed really, and alluded rarely."

At signature I is another title-page—

22. "*Panedone: or Health from Helicon: containing Emblemes, Epigrams, Elegies, with other continuate*

Poems, full of all generous delight; by Richard Brathvvayte, Esquire.

Licet toto nunc Helicone frui. MART.

Doe not looke on me with a carelesse eye,
First read *and* iudge, *then* buy, *or else goe* by.

London, printed by John Dawson for John Bellamie, and are to be sould at the south entrance of the Royall Exchange. 1621."

By the table of "the number and order of these Epigrams," or rather poems, they are divided into two parts, containing eight and thirteen pieces, and dedicated in rhyme: "to my trvely worthie and mvch respected friend, Sr. Thomas Gainsford, Knight."

For the sake of the versification coming near in measure to that adopted in the Itinerary, we select, from the first part—

Cares Cure, or a figg for Care.

Happie is that State of his,
Takes the World as it is,
Loose hee honour, friendship, wealth,
Loose hee libertie or health,
Loose hee all that Earth can giue,
Hauing nought whereon to liue;
So prepar'd a mind's in him,
Hee's resolu'd to sinke or swim.

Some will pule if they but heare,
How next Summer will be deare,
As th' Engrosser who doth heape
Graine, laments when it is cheape,
Gallants who haue run their race
In all ryot, feare the Mace;
Punkes whose trunkes of lucre smell,
Feare the Bridewell more then Hell.

But when I remember these,
Hermon, and *Hermocrates*,
Phedon Menedemus, then
I conclude they were no men:
For where's Reason in that Elfe,
Who for pelfe will hang himselfe;
Valuing more this filmie rinde,
Then the glory of his Minde!

Shoulde I ought deiected bee
'Cause blind Fortune frowns on me,
Or put finger in the eye
When I see my Damon die,
Or repine such should inherit
More of honour then of merit,
Or put on a sourer face,
To see vertue in disgrace!

Should I to see Justice dead
Like a bull-rush hang my head,
Or lament to see the time
Guided by a crooked line,
Or bewaile my houre of Birth,
That Content's exil'd from earth,
Or vie teares with graines of sand
'Cause Oppression soakes our Land!

Should I weepe when I doe trie
Fickle Friends inconstancie,
Quite discarding mine and mee
When they should the firmest be,
Or thinke much when barraine brains
Are possest of rich Demains,
When in Reason it were fit
They had wealth vnto their wit!

Should I grieue to see a knaue
More respect and credit haue,
Then a sincere honest man
Who nor sooth nor humour can,
Or distast men of desert
Should haue least in Fortunes part,

When men high but worthlesse great
Many times vsurpe their seate!

Should I sorrow to behold
Nought so much admir'd as gold,
Or looke foule that such a Swad
Should gaine her I would haue had,
Or bemone (but all in vaine)
What I cannot get againe,
Or looke wan that others store
Through iniustice makes me poore!

Should I spend the morne in teares
'Cause I see my neighbors eares
Stand so slopewise from his head,
As if they were hornes indeede:
Or to see his wife at once
Branch his brow, and breake his skonce,
Or to heare her in her splene
Callet like a butter-queane!

Should I sigh because I see
Lawes like spider-webbs to be,
Lesser flies are quickly tane
While the great breake out againe,
Or so many schismes and sects
Which foule heresie detects,
To suppresse the fire of zeale
Both in Church and Common weale!

Should I weepe to see some write
To adde fuell to delight,
But no taske to vndertake
Any time for conscience sake;
Or to mourne to see the Doue
Ever censur'd for her loue,
While the Puttock flies away
Priuiledg'd what ere he say!

Should I grieue when I'me in place
That my foe should be in grace,

Or in silent woe lament
At my friends his discontent,
Or repine that men of worth
Should want meanes to set them forth,
Or disdaine my wench should be
Kinde to any one but me !

Should I blind my eyes with teares
Or oppresse my heart with feares,
When nor teares nor feares auaile
Such whose choicest comforts faile,
By conuerting that sweet ayre
Of delight vnto despaire,
For I know no enter breath
Limits these, saue onely Death !

Should I sigh for that I see
World goes not well with me,
Or inveigh 'gainst envious Fate
Still to lowre on my Estate,
Or reproue such as expresse
Nothing saue vnthankfulness,[1]
Or expose my selfe to griefe
'Cause my woes are past reliefe !

Should I grieue because I giue
No contentment where I liue,
Though my best endeuours proue
That my actions merit loue,
Or repine at others ayme
Gaining more then I can gaine,
When their vaine mis-guided course
Showes their humour to be worse !

Should I pine away and die
Or my Childish teares descrie
'Cause my neighbors are vntoward,
Wilfull wife, and seruants froward,
Or exclaime 'gainst destenie
Who so crossely matched mee,
Or desire no more to liue
Since I liue the more to grieue !

Should I mourne, repine, or mone
To be left distrest, alone,
Or wish death approching nie
With a bleered blubb'red eye,
'Cause my meanes I scarce can find
Of proportion with my minde,
Or breath sadly 'cause my breath
Drawes each minute neerer death !

No there's nought on Earth I feare
That may force from me one teare,
Losse of honour, fredome, health,
Or that mortall idoll, wealth,
With these babes may grieued be
But they haue no power ore me,
Lesse my substance lesse my share
In my feare and in my care.

Feare he must that doth possesse,
Least his substance should grow lesse,
Which oft driues him to extreames
Both in broken sleepes and dreames,
But so little doe I care
For these *Fethers in the ayre*,
As I laugh while others grieue
Louing these which they must leaue.

Wretched moles who pore on earth,
And conceiue no taste of mirth,
But in hoording heape on heape
What's the fruit in end they reape,
Saue returning to that slime
Which they tugg'd for all their time ?
Sure I am, reduc'd to clay,
Poorest are as rich as they.

Care I would, but not for this
'Cause it lessens care of blisse ;
Yet not so as not to care,
What we spend, or what we spare,
For this carelesse course we call
Meerely vaine and prodigall ;

But that golden meane to keepe
As no care may breake our sleepe.

Thus to loue and thus to liue,
Thus to take and thus to giue ;
Thus to laugh and thus to sing,
Thus to mount on pleasures wing ;
Thus to sport and thus to speede,
Thus to flourish, nourish, feede ;
Thus to spend and thus to spare
Is to bid, *A figg for Care !*

The Second Part commences with "*Ebrivs Experiens;* or the Drunkards humour :" being, according to the marginal note,

Tassoes apollogie transcribed,
Wherein a Drunkards humour is to life described.

The adventures of Barnabee when he "took the host for the hostess," or more humorously at St Alban's craved acquaintance with "the hand which guides to London," had a parallel in a tippling bout between Brathwait and a friend—

Bring Malmsey, quoth my friend, *it's good for th' back,*
And I, to please my palate, call'd for Sack :
So long we Sack't it till our Forts were wonne,
Round run the world, and we both fell downe :
Where whilest we lay (for now the jeast began)
My friend nere shew'd his louing heart till than.
Close 'bout my necke he hung and claspt me fast,
Vowing his Saint all other Saints surpast,
And I was shee : *O thou art of that grace ;*
Thus he began, then rifts he in my face :
As none, ô none,—then could he not afford
To gaine a kingdome, halfe another word.
But canst thou loue? to satisfie his choice,
I told him *Yes*, faining a woman's voice :
For I had so much sense left in my braine
As I resolu'd to trie his cupping vaine ;

Then vp he counts (tho' wine of wit had reft him)
How many farmes his Father now had left him :
All which (quoth he) *must to our heires succeede*, &c.

A Dialogue between Menippus and Mercator upon "The Eye" has for initials I. H., which are not explained. A short prose address at the end of the volume is entitled "An Appanage," and on the last leaf are the following lines—

Vpon Censure.

Well, ill, or neither, but indifferent,
How ere your censure be I am content ;
For hee's a fauning foole, the world's minion,
That only writes to gaine himselfe opinion.

XIV.

23. *Britains Bath.* Anno 1625.

The only information hitherto obtained respecting this publication is a marginal note attached to a dedication of the *Survey of History*, 1638, where, in reference to the Earl of Southampton, it is said : "A Funerall Elegy to his precious memory was long since extant; being annexed to my *Britains Bath.* Anno 1625."

XV.

24. *The Hunts-mans Raunge.* (UNKNOWN.)

A Treatise thus entituled may be here mentioned. It is referred to in the margin of the English Gentleman, 1630, p. 198, as a comment on the following passage : "What more admirable than the pleasure of the Hare, if wee observe the uses which may bee

made of it as I have elsewhere* more amplie discoursed?" It was probably printed about this period.

XVI.

25. *The English Gentleman: Containing Sundry excellent Rules or exquisite Observations, tending to Direction of every Gentleman, of selecter ranke and qualitie; How to demeane or accommodate himselfe in the manage of publike or private affaires. By Richard Brathwait Esq.* Seneca in Herc. furen.

——Qui genus jactat suum
Aliena laudat.

London, Printed by Iohn Haviland, and are to be sold by Robert Bostock at his shop at the signe of the Kings head in Pauls Church-yard. 1630. 4to. Pp. 487, without introduction.

A short analysis of the contents of this volume, for the purpose of detecting imperfect copies, may not be unacceptable. In conjunction with the Compleat Gentlewoman, which forms a second part, no work of that age can have been more uniformly read, or higher appreciated.

On opening the volume, it exhibits a glowing specimen of the burine of Ro. Vaughan, in ten compartments for the Frontispiece, with a folding broadside prefixed as an explanatory draft of same. The printer's title as above is followed by nine leaves of Dedication, copious tables, and other matter. After p. 456 is a sheet without pagination,

* "In a Treatise entituled; *The Hunts-mans Raunge.*"—Margin.

under signature N n n.* The first two leaves have "The Character of a Gentleman," another has an "Embleme" † recto and reverse "Upon the Errata," and fourth leaf blank. Then follows a new title—

26. *Three choice characters of Marriage; fitly sorting with the proprietie and varietie of the former Subject: Having especiall relation to one peculiar Branch, shadowed in the Sixt Observation.* Seneca. Non socios regna ferre nec tedæ sciunt.

These characters complete the volume with p. 487.

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* That being a duplicate signature is the common guide for placing the sheet, which otherwise arranges better at the end of the volume.

† *Embleme.*

With a *Climacterick* yeere this worke began,
Which is exprest when *Sev'ns* and *Nines* dce meet,
Held fatall to this short-spun threed of man;
And with same number ends the final sheet
Of these *Observances*, whereof I treat:
Threescore and three is held the dangerous yeare,
And just so many sheets shall you find here;
But not a leafe to give a life to feere.

It rarely happens that an enigmatical trifle like this is worthy of a moment's reflection to unravel. Here the riddle-my-ree is to discover a year where the unison of the numbers divides by 9 and 7. That exists with all the puny quibbling of a threefold solution in 1627, if thus dissected:—9 and 7 are 16, and 3 times 9 is 27. Again, 1 and 6 is 7, while 2 and 7 make 9: or by adding all the figures of the year together it produces 16, or 9 and 7. This Lilliputian labour shows that the author was rather more than three years completing the work, as in the fourth (1631) it was published.

Again. The Printer's alphabet, or signatures, has no more than twenty-four letters, as J and W are seldom used. In the English Gentleman the signatures end in the third alphabet at Q q q, making sixty-two sheets; and the duplicate N n n, above described, completes the "threescore and three."

XVII.

27. *The English Gentlewoman, drawne out to the full Body: Expressing,*

> *What Habilliments doe best attire her,*
> *What Ornaments doe best adorne her,*
> *What Complements doe best accomplish her.*

By Richard Brathwait Esq.

Modestia non forma.

London, Printed by B. Alsop and T. Favvcet, for Michaell Sparke, dwelling in Greene Arbor. 1631. 4to. Pp. 221, without introduction, &c. &c.

The Frontispiece in compartments, intended as a companion to the one before the English Gentleman, is engraved by Will. Marshall, has a folding broadside prefixed, explanatory of the subjects. After the printer's title twenty-two leaves of dedications, and a table. After p. 221 is the character of "A Gentlewoman," four leaves, not paged, the "Embleme"* and "Vpon the Errata" two more. Some copies have an "Appendix vpon a former supposed Impression of this title," consisting of five leaves with signature in continuation, but not paged.

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* *Embleme.*

Some hold these *Obseruations* to be long,
Some more iudicious, hold them to be short,
Thus are they censur'd be they right or wrong;
What should we then make *Censure* but a sport,
Since good or bad, we're ne're the better for't?
Which to attemper, I should thinke it best,
Vertue were *Censor* in each Authors breast.

XVIII.

28. *Whimzies: Or, A new Cast of Characters.*

Nova, non nota delectant.

London, Printed by F. K. and are to be sold by Ambrose Rithirdon, at the signe of the Bull's-head, in Paul's Church-yard. 1631. 12mo, 117 leaves.

This little amusing volume has already obtained particular notice from two different bibliographers,* well known for their extensive research, and the accuracy of the articles they make public; who have described the same as anonymous: but the name of the author, the common clue of ascertaining Brathwait's pieces, had it been then known, might have supplied. On the last leaf occurs the following apology—

" *Vpon the Errata's.*

As there bee Characters of Errors, so be Errors incident to Characters. These be they literall or materiall, it is in thee, Reader, to make them veniall."

In this instance our author assumes the signature of *Clitus Alexandrinus*, which is subscribed to the Dedication, inscribed "to his mvch honored friend, Sir Alexander Radcliffe." An address "to the equall Reader," follows with "An Alphabeticall Table of the Characters," which are twenty-four in number in alphabetical order, and a Summary at the end indexed as "&c. or The Egregious'st Pimpe of all this debauch't order, with a briefe but free censure

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* See *Microcosmography*, &c. 1811, p. 282; *Restituta*, vol. iv. p. 279.

of their nature, nurture, and number," which may serve the purpose of an analysis. &c.

1. *Almanack-maker.* Is the most notorious Knave pickt out of all these: As 1. if under colour of Astrology, he practise the Art of Necromancy.

2. *Ballad-monger.* If Nick Ballader contract with Bully Purser, to get him a base booty from a Ninny new com'd forth of Countrey.

3. *Corranto coiner.* If he abuse forraine States, and gull the reader to cram his belly.

4. *Decoy.* If hee sharke where hee hath engag'd his heart, and prove disloyall to his fraternity.

5. *Exchange-man.* If hee vent base ware with oaths and improve his Exchange by perjury.

6. *Forrester.* If he raunge without his pale, and make the country foster-mother to his progeny.

7. *Gamester.* If he professe himselfe honest, and publish himselfe cheate upon discovery.

8. *Hospitall man.* If our Hospitall-man pretend but zeale, and prize piety as the Miser hospitalitie.

9. *Jayler.* If our Jayler tyrannize over his Tenant, and triumph in his miserie.

10. *Keeper.* If the Keeper neglect his soule, and prepare not for her deliverie.

11. *Launderer.* If she wash her skinne, but staine her soule, and so soile her inward beauty.

12. *Metal-man.* If he set too high a stamp upon his metall, and blanch his alleageance with colour of Alchymie.

13. *Neuter.* If our Laodicean halt betwixt two and slight his conscience for worldly policy.

14. *Ostler.* If to save his provender, he set an artificial edge on a strangers Palfrey.

15. *Postmaster.* If hee furnis his Poster with a foundred Hackney.

16. *Quest-man.* If what hee collects in the Ward he convert to himselfe and his Meniey.

17. *Ruffian.* If hee out-brave his best friends, and slave himself to any villany.

18. *Sailer.* If he row without feare to gain him a fare, and hazard a passenger's safety.

19. *Traveller.* If hee travaile to novellize himselfe, and not to benefit his Country.

20. *Vnder-sheriffe.* If to enrich his retchlesse progeny, he care not much to begger the whole County.

21. *Wine-soaker.* If hee drinke till he rore, and roring uncivilly wrong himselfe and his company.

22. *Xantippean.* If [s]hee scold till shee scare her husband, make him debauch himselfe, and abandon his family.

23. *Yealous Neighbour.* If hee proclaime himselfe a Monster causelesly, and brand his posterity with the odious marke of bastardy.

24. *Zealous Brother.* If his hollow heart display him for a counterfeit, and his painted zeale taxe him of hypocricy.

If so, or so, know, that such an one is an *A per se A* for knavery; whose Comick beginning shall cloze his dying Act with a tragicke Catastrophe. So good night to all the foure and twenty. *Finis.*

We shall select one character that is of much notoriety and yet little known.

A Ballad-monger is the ignominious nickname of a penurious poet, of whom he partakes in nothing but in povertie. His straine (in my opinion) would sort best with a funerall Elegie, for hee writes most pitifully. Hee has a singular gift of imagination, for hee can descant on a man's execution long before his confession. Nor comes his Invention farre short

of his Imagination; for want of truer relations, for a neede he can finde you out a Sussex Dragon, some Sea or Inland monster, drawne out by some Shoe-lane man in a Gorgon-like feature, to enforce more horror in the beholder. Hee has an excellent facultie in this. Hee has one tune in store that will indifferently serve for any ditty. Hee is your onely man in request for Christmas Carols.* His workes are lasting-pasted monuments upon the insides of Country Alehouses, where they may sojourne without expence of a farthing: which makes their thirstie Author crie out in this manner, if he have so much Latin:

Quò licuit chartis, nō licet ire mihi

He stands much upon Stanzas, which halt and hobble as lamely as that one legg'd Cantor that sings them: It would doe a man's heart good to see how twinne-like hee and his songman couple. Wits of equal size, though more holding vailes befall the voyce. Now you shall see them (if both their stockes aspire to that strength) droppe into some blinde alehouse, where these two naked Virginians will call for a great potte, a toast, and a pipe. Where you may imagine the first and last to be only called for out of an humour; but the midst out of meere necessitie, to allay hunger. Yet to see how they will hug, hooke,

* In the character of a *Housekeeper* he says: "Suppose Christmas now approaching, the ever-green Ivie trimming and adorning the portalls and partcloses of so frequented a building; the usuall Carolls, to observe antiquitie, cheerefully sounding; and that which is the complement of his inferiour comforts, his neighbours whom he tenders as members of his owne family, joyne with him in this Consort of mirth and melody."

He describes a *Piper* as "an ill wind that begins to blow upon Christmasse eve, and so continues very lowd and blustring all the twelve dayes."

and shrugge over these materials in a Chimney corner (O Polyhymnia) it would make the Muses wonder! But now they are parted: and Stentor has fitted his Batillus with a subject: whereon he vowes to bestow better Lines than ever stucke in the *Garland of good will.* By this time with botches and old ends, this Ballad Bard has expressed the Quintessence of his Genius, extracted from the muddie spirit of Bottle-Ale and froth. But all is one for that; his *Trinkilo* must have it, if he will come to his price, yet before hee have it, it must suffer the Presse. By this, Nick Ballad has got him a Quarterne of this new Impression; with which hee mounts Holborne as merry as a Carter; and takes his stand against some eminent Bay-window; where he vents his stuffe. He needs not dance attendance; for in a trice you shall see him guarded with a Janizairie of Costermongers, and Countrey Gooselings; while his Nipps, Ints, Bungs and Prinado's of whom he holds in ffee, oft times prevent the Lawyer, by diving too deepe into his Clients pocket; while hee gives too deepe attention to this wonderfull Ballad. But stale Ballad-newes, like stale fish, when it beginnes to smell of the Panyer, are not for queasie stomacks. You must therefore imagine, that by this time they are cashier'd the Citie, and must now ride poast for the Countrey: where they are no lesse admir'd than a Gyant in a pageant: till at last they grow so common there too, as every poore Milk-maid can chant and chirpe it under Cow; which she useth as an harmlesse charme to make her let downe her milke. Now therefore you must suppose our facetious Ballad-monger as one nectar infused with some poetical Liquor, re-ascending the horse-hoof'd mount, and with a cuppe of sixe (for his token-pledge will bee taken for no more) hee presumes to represent unto the world a new conceite,

intitled; *A proper new Ballad, to the tune of Bragadeary round.* Which his Chantcleere sings with varietie of ayres (having, as you may suppose, an instrumẽtall Polyphon in the cranie of his nose.) Now he counterfeits a natural Base, then a perpetuall Treble, and ends with a Counter-tenure. You shall heare him feigne an artfull straine through the Nose, purposely to insinuate into the attention of the purer brotherhood. But all in vaine, they blush at the abomination of this knave, and demurely passing by him, and call him the *lost childe.* Now, for his Author, you must not take him for one of those pregnant criticke Suburbane wits, who make worke for the fidlers of the Citie. For those are more knaves, than fooles, but these quite contrary. In those you shall finde salt, sense, and verse: but in these none of all three. What then is to bee expected from so sterile a Pernassian, where impudence is his best conductor, Ignorance his best Instructor, and Indigence his best Proctor? Shall we then close with him thus? Hee is constant in nothing but his Clothes. He never casts his slough but against Bartholomew Faire * where hee may casually endanger the purchase of a cast suite: Else, trust me, hee is no shifter. In a word, get his poore corpes a sheete to shrowd them in at his dying they get more than his Muse could ever make him worth while hee was living.

* Of a *Zealous Brother* we are told: "No season through all the yeere accounts hee more subject to abhomination than Bartholomew-faire: Their Drums, Hobbihorses, Rattles, Babies, Jew-trumps, nay Pigs and all are wholly Judaicall. The very Booths are Brothells of iniquity, and distinguished by the stamp of the Beast. Yet under favour, hee will authorize his Sister to eate of that uncleane and irruminating beast, a pig, provided that this pig bee fat, and that himselfe or some other zealous Brother accompanie her: and all this is held for authentick and canonicall."

At the end of the '&c.' is a new title as

29. *A Cater Character throwne out of a Boxe By an Experienc'd Gamester.*

———Ovo prognatus ab uno.

1. An Apparator.
2. A Painter.
3. A Pedler.
4. A Piper.

London, Imprinted by F. K. and are to be sold by R. B. 1631. 24 leaves.

"Dedicated and Devoted by Clitvs Alexandrinvs, to his no lesse honovred then Endeared S[r] Alexander Radcliffe, Knight of the Bath."

We shall confine our specimen to an extract from the character of another Itinerant.

"*A Pedler* is a man of Ware. A wandring starre; one whose chiefest commerce is with Country Wenches. The materials of their trucking are of his part, Pinnes, Ribbons, and Laces; of theirs, Cony-skins, Lambe-skinnes, and Feathers; for Marrow-bones their honest simplicity never knew the operation of them. *What doe yee lacke*, is his ordinary Intergatory; yet you may lacke many things, ere he can supply you. Pepper doe ye want, and he will pepper it for you: He will sell you clots for Cloves, course crummes for Currans, Orpine for Saffron, and compound your pepper with his Earth-pouder, to gull you. It were a strange disease that his fardell cannot cure; blessed bee his Genius! Hee has a receit to cure any one from breaking but himselfe: and this is the least hee doubts, for his Pypouder Court is his onely terror. He is no scholer, yet turning Rope-maker, hee drawes strong lines; which draines more from Cordenor than Philosopher. It is a

prety thing to observe how hee carries his *Trinkilo's* about him: which makes the Countrey Choughs esteeme him a man of prize. A Countrey Rush-bearing, or morrice Pastorall, is his festivall:* if ever hee aspire to plum-porridge, that is the day. Here the Guga-girles gingle it with his neat nifles: while hee sculkes under a Boothe, and showes his wit never till then, in admiring their follies. He has an obscene veine of Ballatry, which makes the Wenches of the Greene laugh; and this purchaseth him, upon better acquaintance, a posset or a Sillabub. Hee is ever removing his tents: and might be com-plain'd of for non-residence, if his informer could gaine ought by't. The Tinker of Turvie cannot put him downe at long-staffe: which hee could finde in his heart to employ for highway receits, if his white liver would give him leave. Would you have a true

---

* The *Forrester* "at Wakes and May-gameskeepes a brave quarter: for our wenches of the greene hold him a marvellous proper man. For the rest of our Hobbinols, they retaine such an opinion of his valor, they dare scarcely say their soules are their owne."

To these festivals also resorts the *Ruffian:* "His soveraignty is showne highest at May-games, Wakes, Summerings, and Rush bearings: where it is twentie to one but hee becomes beneficiall before he part, to the Lord of the Mannour, by meanes of a bloody nose or a broken pate. Hee will now and then for want of a better subject to practise on, squabble with the Minstrell, and most heroically break his Drone, because the Drone cannot rore out his tune. The wenches poore soules shake in their skinnes, fearing a mischiefe: and intreat their sweethearts to give him fair language. All is out a square while hee is there. But these are but his rurall pageants."

Another guise the *Zealous Brother:* "He keeps a terrible quarter in his sinnefull Synodalls and denounceth an heauvie woe upon all Wakes, Summerings, and Rush-bearings: pre-ferring that act whereby Pipers were made rogues by Act of Parliament, before any in all the Acts and Monuments."

survey of his family, and number them by the pole? you shall finde them subsist of three heads: Himselfe, his Truck, and her Misset: Where the last weares, commonly, the sleakest skinne. Hee might bee a good man by the Philosopher's reason: for every place is his countrey: and generally least trusted in his owne. His Atlanticke shoulders are his supporters: if they faile, his revenues fall. His judgement consists principally in the choice of his ware, and place of their vent. Saint Martins rings, and counterfeit bracelets are commodities of infinite consequence: these will passe for current at a Maypole, and purchase a favor from their May-Marian. One would take him for some appendice of a Souldier, by his lether, but you shall find as much valour in his hamper. There is nothing so much disheartens him as the report of a Presse: this makes him stirre his stumpes: but if that will not serve, he turnes Counterfeit Cripple, and as one cut off by the stumps, he cants his maimes most methodically: and this practice hee most constantly retaines till the coast be cleare." . . .

At the end of the volume are some verses 'upon the Birth-day of his sonne John,' already referred to in the Memoirs.

XIX.[a]

Novissima Tuba. Libellus, in sex Dialogos, apprimè Christianos, digestus.

Surgite mortui, et venite ad judicium.

Londini, Excudebat Felix Kyngston. 1632. 8vo.

See Corser's Collectanea, part 2, pp. 373-76. A translation of this into English verse, by John Vicars, appeared, 8vo, 1635.]

XIX.

30. *The English Gentleman.——The Second Edition: revised, corrected and enlarged.——London, Printed by Felix Kyngston, and are to be sold by Robert Bostocke at his shop at the signe of the Kings head in Pauls Church yard.* 1633. 4to. 240 leaves.

Nearly a paginary reprint of the first edition, with the text 'revised and corrected,' but not 'enlarged,' as the copy before me, after p. 456, has only two unpaged leaves for the character, before described, of 'a Gentleman.'

XX.

31. *Anniversaries upon his Panarete.*

——Par nulla figura dolori.

London, Imprinted by Felix Kyngston, and are to be sold by Robert Bostock, at the King's Head in Pauls Church-yard. 1634. 8vo, containing 24 leaves not numbered—sign. A, B, C.

At the back of the title-page two black spaces, between which

Looke not upon me, because I am blacke, Cant. I. 6.

Sign. A 2. *To the indeered memory of His ever loved, never too much lamented Panarete, M*[ris] *Frances Brathwait.*

A distilling Viall of Funerall teares obsequiously offered.

Rev. Melpomene.

Mvse, thou hast oft to others griefes beene knowne,
Now shew a reall passion in thine owne.

Rev. of A 2. Niobe.

I'le not invoke, as others use,
The influence of any Muse ;
The *Muses nine* shall be no other,
Than *Orphans nine* to mone their Mother.

A 3. *Anniversaries upon his Panarete.*

Wepe ! no ; I will not : y[t] would ease mine heart ;
The burden of my griefes shal beare a part
In sadder Straines : Still-running Rivers are
Ever the deepest : Not a teare shall share
In my discomfort : They that can allay
Their griefes with teares, are mourners for a day.
Nor will I cast my sorrowes on my backe,
Nor cloath them, as our Painters vse, in blacke ;
Such clothing's meere dissembling : many weare
A sable habit, and distill a teare,
Who can dispense with griefe : which I detest ;
Though *Pictures* be by *Shadowes* best exprest
To native Symmetrie : we cannot so
Paint our essential Portraiture of Woe.

The poet goes on to compare himself with Niobe, the Pelican, the Turtle, and

The chaste choice bird Porphyrio, left alone
(Reft of his mate) converts his mirth to mone ;
Famine's his food, darke silence his repose,
Lost Love the loome, his Life the webbe of woes.
Retir'd hee liues, not seene converse with any,
His comforts few, his discontentments many ;
Dew-trickling teares, like christall rills distill,
Which forme a funeral habit to his will ;
To live he loaths, for while he lives he tries
Nought good in life, till it expires and dies.
If Birds oth' aire such heavie aires send forth,
Deepe-drain'd must mine be, or they'r little worth.

Had his lost consort resembled the generality of women,

Had she beene, like too many of our nation,
Expos'd to riot, or engag'd to fashion,—*&c. &c.*

Had shee beene such, by all mine hopes, I vow,
I should haue mourn'd in clothes, as others doe,
And with a sable habit cloth'd my skin,
But worne a cheerefull nuptiall robe within ;
And ioy'd like those, who, when the storme is done,
Refresh themselves in seeing of the sunne.
Yea, ere th' rosemary sprigs and fragrant flowers
Stucke on those ashy corpse, which once were ours,
Should lose their beauty or their odor sweet,
Or moth or worme should pierce her shrouding sheet,
I'd dride my teares, clozing her obits thus,
"Adieu ! th'art fitter farre for Earth than us."
None such was mine ! her vertues were too pure
To feed fond fancy with a forraine lure.
Fixt was her eye on Heav'n, while ev'ry sense
In doing good strove for preeminence.
In distinct houres shee would divide the day,
To walke, write, worke, to meditate and pray :
Her first fruits were for Heav'n ; her second cares
Pitcht their resolves on temporall affaires :
For mine held *Time* of higher estimate
Than to expose it at so vile a rate
As to bestow't on trifles :——

* * * * *

But leaving these, Dear Mvse relater be
Of her descent and honour'd *Familie ;*
Ennobled by her spotlesse vertuous name,
To prove those ancestors from which she came.
Neere *Darlington* was my *Deare Darling* borne
Of noble house, which yet beares Honors forme,
Teese-seated *Sockbourne*, where by long descent
Cogniers were Lords, their countries ornament ;
Which by that ancient monument appeares,
Rear'd in the chancell there for many yeares ;
Where th' ancestor such an exploit perform'd,
As hee by fame and victory adorn'd,
Made his successours glorious, which I wish
(And crowne my wishes Heav'n !) may live in his :

Meane time I this relation will omit,
Because elsewhere * I have recorded it.
  But what's a *Family* but style or name,
Vnlesse preserved by a vertuous *Fame?*
And this she had, which did perfume her life,
(Like a most precious odor) maid and wife.
Pure were her thoughts; her actions without staine,
Grace was her guide, and godlinesse her gaine.
She breathes not that liv'd freer from suspect,
Nor courted vanity with more neglect ;
Pride was her scorne, Humilitie her prize,
And Heav'n the object where she fixt her eyes.
Yea, there was nought on Earth she more did love
Than *Fame* by *real goodnesse* to improve :
So as, ev'n those which knew her by report,
Admir'd that which they heard, and fam'd her for 't :
Teares trickling stream'd frō neighbors eyes ; exprest
Those silent sorrowes treasur'd in their brest :
While with joynt voice, made hoarse through griefe, they
    cride,
" None ever liv'd more lov'd, or moaned, dide."

This compound of all virtue was modest in her attire, neat, and apparelled according to her station in life—

——Her *maxime* us'd to be
" She weares best clothes, that weares to her degree."

*   *   *   *   *

  For to describe her *Person*, which shall be,
As was her selfe, compos'd of modestie,
Her beauty was her owne, a native red
Got by a modest blush, her tincture, fed
By *feare* and *fancy ;* no complexion bought
From *shop* e're toucht her *shape*, nor euer wrought
On her affection ; rather high than low
Appear'd her stature, that the age might know

---

* In his *Remaines after Death.*

Nature did owe her nothing, taking care
To make her proper, as her forme was faire.

*   *   *   *   *

Let it suffice, nought could in woman be,
If good, were not in her espous'd to me.
Chast was my choice, so choice, as ne're was bred
A sweeter consort both for boord and bed.
  Besides, where e're I walke, I gather thence
Apparent tokens of her *providence:*
Although I seeke her whom I cannot find,
I find inventions of her pregnant mind
Exprest in ev'ry arbour: quick conceite
Steer'd by discretion to support a state;
Without too much restraint or libertie,
Not domineering in a familie,
Nor too remisse; nor lavish, nor too spare;
Carefull, yet wise to moderate her care;
Rich in a frugall bounty, while content
Smil'd on her brow, whether she spar'd or spent.
So as, in all domesticall affaires
So sweetly mixt were her well-temper'd cares,
As if she had beene from her childhood bred
And th' *Oeconomicks* solely studied.
Nor did her cautious *providence* extend
Wholly to thoughts of frailty, which take end
From time and mutability; O, no!
She thought of th' place, whereto all mortals go.

Brathwait then relates that his lost wife had her shroud constantly before her, to remind her of the preparation for death. He then celebrates her needlework; not only the numerous garments wrought by her hand for the poor, but numerous patterns of rich needle-workes, which ancient use

Approves to store and beautifie an house.

It were easy to make a much longer transcript from the conclusion of the tract, for it is really very well written and does great honour to the character

of the wife and the affection of the husband: but having selected the parts elucidatory of Brathwait's life and connections, we desist. He notices her Poesies for Rings, and gives several specimens of them; tells us that his wife died of "a lineall consumption," which had before carried off "mother, daughter, and sonne;" and concludes with her dying request, commending her children to their father's care. The whole volume ends with four epitaphs: the first two on herself, the margin stating that she died Mar. 7, 1633; the third "*Upon her onely sister;*" the fourth "Upon her dearest Fannie."

3.

In this vrne interred lyes
One, who clos'd from mortall eyes,
Eyes that Day which knowes no night,
Sphearcd in her *Makers* sight;
Who to crowne her day with blisse,
Hath vouchsaf'd to style her his.
"Life so ended, is begun,
"Farre from Death, when Death has done."

4.

I lost a *Mother* for a grave,
And by it I two *Mothers* have;
Earth, and mine owne *deare Mother* too,
In whose bare breast I slumber now:
"My corps sleep (*Mother Earth*) in thee
"While angels sing my lullabee."

PANARETIS Ταμεῖον.

ΤΕΙΣΙΣ me genuit, Sponsatam WESTRIA cepit,
Corpus CANDALIVM, pectus OLYMPVS habet.

XXI.

32. *Raglands Niobe: or Elizas Elegie: Addressed to the unexpiring memory of the most noble Lady, Elizabeth Herbert, wife to the truly honourable, Edward Somerset Lord Herbert, &c. By Ri. Brathwait, Esq.*

—— Surrepta, refulsit in orbe
Clarior ——

Imprinted by F. K. for Robert Bostocke, at the Kings head in Saint Paul's Church-yard. 1635. 12mo. 14 leaves.

Sign. A 3, Dedication wishes: "To the Honorable, Edward Somerset, Lord Herbert, my most noble and accomplish'd Lord; Treasures of Comforts, after these Tributes of teares.

Peruse your owne, my Lord, and be content;
Cōcluding hence on earth nought permanent:
But if in this inferiour Globe of ours
Ought constant be, it is my zeale to yours.
Niobæus."

Back of sign. A 3 is a quatrain to illustrate the name of Elisabeth Herbert in the Anagram of "Heere a blest birth." The Elegy is comprised in 294 lines, from which the following extract, by the allusion to that part of the metropolis as was then the *ton*, is curious—

Tell me, thou State-surrounded STRAND, canst finde
Through all thy *prospects* a selecter minde
Cloath'd in a choicer dresse! Pray, looke about,
Thou canst not chuse but see some face peepe out
T' attract the forc'd spectator; but that skin
Is it so sleeke as 't has no staines within?
Is it a native tincture? does it wooe
The gazer without art? or if it doe,

Is it accomplish'd with some better part,
To polish nature with diviner art?
Has it adorning graces to make good
The splendor of her beauty or her blood?
Can it converse with fashion, and appeare
Discreet in her election what to weare?
Can it send out her eies, and not be tane,
Or to take others make it not her aime?
Can it discourse without affected state
Or hearken Lightnesse with a blushing hate?—
Shew me one within this orbe of ours,
That was so young in yeares and old in houres.
So sweetly humble and compassionate,
So well compos'd i' th' posture of her state;
So loyall in her love, so firme to those
Who in her honour did their hopes repose.

At the end of the Elegy a leaf with an 'Epitaph,' and on the reverse the following lines, which prove it had the yearly tribute in memory of his first wife attached, but is wanting in my copy:—

Let 't not distaste my Lord, that I have heere
Annex'd th' Elegiack raptures of my Deare:
Tis said that Polo the Tragedian
When hee on Stage to force some passion came,
Had his Sonnes ashes in an Urne enshrin'd
To worke more deepe impressions in his mind.
The Emblem's good: this Fun'rall pile of ours.
Strucke passion in each line address'd to yours.

XXII.

[*Anniversaries upon his Panarete; continued: With her Contemplations, penned in the languishing time of her Sicknesse. The second Yeeres Annivers.*

Et novus iste novo dolor æstuat ortus ab anno.

London, Imprinted by Felix Kingston, and are to be

sold by Robert Bostock, at the Kings head in Pauls Church-yard. 1635. Sm. 8vo. 11 leaves.

See a long account of this little volume in Corser's Collect. ii. 393–6.]

XXIII.

34. *Essaies vpon the Five Senses, Revived by a new Supplement; with a pithy one upon Detraction, Continued with sundry Christian Resolves, and divine Contemplations, full of passion and devotion; purposely composed for the zealously disposed. By Ric. Brathvvayt Esquire. The Second Edition, revised and enlarged by the Author.*

Mallem me esse quàm vivere mortuum.

London. Printed by Anne Griffin, and are to bee sold by Henry Shephard in Chancery lane, at the signe of the Bible. 1635. 12mo. 167 leaves. Reprinted 1815. 4to.*

This excellent collection of moral Essays forms part VI. of the *Archaica.* The circumstance of that reprint being imperfect, as already noticed, may be attributed to the adoption of a copy made up, probably for the Author, from unrevised sheets. In the one used by Sir Egerton Brydges the title has only, "Printed by Anne Griffin, 1625;" and appears in all other respects perfect: but it is a fact that in the course of this enquiry similar variations have been found in other productions of our author. In a copy of the *Remains after Death* there was a sheet in the middle of the volume so incorrect in orthography as

* Has an engraved title emblematical of the subject; "W. Marshall sculpsit."

to leave no doubt, upon comparing with another, it was the printer's first proof. These accidental facts cannot be accounted for with any certainty, though their frequency in early printed books makes the cautious bibliographer always desirous to have more authority than a single copy.

After the Essays on the five senses, ending p. 81, a second title—

35. *A continvation of these Essayes, enlarged by the Authour in these subjects.*

1. *The Sense of sinne.*
2. *The Sense of Sorrow.*
3. *The Sense of humane vanity.*
4. *The sense of others misery.*
5. *The Sense or apprehension of future glory.*

Imprinted at London. 1635.

In this division the Essay on Detraction, Resolves,* and "the avthors opinions of Marriage," are reprinted from the first edition. After p. 229, a third title as

36. *The distinct Titles of these Contemplations.*

1. *The Soules Sole-Love.*
2. *The Wounded Heart.*
3. *The Newe Dresse.*

With Love's Legacy, or Panaretes Blessing to her Children.

1. *The Buriall of the old man.*

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* In the list given by Anthony a Wood this portion is entered by mistake as a complete work—

"Discourse of Detraction. Lond. 1635. in tw.

"Christian Resolves and divine Contemplations.—"Printed with the *Discourse of Detraction.*"

2. *Philaretvs his Instructions to his sonne.*
3. *Of loose Love: with Loves choice.*

Our Author tells us "in his Contemplations of Panarete, (whose memory he continues in his Anniversaries) he distinguisheth them into these three subjects—

1. The Soules Sole-Loue.
2. The Wounded Heart.
3. The New Dresse.

"In the first, his Panarete (whom hee there personates) invokes and invites her *Soules Sole Love* to receive her into the sweet armes of his mercy, because, without his presence she findes nothing but misery.

"In the second, her *Wounded Heart* (like the thirsty Hart) longing after the Water-brookes, (the rivers of divine comforts) desires to be affianc'd to her Spouse, longing to live where she onely loves.

"In the third, as one addressed for a Royal Nuptiall rite, she attires herselfe in a new robe. Shee so much disaffects the Fashion of this time, as with a modest blush she diverts her eye from it; holding it her soules onely grace, with a *New Dresse* (a new regenerat Heart) to purchase His love, to whom her troth is plighted.

"Panarete in her *Loves last Legacy*, leaves a Blessing to her children; instructing them by precept, dying; whom shee informed by Example, living.

"In the *Buriall of the Old-man*, he brings in a Funerall solemnized with Joy, implying that the *New-man* cannot possibly live, unlesse the *Old-man* dye.

"Philaretvs, under a shadowed name, directs his short but pithy *Instructions to his Sonne.*

"In his Discourse of *Loose Love*, hee discovers

the no lesse pernicious then licentious liberty of youth. After his free display of the exuberance of this humour, he windes up all in a dimensive cloze, entitled, *Loves choice*."

The discourse "of loose Love," though placed otherwise in the above extract from the table, precedes

"*Philaretvs his Instructions to his Sonne.*

Deare Sonne, as thou art tender to mee, remember these advertisements of thy careful father.

Bee zealous in thy service of God: ever recommending in the prime houre of the day, all thy ensuing actions to his gracious protection.

Bee constant in thy Resolves, ever grounded on a religious feare, that they may bee seconded by Gods favour.

Bee serious in thy Studies; and with all humility crave the assistance of others, for thy better proficiency.

Bee affable to all; familiar to few.

Bee to such a constant consort, where thou hast hope to bee a daily proficient.

Bee provident and discreetly frugall in thy expence.

Honour those, to whose charge thou art intrusted.

And sweet Jesu, with thy grace enrich
him, to thy glory, my comfort.

Thy deare Father;
Philaretvs."

We come next to the "dimensive close" as

Loves choice.

Love, whose sole object's vertue, I doe love;
Loose Love, whose onely period is delight,
Is like a Basiliske unto my sight
That, though below, hath fixt his thoughts above;

h

This, though above, a brutish shape will take,
And leave a Juno for his Ino's sake.

So spheare your Love, that your chaste choice may seeke
More beauty in a minde than in a cheeke.

*** The above extracts, with the one *Upon the Errata* at p. 170, supply the omissions in the reprint of 1815.

XXIV.

37. *The Arcadian Princesse; or, the Trivmph of Ivstice: Prescribing excellent rules of Physicke, for a sicke Iustice. Digested into fowre Bookes, And Faithfully rendred to the originall Jtalian Copy, By Ri. Brathvvait Esq.*

Vulnera clausa potius cruciant. *Greg.*

London, Printed by Th. Harper for Robert Bostocke, and are to bee sold at his shop in Pauls Church yard, at the signe of the Kings head. 1635.* 12mo.

Dedicated—"To the excellent Modell of true Nobility; the Right Honourable, Henry Somerset, Earle of Worcester, Baron Herbert, Lord of Chepstow, Ragland and Gower; all correspondence to his recollected'st thoughts.

"Sir; I have heere sent you an Italian plant, translated to an English platte: whose flower will not appeare halfe so delightfull to your smelling, as the fruit will become usefull for preserving. You shall

* Prefixed is an engraved title, "Will. Marshall sculp." of the figure of "The Arcadian Princesse; or the Trivmph of Justice," seated on a throne holding the scales of Justice, wherein an old man labelled "*forma pauperis*," weighs down another well cloathed labelled "*Ira potentis.*" Other sentences appear in several labels, and on the foot of the throne "by Ric. Braithwait Armig."

here meet with an Author walking in an unbeat path. One, who discurtains the vices of that time so smoothly, though smartly, as his continued Allegorie pleads his Apologie. A right Italian wit shal your Honor find him, quick and spritely: and of eminent race and ranke in his Country. And it is my joy to addresse a worke so richly interveined with straines of wit and judgement, to one, whom descent and desert have equally ennobled, and who with so cleare and discerning a spirit can iudge of it. Now, if this new dresse doe not become him all that I can say in mine owne defence is this, and no other; 'There is great difference betwixt Taylor and Translator.' Sure I am, that the Loome is the same, if not the Lustre; the Stuffe the same, though not the Colour: wherein Hee freely appeales to your Censure, who hath profest himselfe your Honours in duest observance, Ri. Brathwait."

The imitators of *The compleat Gentlewoman* are attacked in an address: "To the deserving Reader.—Deserving Reader; every Author, as this scribbling age goes, may finde a reader well worthy his Labour, but very few Authors publish such Workes as deserve the labour of a discerning Reader. Like to some of our Porcupine-Theatrall Pantomimes, who dare adventure in their spongie labours, begot of a barmie spirit, and other noxious vapours, to display a *Gentlewoman* in her *compleatest* Nature; though they erre egregiously in her favour, figure and feature."——

Testimonies in favour of the work are given, and "the life of Mariano Silesio the approved Author of this worke" appended to the volume. He was a Florentine, and after the death of his wife "became a recluse neare to the cliffs of Arpina, north-west from Corcyra," where he died in 1368, after composing various pieces: "Amongst which, he tooke

especiale care that this worke should bee fairely transcribed, and sent to Florence; where it was entertained with such esteeme, as it received a double honour, both for its owne worth, and memory of the Author."

The story is allegorical and told in prose and verse,* from which it is not easy to select a passage of sufficient length to form an episode excerpt with relative interest. Whether the translator considered it as applicable to the rising politics of the day, or had intelligence of another translation being made, is uncertain; but something of the kind appears to have occasioned a very unusual hurrying through the press: and the following apology, upon that subject, becomes a curious record in our history of typography.

"*Vpon the Errata's.*

"The genuine Translator of this ingenious Author, was wholly absent from this Impression. For Themista's Court, whereof this subject treats, excluded these Errors from all cure. This may serve for his excuse. Besides, it was divided upon severall presses; no marvaile if he suffer in the one or other. Be it your Candor to cleare it, upon this ingenious condition, that the next impression shall redeeme it."

XXV.

38. *The Lives of all the Roman Emperors, being exactly Collected from Iulius Cæsar, unto the now*

* For specimens of the poetry refer to the *Bibliomania*, 1811, p. 395–7. "Whoever does not see, in these specimens, some of the most powerful rhyming couplets of the early half of the seventeenth century, if not the model of some of the verses in Dryden's satirical pieces, has read both poets with ears differently constructed from those of the author of this book."—*Note.*

reigning Ferdinand the second. With their Births, Governments, remarkable Actions, & Deaths. London: Printed by N. and I. Okes, and are to be sold by George Hutton at the Signe of the Sun within Turning-stile in Holborne. 1636. 12mo. pp. 384, besides dedications and table.

An engraved title, 'W. Marshall sculpsit,' gives several medallions of the Roman emperors, and a small one of the author, of nearly similar representation with that prefixed to the Paraphrase of the Psalms, 1638. By that title the volume is called *The exact collection of all the Roman Emperors*, &c. *by R.B.G.*, meaning Richard Braithwait gentleman.

Dedicated—"To the worshipfvll, my most honoured Patrone Will. Stonovr Esquire;" who is told "the noble Cæsars now seek unto your noble selfe for a protection, and to be patronized as being all brought into the straights of this *epitomicke* volume: and in entertaining them being in number one hundred fifty six, I hope you will not exclude their Conductour, but reflect also upon him with a favourable, though a different respect, who was ever most studious to honour and serve you, as Yours most obsequious, R. B."

A short address 'to the Reader' follows, who is supposed to "rather love brevity, the minion of delight, than the *tædium* of pleasure in folio."

XXVI.

39. *A Survey of History: or, A Nursery for Gentry, Contrived and Comprized in an Intermixt Discourse upon Historicall and Poeticall Relations.* [ut supra.] *The like whereof for Variety of Discourse, mixed with profit, and modest Delight (in the opinion of the clearest*

and refined'st judgements) hath not heretofore bin Published. By Richard Brathwait Esquire, Oxon. Hor. &c. *Imprinted at London by I. Okes, for Iasper Emery at the Eagle and Child in Pauls Church yard next Watlin street.* 1638. 4to. 221 leaves.*

In the first edition this work was called *The Schollers Medley*, &c.;† and "this last Impression (says the Author) to afford the Nobly and Historically affected all generous content; comes forth now otherwise attired thē it was at first Published: being revised, corrected, and copiously enlarged."

At this period our Author had lost his patron the Earl of Southampton, and he therefore addressed a Second Epistle Dedicatory "to the Right Honourable Elizabeth, Dowager, Countesse of Sovthampton; [invoking] the fruition of Her Divinest Wishes;" and that she should "accept it, for his sake, who did so highly prize it."

To the address "to the Understanding reader," he added the following remark:—"How studiously, copiously and usefully this last Edition hath beene enlarged, may appeare by Digits or Signatures in the Margent every where expressed." The *Digits* are the index, ☞, placed at the beginning of the enlargements of the text, and continually repeated to show the copiousness of the matter added by the author, who, from the references to the *Survey of Histories*, made in his other volumes, appears to have distinguished this as the popular favourite of his labours.

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* There is also an engraved title-page prefixed, "Will. Marshall sculpsit;" with several compartments crowded with subjects, after the minutely distinct and expressive manner of that artist, and a portrait of the Author in the center, "Ætatis 48," copied for the present edition. [See the present Catalogue under 1651].

† See p. 37.

He added "an exact table or compendary," &c.; in fact, an index of the principal matters, extending to eleven pages.

XXVII.

40. *A Spiritval Spicerie: Containing Sundrie sweet Tractates of Devotion and Piety. By Ri. Brathwait, Esq.*

Cant. c. 1. 12. c. 5. 13.
My Welbeloved is as a bundle of Myrrhe unto mee: he shall lye betweene my brests.
His cheekes are as a bed of Spices.

London, Printed by I. H. for George Hutton at his shop within Turning stile in Holborne. 1638. 12mo. 247 leaves.

"To the trvly ennobled Thomas Lord Fauconberge, Baron of Yarom: Together With his pious Progeny, those succeeding Branches of a prospering Family: R. B. Zealously Dedicates this Spirituall Spicerie." Such is the leaf succeeding Title; the next has "Verses vpon the translation of his Divine Dialogue;" and the following commences "A Title Table or Short Summarie of all such Tractates, Meditations, Prayers, Contemplations, and Motives to Piety, as are comprised within this Spirituall Spicerie." Here are the names of Jacobus Gruytrodius a German, Bonaventure, Saint Augustine, F. Lewis of Granado, Th. Aquinas, St. Bernard, Johannes Justus Lanspergius, St. Dionysius, Ludovicus Blosius, Henricus Suso, and Damian; from whose works many of the tractates and meditations are translated, which are intermixt with original pieces by Brathwait.

At the end of the Spiritual Spicery the author gives

Upon these Miscellane Meditations, with other mixt Subjects, conteined in this precedent Tract; a clozing Sonnet.

Morall mixtures or Divine,
Aptly cull'd and couch'd in order,
Are like colours in a shrine,
Or choice flow'rs set in a border,
Or like dishes at a Feast,
Each attended with his sallet,
To delight the curious Guest,
And give relish to his palat.

Store of colours they are meet,
When wee should ones picture take,
One choice flow'r bee 't neere so sweet,
Would no pleasing posie make,
One Dish be it neere so precious
To the sceut or to the tast,
Though at first it seeme delicious,
It will cloy the sense at last.

Here are Colours permanent,
Objects which will cheere the eye,
Here are flowers redolent,
Which will bloome and never dye :
Here are Dishes of delight,
(Such delights can never cloy)
To renew the appetite,
And to new-revive your joy.

Muse not then, if here you see
In this various worke of mine,
Such a mixt variety,
Sorting with this hum'rous time :
Though the Sunne shine in our sphere,
Cloud or Night invelop it,
But the Sunne shines ever here,
Darting forth pure rayes of wit.
    Now the fruit I wish to gaine,
    Is your profit for my paine.

And next

A reply to a rigid Precisian, objecting, that flowers from Romish Authors extracted, became lesse wholesome and divinely redolent.

"Sir, It was your pleasure positively to conclude touching Flowers of this nature, that they lost much of their native beauty, vigour and verdure, because culled from a Roman border: wherein I referre you to that sententious Poet, to returne you answer.

Flores qui lambunt terræ vapores,
Non magis tetros referunt odores,
Nec minus suaves redolere Flores,
Tibridis *oris.*

Which I have thus rendred in true currant English, fearing lest that Latine metall might disrelish your more queasy palate.

Flow'rs which doe lick up from the Earth a vapour,
Yeeld to the nosthrils ne're the worser savour,
Nor bee these Soots lesse redolent in odour
Which grew by *Tiber*."

Then at p. 228, a new title—

41. *A Christian Diall; By which hee is directed, how to dispose of his houres while he is living, how to addresse himselfe for the houre of his dying, and how to close his dayes with a comfortable ending. Faithfully rendered according to the Originall.*

By a dedicatory address "to the Generous, Ingenious, and Judicious, Sir Walter Vavasor Knight and Baronet; together with his vertuously accomplished Lady: R. B. Zealously consecrates this Christian Diall.

To your *Grand-father* have I welcom bin,
Receive this *Gage* in memory of him;

Whilst no *Sun-diall* may more truly give
The houre o' th' day, than this the way to live."

Prefixed is a short "life of Johannes Justus Lanspergius, a Carthusian," who "slept in the Lord the 4 of the ides of August in the yeare of Christs Nativity, M,D.XXXIX," as the Author of these Meditations. An Elegy from Dionysius, an Epistle from Blosius, and other pieces, are included in this portion of the volume. At p. 324.

42. *The Passionate Pilgrim; breathing a contemplative Mans Exercise: offering a Penitent Soules Sacrifice.*

"To his most deare and affectionate Sisters, their faithfull Brother dedicates this passionate Pilgrim, as a living Memoriall of his unfained love never dying.

My teares, my joyes; my widdow-weed, my bride;
My prize, heav'ns praise; my love, Christ crucifide."

The Passionate Pilgrim is taken from Augustine; Death's Memorials, which continues the subject, from Damian; and Death's Distinction from Bernard. At p. 345, a head-title for

43. *Holy Memorials; or Heavenly Memento's.*

The Memorials are ten in number, and were written by our Author as drawing pious instruction from the eventful course of his own life. They treat "of his Conception; his Birth; his Childhood; his Youth; his Manhood; his Age; his Pleasures; his Labours; his Life; and his Death."

In the following extracts may be traced part of his own character—

"*Lachrymæ* were the onely musicall aires that usher'd mee to this vale of woes. My very first

voyce implyed a prophecie: my teares forerunners of my following misery. I came into the world naked; whereas all other creatures come cloathed and armed. With what joy was I received, while those that saw mee, cried, 'How like is hee to his Father?' And they said well, if they pointed at Adam, for his bloud made mee his sonne and like himselfe a sinner. What a foolish part it was (had I well considered it) to see wise men rejoycing at the sight of one who was entring the Tyring house of mourning. The Thracians, though Pagans, shewed themselves in this more Christians. These lamented their Babes birth but rejoyced at their death. What great delight could any take in mee, when I came so bare into the world, as I brought not with mee one poore ragge to shroud my shame: and all the regreets I returned them, teares and shrikes? These deserved no great entertainment of joy. To see such a feeble thing, as could afford it selfe no succour. An Infant Pilgrim, who could not find a tongue to beg him harbour! One who wanted all things, yet could not tell its owne wants. This might rather move compassion than joy. And such a poore one was I." *Of his Birth.*

"My childish ambition, indeed, was not high. My delights as they required no great cost; so were they purchased with lesse care. Easie and narrow were my desires; they aspired no higher than to points, pins, or cherry-stones. Trifles had so taken up my imagination, as it could reach no further. Yet in these weake vanities, my desire was to be a conquerour. Now when I found myselfe growne from my coat, my parents found no such thing in my conditions. Those were childish still, and held both their first shape and size. None ever breathed that was longer time a child: or that longed lesse after

the state and style of Man. My thoughts were so fitted to that age, as if that age were ever to bee master of my thoughts. I measured everie one by mine owne last, and mused how any one could bee serious. I knew not what they meant by a deare Summer, or an unseasonable Harvest. These were the least and lightest of my cares: while I found plentie, I dreamed little of others scarcitie.—How easily might any one have deceived mee with shadowes for substance; Esau in preferring a messe of pottage before his inheritance was never more foolish, than I was in the estimate of my vanities. What a brave youth held I myselfe with mine eldern gun, hobbie-horse, and rattle? A poore pride, and yet rich enough for that time. What was onely before mee, seemed deare unto mee. Yesterday was too long for mee to remember: and tomorrow too long for me to expect. I held the present day, the only date of my pleasure." *Of his Childhood.*

"The easiest of my vanities were light amorous poems. I held those employments for my best houres. O what a prize, what a bootie, held I a favour snatcht from a light piece of beautie? My fortunes were not great, which enjoyned mee to a sparer expence. But if my small credit could supply what my fortunes wanted, I stickt not much on the meanest commodities to make up that want. My melancholly ever proceeded from want of money. While roring was in request, I held it a complete fashion. For civility, I held it for such a rag of unbeseeming gentrie, as I scorned to take acquaintance of it. I had long before this, aspired to a pipe of rich smoake with a tinder-box, and these gave light to my lighter discourses. I held my pockets sufficiently stored, if they could but bring mee off for mine ordinarie, and after dinner purchase mee a stoole on the stage. I

had cares enough besides hoording, so as I held it fit to disburden myselfe of that, and resigne it over to the worldling. A long winter night seemed but a *Midsummer night's dreame*, being merrily past in a catch of foure parts, a deep health to a light Mistresse and a knot of brave blades to make up the consort. I could jeere him to his face whom I needed most: *Ten at hundred*, I meane, and he would not stick to pay mee in mine owne coyne. I might beg a courtesie at his hands, but to starve for't never prevaile, for herein I found this instrument of usurie and the Devill to be of one Societie, and that they craved nothing of any one, save onely securitie. A weake blast of light fame was a great part of that portion I aimed at. And herein was my madnesse! I held nothing so likely to make mee knowne to the world, or admired in it, as to be debauch't, and to purchase a parasite's praise by my riot." *Of his Youth.*

"The day seemed long wherein I did not enjoy them (pleasures :) the night long wherein I thought not of them. I knew what sinne it was to sollicit a maid unto lightnesse; or to be drunken with wine, wherein was excesse; or to suffer mine heart to be oppressed with surfetting and drunkennesse: yet for all this, run I on still in mine evill wayes; and so continued till my evil dayes came upon mee, which fitted themselves for pleasures too, but of another degree, and in an higher straine of vanitie. Alas, poore decrepit age! what pleasure can the whole world find for such a cripple? Thine eyes are too dim to discerne beautie; thy lame legs can find no feet, to walke to the house of the strangs woman. Thy May-flowers no sooner withered than thy May-games ended. Uselesse yeares, hawthorne haires, fruitlesse cares stick close to thee; all things else

(saving onely these constant companions, the infirmities of age) have long since left thee." *His Pleasures.*

"Free-bred were my studies; so as, lapwinglike, with shell on head, I begun to write before my yeares could well make mee an author. But hence my teares! The subjects I made choyce of were of love; to close with my fancie which was verie light. I was proud in bearing the title of a writer, which, I must confesse, together with the instancie of such as either truly applauded mee, or deluded mee, made mee ambitious after the name of an author. And what were those light poems I then penned; but such as are now pensive odes to my dolorous soule, grieving to peruse what my youth so dearely loved? O how familiar was I with Parnassus, Helicon, Hippocrene, and all the Muses! Meanetime, I seldome or never thought of that heavenly Olympus, which crowns all vertuous labours with true happinesse. It was the saying of an holy father 'Those studies which I once loved, now condemne mee; those which I sometimes praised now disparage mee!' Far more cause have I to say how those labours which I once fancied now afflict mee, those which sometimes delighted mee, now perplex mee. I am many times in company where I heare some of my youthfull verses repeated; and though I doe neither owne them nor praise them; yet must I in another place answer for them, if hee, on whom I depend, shall not in these teares which I shed, drowne the memory of them. For, alas! how many chaste eares have I offended, how many light eares have I corrupted with those unhappie works which I have published? What wanton measures have I writ for the nonc't, to move a light curtezan to hugge my conceit; and next her Venus and Adonis,

or some other immodest toy, to lodge mee in her bosome?" *His labours.*

"Being put on by my superiours, at whose dispose I was, I addressed my pen to labours historicall, morall, and divine. Neither was I in these lesse blameworthy: for even those wherein I should only have aym'd at God's glory, had ever in them some sprinklings of vaine-glory: Nay, what was more, (for enough I cannot speake to my owne shame,) those *Cardinall Vertues* whereof I treated; and which to the imitation of others I commended, found ever the worst example in myselfe. Which could not chuse but redound to my great dishonour, to see mee the least observer of that, which I commended to another. Likewise those Theologicall Vertues, which in those my diviner workes, I so highly honoured; with those Seven Beatitudes, the practice whereof I so much pressed, where found they my imitation in them, to confirme my admiration of them? Now tell mee, was this all that might bee required of mee? Was it sufficient for mee to commend to others what I meant not to amend in myselfe? Was this the duty of an author? Whether bee our lives to be showne in our pens, or our pens in our lives? Truth is, for one *active* man we have ten *contemplative;* amongst which none ever professed more, and expressed lesse than myselfe." * *Ib.*

A leaf at the end has the following couplet—

Both Hand and Heart are joyntly given,
My Hand subscribes, my Heart's for Heaven.

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* The ninth Memorial is given entire in the *Restituta*, vol. ii. p. 287.

XXVIII.

44. *The Psalmes of David the King and Prophet, and of other holy Prophets, paraphras'd in English: Conferred with the Hebrew Veritie, set forth by B. Arias Montanus, together with the Latine, Greek Septuagint, and Chaldee Paraphrase. By R.B. London, Printed by Robert Young, for Francis Constable, and are to be sold at his shop under S. Martins Church neere Ludgate.* 1638. 12mo. pp. 300.

This little volume has an engraved title by Marshal, representing in three-quarter figures (miniature ovals), Moses, David, Asaph, Heman, and Æthan. Various instruments of music, as improving psalmody, are hung against a pedestal upon each side of the title, which is given in an oval tablet as " by R.B. Esq." Beneath the title, in another small oval, is a portrait subscribed *Quanquam ô.* This portrait appears to have been intended for our author, when advanced in years, and therefore re-engraved for the present edition.

" The authors observed in this paraphrase," are stated to be " Appollinarius, B. Arias Montanus, Genebrard, Lorinus, Buchanan, Berseman, Ainsworth, Snegedin, and M. Anton Flammin." It is divided into five books, containing respectively, viz. 41, 31, 17, 17, and 44 : and added at the end, from Apollinarius, with combat of David and Goliah ; making the total 151.

As this entire version is very little known, we shall venture to give rather longer extracts than the subject might otherwise require, as a favourable specimen of our author's easy versification.

Psal. 107. *Confitemeni Domino.*

The Lord is God, with thanks expresse,
His mercy is for ever : and
2 So let the Lord's redeem'd confesse,
Redeem'd from their distressors hand.
3 Which gathred were out of the lands
From shining East, from shady West,
From where the frozen Pole-starre stands
From desert south seas sun-burnt brest.
4 They wandred in the Wildernesse,
And tooke a solitary way,
Where foot of man did seldom presse,
Nor found they city where to stay.
5 With hunger pin'd, with thirsting faint,
Their anguish't soule was overcharg'd,
6 Then to the Lord they made complaint,
Who them from their distresse enlarg'd.
7 He led them on, and brought them home,
The readiest way, for them the best ;
That to a city they might come,
An habitation where to rest.
8 Let them before the Lord confesse
His tender mercies many a one,
To men his wondrous workes expresse,
That he for Adams sons hath done.
9 The thirsty soule he satiates,
The hungry soule with good sustaines,
10 That sits in darknesse, at the gates,
And shade of death in iron chaines.
11 Because against the words of God
They bent themselves rebelliously,
Despis'd his counsell, and withstood
The hand of him that is Most-Hie.
12 Thus humbled, for they did not well,
In griefe of heart he let them lie,
Where down they fell, but helplesse fell,
For refuge none, nor help was nie.
13 Distrest unto the Lord they cri'd,
Who set them free from their distresse :

14 From darknesse, from deaths shade unti'd,
And brake their bands of heavinesse.
15 Let them before the Lord confesse
His tender mercies many a one,
To men his wondrous workes expresse,
That he for Adams sons hath done.
16 For he the gates of brasse hath broke,
The gates of brasse against him bent;
And by his hands resistlesse stroke,
The iron barres in sunder rent.
17 Fooles for their faults afflicted are,
Whose way hath made their will their law:
18 Their soule abhorres all kind of fare,
Neere to the gates of death they draw.
19 Distrest, unto the Lord they cry,
Who them from dying anguish saves;
20 He heales them by his wordes supply,
And frees them from corrupting graves.
21 Let them before the Lord confesse
His tender mercies many a one,
To men his wondrous workes expresse,
Which he for Adam's sons hath done.
22 Before him offrings let them lay,
Confessions of their thankfulnesse,
And sacrifice of praises pay,
His workes with shouts of joy expresse.
23 They that in ships goe downe to sea,
And marts in many waters keep:
24 What deeds the Lord hath showne them, see
His workes of wonder in the deep.
25 The stormy wind his word bespake,
That all the maine with mountaines fills:
The sea-wet starres their mantles shake,
The brinie downes are turn'd to hills.
26 As high as heaven the billowes mount;
Dis-mounted, deep as hell descend:
Their melting soule makes small account,
But feare of death, in death to end.
27 Thus bandi'd to and fro they reele,
And stagger like a drunken man:

Ill may the Pilot rule the keele,
Where wisedomes care so little can.
28 Distrest unto the Lord they crie,
Who sets them free from their distresse :
29 The storme he calmes with cleerer skie,
And sets their waves at quietnesse.
30 The combat ceast, the seamen glad
That winds and waves were parted friends :
He that of them the conduct had,
To their desired haven them sends.
31 Let them before the Lord confesse
His tender mercies many a one,
To men his wondrous workes expresse,
That he for Adams sons hath done.
32 Assembled in the peoples throngs,
His worthy acts when they repeat,
With hymnes of praise, and thankfull songs,
Exalt him in the Elders seat :
33 Which turnes the flouds to desert sands,
To drinesse drawes the springing well :
34 With salt he sowes the fruitfull lands,
For their misdeeds that therein dwell.
35 Againe, he turnes the desert dry
To standing pooles with water fill'd :
36 And seats the hungry down thereby,
Where they to dwell a city build.
37 Their fields they sow, their vines they plant,
Which yeeld them fruits of faire encrease :
38 Their mynes of wealth no blessings want,
Nor suffreth he their heards decrease.
39 On them made lesse, and low brought downe,
He makes restraint, and anguish prey :
40 On princes leaves contempt to frowne,
In deserts lets them lose their way.
41 Yet raiseth hee the poore man's head,
And makes him peopled housholds keep,
From selfe-waste want, with plenty fed,
For number like a flocke of sheep.
42 Right-sighted eyes shall see this day,
The joy of all the righteous name,

And all iniquity shall lay
Her hand upon her mouth for shame.
43 Who so is wise, will take in hand
These observations to record:
And they shall truly understand
The tender mercies of the Lord.

Psal. 133. *Ecce quam bonum.*

Canticum Graduum Davidis.

Behold how good it is, how pleasing well,
That there dwell unity where brethren dwell:
2 The precious odour did not sweeter smell,
When on the head the holy oil that fell,
As downe the beard, downe Aaron's beard it went,
Perfum'd the border of his vestiment.
3 So fall the pearly gems from Hermon Hill,
On Sion Mountaines so the deaws distill;
And eithers fields with rich embroidry fill,
Powdring their un-shorne lockes with various skill:
For there the Lord's command the blessing bound,
And Brethren's love with life eternall crown'd.

Psal. 137. *Super flumina Babyl.*

Downe sate we by the rivers side
that waters Babel's wall:
To raise whose streames, a springing tide
of teares, our eyes let fall.
Remembring Sion in our vowes,
our uselesse harps we hung
2 Up, on amidst the willow boughes,
as slightly tun'd as strung.
3 For they that led us captives there,
requir'd of us a song;
A Sion song (said) let us heare,
these moanes some mirth among:
4 O no! nor harp we have, nor hand,
nor voice to straine, nor string,

Our Sion-song, in Shinar-land,
song of the Lord to sing.
5 If, O Jerusalem, I set
no more by thee than so ;
Let my right hand her skill forget,
my voice her song foregoe.
6 My tongue fast to my palate cling
and never tune employ,
If ought I doe but Salem sing,
the soveraigne of my joy.
7 Be mindfull, Lord, of Edom's sons,
who said on Salem's day,
Raze, raze, to her foundations,
with earth her levell lay.
8 Thou daughter, Babel, laidst us waste,
thy selfe shalt wasted be :
O happy ! that as done thou hast
to us shall doe to thee.
9 O happy ! that thy little ones,
from mother's breasts shall rash,
And (pitilesse) against the stones,
Their braines in pieces dash.

Psal. 151.

Ex Additione Apolinarii.

1 *Sam.* cap. 17.

Of all my Brethren, I (the least)
my Harp and Song assai'd ;
And while my flocke was at their feast,
to feast their Master plai'd.
2 Such happinesse have Shepheards crew,
that know no further care :
How happy were they, if they knew
how happy men they are !
3 That common not where clamours dwell,
nor covet but their owne ;
Nor to their betters knowne too well,
dye to themselves unknowne.

4 But ah, my shepherds fare, farewell,
farewell my flocke of sheep ;
My little flocke, who kept you well
must you no longer keep.
5 Yet harp and song, that shepherd sings
to whom the muse is given,
May change a straine, and sing of kings,
may sing the King of Heaven.
6 Say then, what angel came to call
Heaven's champion forth to fight,
Against Heaven's foe, and in his fall
put all his host to flight ?
7 ¶ A man of Gath, an infidell,
with him at handy-strokes,
Of all the host of Israel,
a combatant provokes.
8 His limbes were vast, and ample nerv'd,
his weapons not a few :
His sword and shield, the saint he serv'd,
his idols serv'd for shew.
9 My Brethren valiant were and strong,
but God had not decreed,
To them the glory should belong,
of this Heaven-sorted deed.
10 God gave me courage to confound
this crest-swolne Python's power ;
To batter downe, and bring to ground
this cloud-threat Babel Tower.
11 Full forty dayes this Behemoth came,
to our hearts griefs to heare,
Blaspheming God's Almighty name.
Like weaver's beame, his speare.
12 ¶ No speare brought I, nor bow, nor bill,
of armour use had none :
To charge a sling I had some skill,
and thence discharge a stone.
13 Wherewith, if right his murrion sit,
may I but see his face,
My thunder-handed bolt shall hit
the destin'd speeding place.

14 Enrag'd, mine eldest brother cri'd,
This fight com'st thou to see?
Avant, proud boy : I soon repli'd,
Is here no cause for mee?
15 More calm King Saul : My heart (holds) good
yeeres (doubts) too few, in truth :
Gath flesh't in battels, broiles, and blood,
a kill-man from his youth.
16 But I, What is he more than man?
Let no man's heart (said) faile :
Against six cubits and a span,
shall not Heaven's arme prevaile?
17 A lion and a beare surpriz'd,
and slaine my right hand hath :
This Philistine uncircumcis'd,
What is this man of Gath?
18 Comes Gath to shed our bloud for spoile,
as wine-presse sheds the grape?
Or doth his Ekron's hungry soile,
for Judah's cities gape?
19 With him to deal doe I desire,
these Rephaims force to feele:
Although his hands were hands of fire,
or Gad's of burning steele.
20 The lion and the beare for might,
were much the better part :
But man to man is equall fight,
the odds is in the heart.
21 Admit with sithe he mowe his beard,
with harrow rake his head :
His lance be like a maine-mast rear'd,
an iron racke his bed!
22 I bring to field (and God before)
as many hands as he :
A better cause, and courage more,
and these are armes for me.
23 The iron he is wont to weare,
who blames me to refuse?
As much perhaps as I can beare,
much more than he can use.

24 He comes to me with sword and shield,
with steel'd-head speare in hand :
Arm'd with his name, come I to field,
that armies can command.
25 ¶ Then he, thy dreame-beleeving boasts,
old Jesse's beardlesse sonne :
Thine host, thine hosts, Lord God of Hosts,
accurs'd be all, as one :
26 What honour shall my combate gaine,
with Shepherd Rivall shar'd :
Of thee, when men shall say (though slaine)
yet this was he that dar'd.
27 The only man of all his host,
so often urg'd thereto :
What none durst doe, who durst doe most,
that undertooke to doe.
28 That dar'd with one, that did excell,
encounter hand to hand :
In which encounter though he fell,
he fell, where none durst stand.
29 Thy glory will be easie bought,
a deathlesse victorie,
With me fit match but to be thought,
though purchas't with to die.
30 Give me a man, my equall match,
where like proportion lies :
With flies men may not eagles catch,
and eagles catch no flies.
31 Ye reeds of Judah, raise high wind,
and trumpet loud of warre :
But we by proofe, asunder finde,
your sound and substance farre.
32 Why, race of leaves ! why, shades on wall,
why should your female feare,
Since fall ye must, refuse to fall
by great Pelesheth's speare ?
33 By us to have been overcome,
what losse shall ye sustaine ?
Sometime to have been lost, to some
hath prov'd the looser's gaine.

34 Yeeld us your Lords, and home returne,
possesse your daies in peace :
With sword incense, not fire to burne,
thy braves, Ben-Jesse, cease.
35 Five thousand shekels weight of brasse,
my coat of Maile out-weighes :
Six hundred iron shekels masse,
upon my speare-pile playes.
36 Beneath this weight thou scarce canst stand,
scarce this bare burthen beare :
But much more heavie my right hand,
dye, ere thou feele, for feare.
37 Adde then my helm, sword, shield, and lance,
a second load, alone
Too bigge for thee but to advance,
Brat, with thy feeble bone !
38 Thou hast three brethren arm'd in field ;
were all your strength in one,
All foure could not one Anak yeeld,
to combat me alone.
39 More blest hadst thou abode at home,
and serv'd thy father's slaves,
Than, wretch, with me to cope have come,
as to a dogge with staves.
40 In scorne, my sword is stain'd with none
before my wroth be whet :
Now scorne and anger joyne in one,
what rage shall both beget ?
41 Thy bowels, and white-marrow'd bones,
shall therefore wild beasts eat :
Thy braines beat out with bats and stones,
shall be the vultures meat.
42 ¶ What help ! I had no reaching dart,
no tackling but a thong :
A sling my weapon ; but a heart
above all weapon, strong.
43 Thy railing challenge speakes thee base,
in termes blasphemous flung :
Nor suits it with a souldier's grace,
to be so rank of tongue.

44 A lion's head (foole) can out-beard
an host of heartlesse hinds :
The greatest men (is often heard)
beare not the greatest minds.
45 Thy helme and target trust thou not,
with those unwieldy thighes :
The compleat-arm'd Rhinocerot,
looke where he falls, he lies.
46 Thine armour's load but laggs faint heart,
for flight the more unfit :
The bigger man thou art, thou art
the bigger marke to hit.
47 Thou hast not soule enough to cramme,
that Carrick's every chinke :
The hugest hulke that ever swamme,
a small sprung leake may sinke.
48 When aire and water fall to myre,
the purest from to fall,
She soule of elements, the fire
is spher'd above them all.
49 No sparke of that ethereall flame,
inspir'd thine earth-borne birth :
As from the earth thy Chaos came,
thou hast a soule of earth.
50 As earth, thy mother groan'd in paine,
when she thy burthen gave :
Thy breath, between thy teeth constraine,
and groaning gnaw thy grave.
51 But most, to make thy quarrell good,
must grounded cause be given :
Thy vantage is but flesh and bloud,
mine is the hand of heaven.
52 What fury forc't thee on these pikes,
forlorne attempt to give?
"At heaven who strikes, himselfe he strikes,
and hath not long to live.
53 Of five I chose one pibble round,
that levell flew as line ;
And in his fore-head sunke a wound ;
Thou hast it, Philistine !

54 Now, for mine owne I can thee claime!
“To Ida's faire-ey'd Swaine,
“The Delian gave not so good aime,
“when Thetis son was slaine.
55 God, even our God, of Mighties most,
whom thou revild'st this day,
By me, the meanest of his host,
hath sent thee death for pay.
56 His sword then drew I from his side,
and groveling on the land,
As he the living God defi'd,
at once, with either hand.
57 His head I from his shoulders strooke;
there our Colossus fell:
So this reproach Ben-Jesse tooke
from honour'd Israel.
58 Thou, Vale of Elah, saw'st this fight,
that cost Goliath's head,
Thou, Vale of Elah, saw'st this flight
when lost Pelesheth fled.
59 Ye neighbour groves, and ecchoing trees,
heard Gath on Dagon call:
Proud Ashteroth, beneath our knees,
saw Ekron's Idols fall.
60 For joy let Judah shout to God,
while Gath and Ekron howle:
My soule a valiant march hath trod,
a valiant march my soule.

A distinguished literary friend, possessing a copy of this work, has suggested the possibility of the initials R. B. not being intended for our author. At p. 284 occurs the following peculiarity—

Our Oxen fed, to labour stout,
the burthen strong to beare:
No breaking in, none going out,
our streets no clamour heare. ☛

We have here the potent but incomprehensible finger, as in the Journey, sign. C 2. Compare

also the Note upon Malt-worm, and can there exist any doubt of the author of the following lines, given at the end of the Psalms?—

Praise to the God of Heaven,
Be given by mee a *Worme*,
That Davids numbers in this forme,
To mee a *Worme* hath given.
R. B.

On the last leaf, after the *Errata*, it is added—"Other errours favourably excuse, and amend at pleasure." Need there any further sign?

XXIX.

(a) *Barnabæ Itinerarium, Mirtili & Faustuli nominibus insignitum: Viatoris Solatio nuperrimè editum, aptissimis numeris redactum, veterique Tono Barnabæ publicè decantatum. Authore Corymbæo.*

Efficit egregios nobilis alla viros.

Barnabees Journal, Under the names of Mirtilus & Faustulus Shadowed: for the Travellers Solace lately published, to most apt numbers reduced, and to the old Tune of Barnabe commonly chanted. By Corymbæus.

The oyle of Malt and juyce of spritely nectar
Have made my *Muse* more valiant than *Hector*.

[*London, John Haviland*, 1638.] 8°, *Ee in eights, except C, which has only 6 leaves; besides the frontispiece engraved by W. Marshall.**

* [It was a slight misconception on Haslewood's part, that the original edition of the *Journal* was peculiar in form. It is, in fact, an ordinary duodecimo, though collating in eights.]

The present edition is an exact reprint of the first. Licensed to John Haviland, June 7, 1638.

However, [the date of publication] supplies no proof as to the time of the *Journal* being written. The existence of several pieces was announced by our author long before they were submitted to the public. And many circumstances unite to confirm the belief that the Itinerary was the lapped and cradled bantling of years, scarcely, in his own opinion, pubescent, until himself might be believed past the age of such waggery. It may be characterised as a seedling planted in the spring of youth; nourished and pruned in the summer of his days; courted to blossom amid evergreens that circled his autumnal brow, and which formed the wreath of fame that adorned and cheered the winter of his age, and remains unfaded.*

Some further remarks as to the chronology of the *Journal* will be found under the notice of the edition of 1805.

(b) *Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys to the North of England. In Latin and English Verse. Wittily and Merrily (tho' near One Hundred Years ago) compos'd; found among some old musty books, that had a long time lain by in a Corner; and now at last made publick. To which is added, Bessy Bell.*

> Hic est quem quæris, ille quem requiris,
> Toto notus in orbe Britannus. HOR.
> Barnabas Ebrius.

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* In an article in *The Quarterly Review*, No. XXXV. p. 32, ascribed, we believe, to Mr Southey, it is said: "The best serious piece of Latin in modern metre, is Sir Francis Kinaston's *Amores Troili et Cresseidæ*, a translation of the two first books of Chaucer's poem; but it was reserved for *famous* BARNABY to employ the barbarous ornament of rhyme, so as to give thereby point and character to good Latinity."

London, Printed for S. Illidge, under Searle's Gate Lincolns-Inn New-square: and Sold by S. Ballard in Little-Britain, J. Graves in St. James's-Street, and J. Walthoe over-against the Royal Exchange. 1716. Small Octavo, 84 leaves.

SUCH was the title fabricated for this entertaining Itinerary on its first reappearance. Whether it was the happy thought of the editor, or suggested by a not less interested person, the publisher, who might conjecture a title more popular was required than that of a mere 'Journal' (however, in the forefront it was said '*Viatoris solatio*—for the traveller's solace'), it is now immaterial to inquire; but it may be observed that in the social tours of our Author, although he never travels any great distance without halting and making some entry in his Journal to record a good sign or a pleasing hostess, there are fewer records of absolute inebriety than might be expected from his convivial manners and general bibacity. There are gradations in all vicious pursuits; and our Author labours to preserve the character of his hero in unison with the common idiom of the period when he wrote, by never representing him otherwise than 'maudlin drunk.' It might happen, and probably was so, that the term '*Drunken* Barnaby,' being the burthen of an old ballad, was sufficiently popular to cause this alteration of title, which is only worth noticing, to prove that an ill name lasts for ever, and to remark that our hero Barnabee is so universally known as a Drunkard, and so very little known as a Journalist, that a reader may expect on beholding the original title he is going to be introduced to a stranger instead of a very old acquaintance.

The merit of this edition may be easily appreciated by considering the omissions, variations, and additions.

And from examining these points it seems impossible to doubt as fact, that the editor did not possess a perfect copy of the first edition, to which circumstance may be attributed similar omissions in some of the later editions. But to the analysis:

OMISSIONS. The titles before each of the four parts.* The lines * *Ad Translatorem* and To the Translator. The lines * *Ad Philoxenum* and To Philoxenus, p. 430–1. Prose address to Reader, and Errata.*

VARIATIONS. The frontispiece reversed from right to left; on the label from the pipe '*sic transit*,' &c.; on that from the roll of tobacco upon the table '*fumus et umbra sumus:*' the parcel bound across with a string has in the four divisions '*Ede-Bibe-Sta-Lude;*' the empty pot is left without inscription, and the label at the top of the plate has only '*Barnabæ Itinerarium*.'

The text was modernized throughout, and in many instances altered, though not always improved.†

ADDITIONS. As an embellishment there was introduced a print of our hero taking leave of his host at the Inn door, at the sign of the Bell,‡ by having a stirrup glass; the hostess is just seen behind the Landlord; and the hostler attends the act of mounting on the off side of the horse. The Index was added, and the following introductory matter, also repeated in the subsequent editions.

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* The titles and lines at p. 7 and the other asterisks also omitted in later editions.

† The same liberty was taken with the next three editions. The respective collations are preserved in another part of the present volume.

‡ Probably at Stone.

"THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

"It will not, I hope, be thought unnecessary, if I lay before the reader my reason for republishing this facetious little book, after a delitescency of near a hundred years. Being desir'd by a gentlewoman to look over a parcel of old books, among 'em I chanc'd upon Drunken Barnaby, which reading gave me satisfaction for my trouble; whereupon I took a resolution to publish it, that others might therewith be pleas'd as well as myself. What I can gather of the author is chiefly from himself, for he says, coming to a place call'd Harrington, he was well pleas'd with the omen, and spent some money there for name sake, so that I conclude his name was Barnaby Harrington. He further says, that after a tedious journey of about six miles a day, and sometimes three or four, (very weary, and heavy laden,) he at last arriv'd at Apulby in Westmoreland, where he was born; and where, if I mistake not, there are some remains of the family still living. That he was a graduate in Queen's College, Oxon, is plain, but I have not had an opportunity of knowing what degrees he took. 'Tis the man no doubt, of whom the song says,

Hey, Barnaby! take't for a warning, &c.

He says, he afterwards (after four journeys backward and forward) married in the country, turn'd farmer; and frequented the horse-fairs all round the country, buying horses when cheap, and (like a true jockey) selling 'em when dear, upon which he is very pleasant. I thought fit to say thus much, and more I have not; only wished the Reader pleas'd as I was."

"EDITOR LECTORI.

"Quum primum reperi libellum hunc lepidissimum, legendo gaudebam, quod & tu facies cum legeris nullus dubito. Editum inveni absque æra, absque nomine, vel Authoris, vel Bibliopolæ, vel Typographi, aut ullo alio indicio possessorem ullum indicante; ergo statui mei juris esse, inque lucem emisi. De Authore quod certum est subjiciam: Ab amico meo doctissimo nunc præsule intellexi Authorem Barnabam Harrington fuisse, ante multos annos (forte nonaginta aut centum) vel Socium, vel Artium Magistrum, aut saltem Membrum, Collegii Reginensis apud Oxonienses, quod innuit etiam Author sæpius. Natus erat, ut ait ipse, Aballabæ Westmarorum inter Septentriones ex antiqua stirpe, prole ibi adhuc manente. Hic est famosissimus ille de quo decantatum illud & tritum apud vulgus cantillatur,

Hey, Barnaby! take't for a warning,
Be no more drunk nor dry in a morning.

De libro nulla est necessitas addendi quidquam; facile perleges, & perlecto judicabis. De Versu, de Metro, de Erroribus neque est quod addam; ipse enim Autor satis ludicre in Errata libro præfixa seipsum vindicavit, quum ait,

Quid si sedem muto sede?
Quid si carmen claudo pede?
Quid si noctem sensi diem?
Quid si veprem esse viam?
Sat est, verbum declinavi,
'Titubo, titubas, titubavi.'

"Vale & ride affatim, Lector."

(c) *Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys*, &c. *The Third Edition illustrated with several new copper cuts.*

London printed for S. Illidge, under Serle's Gate, Lincolns-Inn New Square. 1723. Small 8vo. 102 leaves.

Again altered by placing a title before the first part, and the mottoes of all the titles at the end of the fourth journey, before the ballad of Bessy Bell. It was printed from the text of the Second Edition.

The 'new copper cuts' announced in the title consist of four prints, 'J. Clark, sculp.' from subjects illustrative of each Journey; viz. I. The Puritan gibbeting the cat, vol. ii. p. 23. II. Barnaby carried in State from the Cock at Budworth, p. 119. III. The voyage on the haycock from Wansforth briggs, p. 239. IV. Examining the horse without a tail, or, as the print represents, with a tail that comes off, p. 375.

The frontispiece as given in the second edition, with the plate of the departure from the sign of the Bell, inscribed "Bessy Bell," ingeniously altered by expunging the figures of host and hostess, to substitute that of a female only, thereby exhibiting the subject of the ballad without re-engraving the whole plate.

(*d*) *Drunken Barnabys four Journeys to the North of England. In Latin and English Verse. Wittily and Merrily* (*though above one hundred years ago*) *composed; found among some old musty books, that had a long time lain by in a corner; and now at last made public. To which is added, Bessy Bell, with a compleat Index.*

Hic est quem quæris, ille quem requiris,
Toto notus in orbe Britannus HOR.
Barnabas Ebrius.

Dublin: Printed for William Williamson, Whole-

sale Stationer and Bookseller, at Macænas's-Head, in Bride-Street, MDCCLXII. Octavo: 72 leaves.

A REPRINT from the second, with no other variations than in the Title of "*near*" to "*above*" one hundred years ago, and adding "with a compleat Index." The embellishments were omitted.

(*e*) *Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys,* &c.—*The fourth edition, illustrated with several neat copper plates. London, printed by W. Stuart, No.* 67 *Pater-noster-Row,* MCCLXXVI.* Small Octavo, 102 leaves.

THIS was printed page for page from the third edition; the five prints re-engraved, with the subjects reversed, and the frontispiece given without any of the inscriptions.

At the end of this edition only there is appended '*Lucus Chevinus*—Chevy Chase,' separately paged and alternately Latin and English, extending to sixteen leaves. This translation is modern and anonymous.

(*f*) *Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys to the North of England. London: printed for J. Harding, No.* 36 *St. James's Street,* 1805. Large and small Octavo, 98 leaves.

EMBELLISHED with seven new vignettes and tail-pieces. The text that of the last preceding edition, with some further occasional variations where the English text was supposed imperfect, or too obscure to be generally comprehended.

* Before a few copies a new title was afterwards substituted, dated MDCCLXXVII.

The principal merit of this edition consists in the prefixing of an Advertisement, which collects much conjectural and other amusing matter relative to the supposed author and his Journal.

"ADVERTISEMENT.

"A NEW edition of Drunken Barnaby's Journal, in Latin and English rhime, having been long a desideratum in the literary world, the Publisher thought it would be deserving well of such as had a taste for wit and learning, to extend the acquaintance of a festive bard, who has delighted all to whom he has been known.

"A Frenchman has written a volume, concerning authors who had published works under fictitious names. The facetious author of 'Travels to the North, four times backward and forward,' might perhaps be enrolled in the number; for there is reason to believe Barnaby Harrington to be a denomination void and vain.

"Various motives, good and bad, induce authors to conceal themselves from the public. Out of a capricious haughtiness, Swift rarely avowed any of his productions: and Voltaire, from regard to his personal repose, disavowed many of his, with an earnestness not very consistent with the principles of truth. But the motives to concealment, whatever they may be, have force only for a time; the pride and fascination of authorship usually prevail in the end with every attractive writer to lay claim to the laurels of literature. This, however, is not invariably the case; whether from fortuitous circumstances, or peculiarity of disposition, there are several celebrated productions of which the authors remain inscrutable to curiosity.

The famous Barnaby Harrington's Travels is perhaps to be one instance of the kind.

"On the perusal of a performance possessing so much merit, as well as eccentricity, a strong desire is excited to know what the author was, when he lived, and when he wrote. Some notices are contained in his own pages; they give us to understand, that his name was Harrington: that he was born at Appleby; that he married at Darlington; and at last settled in the North, as a dealer in horses and cattle. But who can say whether these particulars are real or imaginary? Upon a reference to many sources of information, no proof of them can be found.

"Barnaby's Travels are sometimes quoted in books; in Gent's History of York; in Boucher's *Biographia Cumberlandiæ;* in Hutchinson's History of Durham, &c. &c., and they have obtained so much regard, that several copies are extant with manuscript comments. Hitherto, however, no biographical account of him has been given; the real has not been distinguished from the assumed character of the writer. The editor of the second edition of the work calls him a graduate of Queen's College, Oxford; an assertion not corroborated by the author; nor is his name to be found in the lists of Oxford or Cambridge graduates. A manuscript memorandum states him to have been a Schoolmaster in Yorkshire; but without assigning any authority. Barnaby gives no intimation himself of his vocation or business, until, in his last journey, he becomes horse-dealer. It would be difficult to decide how far his Journal is a faithful relation: it seems alike improbable, that he should have feigned the whole, or that a man of such powers of intellect as he displays, should be engaged in the manner he represents himself, in perpetual inebriation with low associates. These

courses militate against the tenor of an address to the reader, prefixed * to the first edition; [and which will of course be found below].

"Fiction may be supposed to have some share in Barnaby's descriptions; probably a large share. Having invested himself with a poetical character, it may be presumed that he both fabricated and adapted incidents to suit it, like other dealers in poetry. A song, such as the perusal of his travels might suggest, was composed, and is cited by one of his editors; but as only a single couplet of it has been given, we shall gratify the curious with two more.

'Barnaby, Barnaby, thou'st been drinking,
I can tell by nose and thy eyes winking.
Drunk at Richmond, drunk at Dover,
Drunk at Newcastle, and drunk all over.
Hey, Barnaby! take't for a warning,
Be no more drunk nor dry in a morning.' †

"This song was considered as a curiosity by Ritson, having been recovered from the recollection of his mother, a north-country woman. Barnaby was a great favourite with Mr R.; and he regarded him rather as a real than a fictitious character. . . .

"With respect to time, there is internal evidence; Barnaby mentions Middleton, as enriched by the New River.

Amnes lenem dantes sonum,
Qui ditarunt Middletonum. [Vol. II. p. 202.]

"This allusion could be strictly applicable only in

* [Affixed—Haslewood.]

† From the very obliging communication of Thomas Park, Esq, whose stores of varied and extensive information are rendered the more valuable, because accompanied by a disposition most liberally communicative.

the early stage of the project for conveying the stream from Amwell to London, undertaken by Sir Hugh Middleton in 1613, when riches were doubtless expected from it; but not afterwards, when it had exhausted his wealth, unless ironically. The allusion at any rate shows, that the undertaking was recent.

"On passing through Wansforth Briggs, Barnaby mentions an inscription, common in the early part of the seventeenth century, on account of the plague which then frequently infested different parts of England.

Sed scribentem digitum Dei
Spectans 'Miserere mei,'
Atriis, angulis confestim,
Evitandi curâ pestem,
Fugi. [Ib. p. 240.]

"He observes that Pomfret had been a place very sinister to English princes,*

Veni Pomfret, ubi miram
Arcem, Anglis regibus diram. [Ib. p. 278.]

And is so filled with the idea, as to continue the observation in a note, with a sort of prediction of the fate of S : : : : :

Regibus Anglorum dedit arx tua dira ruinam,
Hoc titulo fatum cerne S : : : : : tuum. [Ibid.]

"If this S : : : : : is rendered *Stuart*, for which it seems to be meant, it will fix the date of Barnaby's travelling or writing to the period of the civil wars.

"Barnaby mentions a piper (Ib. p. 291) who re-

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* Richard II. and two of Edward V.'s uncles were murdered in Pomfret (Pontefract) Castle.

covered his vital functions after being hanged at York; calling himself a witness to the truth of this extraordinary incident, which happened in the year 1634. The story is thus told in Gent's History of York, 1730, p. 223.

"'This year (1634) one John Bartendale was executed at York gallows for felony. When he had hung three quarters of an hour, he was cut down and buried near the place of execution. A little after, a gentleman, of the ancient family of the Vavasours, of Hesselwood, riding by, thought he saw the earth move; upon which, ordering his man to alight, and alighting himself, both of them charitably assisted to throw by the mould, and to help the buried convict from his grave; who, being conveyed again to York Castle, was, by the same gentleman's intercession, reprieved till the next assizes, and then pardoned by the Judge, who seemed amazed at so signal a providence. And this puts me in mind, that the said Bartendale was a piper, taken notice of by Barnaby, in his book of travels into the northern parts.

"'I have been told the poor fellow turned hostler, and lived very honestly afterwards. Having been demanded, what he could tell in relation to hanging, as having experienced it, he replied, That when he was turned off flashes of fire seemed to dart from his eyes, from which he fell into a state of darkness and insensibility, &c.'

"Barnaby tells us of his giving alms to a beggar at Harrington.

Harringtoni dedi nummum. [Ib. p. 222.]

"A Harrington was a town-piece, tradesman's token, or other small coin current in the early part of the seventeenth century. It is frequently men-

tioned by Ben Jonson, as in The Devil is an Ass,— 'I will not bate a Harrington o' the sum.' *

"Barnaby Harrington, whoever he was, is entitled to the kindness of the world, for the entertainment he affords. His humour, his gaiety, and his learning, give him no mean rank among authors.

"It has been observed that poetry is not a little indebted to geography and topography; which, besides numerous incidental descriptions, have furnished materials for many entire poems. Ausonius has employed his muse to celebrate the considerable towns of his country. Rutilius has left an elegant itinerary in verse of which we regret the mutilation. Drayton has voluminously versified the whole topography of the British island. Regnard has narrated in alternations of prose and rhime, a Journey to Provence; a very pleasing effusion of spriteliness. Gay has exercised his humourous and poetical vein in the detail of a Journey to Exeter: and Prior has displayed his facetious talent in the recital of his Excursion to Down. Barnaby Harrington, in the relation of his Travels, is inferior to none in vivacity, in wit, or in erudition. Many ingenious and learned allusions are interspersed. If he lived as a drunkard, he thought at least as a scholar. He shows himself acquainted with the history, antiquities, and customs of every

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* [The late Mr. Ritson had a manuscript note to the above effect.

This passage seems to have no further meaning than that Barnaby having arrived at Harrington with a Harrington town-piece in his possession, he gave it to a beggar, though he had need of it himself, from the love he bore to the name, or for the sake of the quibble. P.

It is as if a man writing a humorous journey should say, "Arriving at Tilbury-fort, I gave a beggar a Tilbury (sixpence) for the name's sake." A. ed. 1818.]

place he visits; and exhibits so much acuteness of remark and keenness of satire, that he is evidently, *sub personâ*, a drunkard merely in masquerade.

"It would be a great injustice to Barnaby to form any estimate of his merits from the English version, which is upon the whole unworthy of the Latin text, though it has some passages that give pleasure. From the disparity of the Latin and English, we are inclined to believe that Barnaby had no share in the composition of the latter; which, yet, we dare not venture to assert; recollecting that the English verse of May is justly condemned to oblivion for its meanness, ruggedness, and obscurity, while he shines a poet of supreme excellence in Latin. It is observable, that the English version of the original edition of Barnaby differs in various places from the subsequent editions. . . .

"April, 1805."

(g) Same title, 1805.

In this edition by the interference of a literary character, who supplied a partial collation, there was for the first time an attempt made towards restoring the genuine text, and announced by the following note at the end of the preceding Advertisement—

"The rapid sale of a considerable impression of this Journal in the short period of a few weeks, affords the editor an opportunity of presenting a new edition, improved by collation with the earlier copies.

"September, 1805."

(h) *Barnabæ Itinerarium, or Barnabee's Journal. The Seventh Edition. To which are prefixed An Account of the Author, now first discovered; A Bibliographical History of the former Editions of the Work; and Illustrative Notes. London*, &c. 1818.

The text of the first edition was carefully restored as the only authority, and the original arrangement also preserved. The Index was retained and enlarged, and the preliminary matter given from the later editions, with the respective collations of the text. The Editor observes—

Some information may be expected as to any effect which the request forming part of the Advertisement to the fifth edition * has had; and what communications have been made, either as a clue to trace the author, or on the subject of his journal. Eleven years have now elapsed since that request was made public, with all the advantage that might be expected to arise from a very rapid dispersion of two large impressions of the work; yet no information has been the consequence. Upon such an inquiry there is seldom a parsimonious withholding of intelligence; nor can there be any reason, in the present instance, for impeaching the liberal system so uniformly promoted by those who duly appreciate inquiries on literary subjects when involved by time in obscurity. It may rather be inferred, that neither from research nor accident has anything new been discovered.

Perhaps the circumstance of this want of information occasioned that bold but shallow attempt made in 1811, for the purpose of creating a temporary belief that in the posthumous volume of poems of William Bosworth, Gentleman,† the author was dis-

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* See *suprâ*.

† [See Hazlitt's *Handbook*, 1867, p. 48, for the full title, and an account of the contents of the volume in Corser's *Collectanea*, part 2, p. 318.]

This book is dedicated "to the true lover of all good learning, the Honourable John Finch, Esq;" to whom it is represented that the Poems are "the work of a young Gentleman of 19 years of age, who had he lived, might have been as well the wonder as

covered, to remain hitherto unexposed. However, as this announcement was early known to be fabricated for a sinister purpose, a public confutation might, by the discussion, best have served to promote the object desired, that of creating a demand for the re-engraved portrait of Bosworth.*

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the delight of the Arts, and been advanced by them amongst the highest in the Temple of Fame. . . . . These are only his first flights, his first fruits, the early flowers of his youth; flowers they are, but so sweetly violent, that as their Beauties doe arrest our eyes, so (I hope) their perfume will continue through many ages to testifie the influence of your protection, and the most gracefull* resentments of him who is, Sir, Your most humble and devoted Servant, R. C."

A preface or address "to the reader" characterises the work with excess of praise. "You shall find in this system the idea of Poetry at large, and in one garland all the flowers on the Hill of Parnassus, or on the banks of Helicon. . . . . The strength of his fancy, and the shadowing of it in words he taketh from Mr. Marlow in his Hero and Leander, whose mighty lines Mr. Benjamin Johnson (a man sensible enough of his own abilities) was often heard to say, that they were examples fitter for admiration than for parallel, you shall find our Author every where in this imitation. . . . . The weaving of one story into another, and the significant flourish that doth attend it, is the peculiar grace of Sir Philip Sydney, whom our author doth so happily imitate, as if he were one of the same intelligences that moved in that incomparable compasse. His making the end of one verse to be the frequent beginning of the other (besides the Art of the Trope) was the labour and delight of Mr. Edmund Spe[n]cer, whom Sir Walt. Raleigh and S. Kenelm Digby were used to call the English Virgill, and indeed Virgill himself did often use it, and in my opinion with a greater grace, making the last word only of his verse to be the beginning of the verse folowing."

* See a letter in the *Morning Chronicle*, Aug. 27, 1811, subscribed 'Francis Allison, No. 134, St. Martin's-lane, Charing-cross,' and a similar one in the *Gentleman's Mag.* for August (vol. lxxxi. p. 2, p. 125), subscribed 'Francis Allison' as of 'Chiswell Street.'

* *Sic.*

Enough, if not too much, has already grown out of conjecture; and nothing now remains to be added but some comments on the preceding pages, together with a few notes illustrative of the poem.

October 10th, 1817.

(i) [This is the well-known impression by Haslewood himself, 2 vols., duodecimo, 1820.

(k) *Barnabæ Itinerarium: or, Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys to the North of England . . . . together with Bessy Bell. . . . . By Richard Brathwait. . . . . York: Thomas Gent*, 1852. 12mo. Original title Engl. and Latin and frontispiece (from ed. 1723), 3 leaves: pp. 1–12 + xl. + 324.

An abridged reprint of the edition of 1820. It was published at London by the late Edward Lumley, and the York imprint is altogether a figment.]

Thus far was transmitted to the printer, when an obscure passage in the Itinerary, occasioning a reference to a long-neglected but once popular work, produced the satisfactory discovery of the identity of the author of that work with the writer of Barnabee's Journal.

As there are some conjectural points that have obtained from time almost the credence of truth, and are still interesting, it will not be immaterial, before we announce the real author, to consider upon what ground those points were first brought forward as authorities.

The current appellation of *Barnaby Harrington* never had any probable foundation. The name of *Barnaby* taken from the original title-page, and the burthen of an old festive ballad, is, with all the gravity

of fact, unduly combined with, and made to precede, the word *Harrington*, a name of still baser coinage. Both these are the wilful misconception of the editor of the second edition. Can the stanza upon the town of Harrington, which is the sole authority for that designation, by any enlarged meaning be construed to imply more from the equivoque, than that our rambling humourist simply gave the beggar at Harrington a *Harrington* or town token? The real author says, on another occasion, "coine for stampe sake we allowe," alluding, undoubtedly, to such local tokens being in common circulation.* As such, this reputed name, certainly adopted from the need of a better, may be dropt just as it was taken up, without either care or consequence.

That the birthplace of the author was Appleby is doubtful, though the distance therefrom was not so great as to make its assignation exceed the limits of the *licentia poetica.* The marriage, final settlement, and some other incidents appear true events in the author's life, except his being educated at Queen's College, which must have been conjectured in consequence of the record of the horn of that college speaking "pure Athenian."

Were an outline to be sketched which might be presented as an enforced likeness of the author, would it not depict one born in Westmorland; with relatives residing in the county, having an University education; a well read scholar; loving horses; journeying occasionally; a strict loyalist; perhaps, for courtesy, a spendthrift; certainly a married man; one who

* See also note *suprà*, and works of Ben Jonson, 1816, vol. v. p. 44, where the intelligent editor has given an account of the patent under which this coinage issued, and a facsimile of one of the tokens.

flourished under the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and also a moral writer and satirical poet of eminence?—Such a portrait may be easily drawn from the life, character, and writings of RICHARD BRATHWAIT.

That writer flourished above fifty years; and however difficult it may often be to trace an anonymous work to its parent source, yet a voluminous author, of only partial celebrity, can seldom so thoroughly disguise his style as not to be discovered. With him, as with an artist, repeated labour creates the mannerist; and the common use of a set phrase forms, like the mistresses of Rubens, the gray horse of Wouvermans, the boors tippling of Teniers, or the animals of Snyders, direct evidence for appropriation. One of the strong peculiarities of Brathwait, of this description, is found in the first edition of the Itinerary. There four pages have for a running title "Upon the Errata's;" now what author of that period, except Brathwait, deviates from the custom of collecting all as "Errata," and indulges, like him. in a serious or humorous apology for the mistakes of the press under this fixed title? But *Brathwait's* apologies contain further proof, as for example—

"Upon the Errata. Gentlemen (*humanum est errare*) to confirme which, &c.—know iudicious disposed Gentlemen, that the *intricacie of the copie, and the absence of the author from many important proofes*, were occasion of these errors," * &c.

"Upon the Errata's.—*The Authors absence, with the intricacie of this copie*, caused these Escapes here committed, to be so many. But no wonder, if subjects of this nature become subject to Error, when they treat of so giddie an humour, as Liquor and Vapour.

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* *Strappado for the Diuell*, 1615.

Correct them, as you shall meet them, with a censorious candour." *

Again: "The *intricacy of the copy with the absence of the Author*, may exact this curtsy from the ingenuous reader."†

Are not these the express apology made for *Barnabee's Journal*, that "the *copy was obscure; neither was the author by reason of his distance and imployments of higher consequence* made acquainted with the publishing of it." ‡ This coincidence was not likely to happen from chance, and allowing it might, we proceed.

In another work by *Brathwait* we have the following—

"Upon the Errata. Howsoever, &c.—Truth is, Gentlemen, when you encounter with any Errors (as they are individuates to all labours) you are to impute the error *to the absence of the Author*, *whose affaires in the countrey* tooke him from cares of the city; or to explaine himselfe more fully, that he may come off fairely, and possesse him of your opinion more freely, he was called away from *Laurence Jury*, § by the impannel of a *Northerne Jury*, and pressed to attendance by an *Old Bayliffe* of the countrey, when his occasion lay for the *presse* in the *Old Bayly* neere the city. In a word had not a *Nisi prius* interposed, these errors by a *quest of inquiry* had beene prevented." ||

This is given with all the playful humour of our *Barnabee*, who, it may be remarked, ends the second journey at the Griffin in the *Old Baily*, but on taking

* *The Smoaking Age*, 1617.

† *Ar't asleepe Husband*, 1640.

‡ See Sign. L 5.

§ This pun refers to the then distinct parish of St Lawrence Jewry, in the ward of Cheap, since united to the parish of St Mary Magdalen.

|| *English Gentleman*, 1630.

up winter quarters removes to the Three Cranes. See vol. ii. p. 173.

"Upon the Errata" occurs also in *Brathwait's English Gentlewoman*, 1631: in *Whimzies; or a new Cast of Characters*, 1631: *The Arcadian Princess*, 1635: and again in his *Essays upon the Five Senses*, 1635.

Another instance of peculiarity is in the word Tmolus, see sign. K, also used by *Brathwait.*

> "Tmolus was one of such noble spirit
> Adorn'd with beautie and perfection too."
> *The poets Willow*, 1614.

> "Many laies would Tmolus ofttimes make
> In diuine measures for Amyclas sake." *Ibid.*

> "Above the choicest odors that are sent
> From spicie *Tmolus*' flowrie continent."
> *Nature's Embassy*, 1621, p. 184.

At Budworth we find *Barnabee*

> "By two *poulterers* supported." sign. D.

And *Brathwait* in the *Strappado for the Devil*, signature ¶, has

> "Blow my Plump-fac't *Poulterer* of Saffron-hill."

In the English motto of the title-page is

> "The oyle of malt and juyce," &c.

So in the *Arcadian Princess:*

> "With oyle of Grace," &c. p. 48.

In the *Two Lancashire Lovers*,

> "There wants oyle to feed it," p. 27.

The proverb, sign. K, of *Barnabee*,

> "Once a yeare laughs wise Apollo,"

may be found in Brathwait's *English Gentleman*, p. 174, as

"Once in the year Apollo laughes."

It would be more than scepticism,* after these notices, though few in number, to believe the fourth journey not written by the author of the following description (in part) of a *Married Man.*

"He that is married, is a man of another world, he hath bid all good fellowship adue, and now plays the mouldwarpe; his study is the cure of horses, sheep, and cattell. He hath learned by this to man his wife to church and market, keeping an equal distance upon

* Many other similarities might be collected from his acknowledged works with little labour. The following passages are sufficient to select in the present instance.

"I made my cause knowne in the High Court of Requests." —*Essays upon the Five Senses*, 1635.

"I presented my suit to that High Court of Requests." *Spiritual Spicery*, 1638.

"Covetous Widdowes, who with an Onion in the nooke of their napkin, can make a sowre face and pretend a Sea of sorrow; when the thought of a next husband has seaz'd on their hearts." —*Ar't asleepe Husband*, 1640.

"She wrapt an Onion in the one nook of her Handkercher, or pump'd for tears; or drew her face into a purse, purposely to feign a kind of sorrowing, when her heart was full of joy, in hope to enjoy her Jenkin."—*Comments on the Wife of Bath*, 1665.

"Free bred were my studies, so as Lapwing-like with shell on head, I begun to write," &c.—*Heavenly Memento's*, 1638.

"These young Lapwings, who leave their nest before they can find wing."—*Survey of History*, 1638.

"Camillus, whereof we are now to discourse, a right Lapwing, who had left his nest before he had shaken the shell from his head."—*Two Lancashire Lovers*, 1640.

"I shall advise our young masters, who, Lapwing-like, be newly crept out of the thin shell of their Guardianship, to carry their eyes about them."—*Captive Captain*, 1665.

pain of his wive's displeasure; he carries nothing with better grace or more willingness, than his wive's miffet, fisting-dog,* or fan. He is tide to his wive's presence, as one summoned to make his appearance. Hee goes with his knees like any baker, and may prove a good stalking horse for his restie pace," &c.—*English Gentleman*, p. 471.

Numerous passages might be adduced as confirming the present appropriation of authorship, and several will be found in the Notes, as well as incidental facts preserved in the Sketch of the Life of the Author.

However, still stronger documents can be NOW adduced.† The following testimony of that accurate inquirer Tom Hearne was transmitted from Oxford by my zealous friend the intelligent editor of the *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*.‡

"The Book [says the Antiquarian] called Barnabas's Rambles, printed in Latin and English in 12mo, was written by Richard Brathwaite, who writ and translated a vast number of things besides, he being the Scribler of the times. Anthony à Wood does not mention this amongst his works. But Mr Bagford tells me that Mr Chr. Bateman (an eminent Bookseller in Pater Noster Row) who was well acquainted with some of the family, hath several times told him that Brathwait was the author of it. *This book is since printed.*" §

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* A Gentleman Usher "carries his ladie's miffet, most gracefully, which she loves so tenderly, as she is ever putting him in mind of his charge: Prey thee, Puny, doe not squeeze my puppy."—*Ar't asleepe Husband? a Boulster Lecture*, 1640, p. 161.

† The above authorities were obtained since the appearance of the last edition. And it may be proper to remark the text is otherwise enlarged.

‡ [It is not in the printed book, 2 vols. 8vo, 1857.]

§ Hearne's MS. Collections for the year 1713, vol. xlvii. p. 127.

To conclude: We have obtained the following confirmation from the pen of one who knew the author personally. In a copy of the second edition that belonged to Edward Wilson, Esq.* of Dallam Tower in the county of Westmoreland, was written the following note: "*The Author I knew*, was an old Poet Rich. Brathwaite, Father to Sir Thomas of Burnside-Hall, near Kendall in Westmorland."

XXX.

45. *Ar't asleepe Husband? A Boulster Lecture; stored with all variety of witty jeasts, merry Tales, and other pleasant passages; Extracted, from the choicest flowers of Philosophy, Poesy, antient and moderne History. Illustrated with Examples of incomparable constancy, in the excellent History of Philocles and Doriclea. By Philogenes Panedonius.*

O nox longa! *Hor.*

London, Printed by R. Bishop, for R. B. or his Assignes. 1640.† 8vo. pp. 330.

The words in *italics* appear written after the other part of the note, and without question refer to the second edition, printed in 1716. [It appears from *Reliq. Hearn.* 1857, ii. 596, that Bateman was a native of Westmoreland.]

* The above Edward Wilson was probably son of Edw. W. by "Jane daughter of Gawen Brathwait of Ambleside, Esq." See *History of Westmorland*, &c. by Nicolson and Burn, vol. i. p. 227.

† A frontispiece, 'Will. Marshall sculpsit,' exhibits 'A Bovlster Lectvre' by two persons in bed, the female with a label inscribed '*Dum loquor ista taces*,' and the man another with '*Surdo canis.*' The following lines beneath—

"This wife a wondrous racket meanes to keepe,
While th' Husband seemes to sleepe but does not sleepe:
But she might full as well her Lecture smother,
For ent'ring one Eare, it goes out at t'other."

Another print exhibits an altar with a perforated vessel of fire

The Epistle Dedicatory.

"To all modest Dames
From Twede unto Thames,
Who prize their good names above Nectar;
With a Paphian kisse
Doe I tender them this
To silence a Canopy Lecture."

They are invited to patronise, as none are more free from Boulster Lectures, and in a short address "to his Dainty Doxes" "bids Musæus adieu."

The subjects treated of are divided into Nine Sections:—Upon the Excellence of Women; their inimitable Vertues; moderation of Passion; Continency; Modesty; violence against Corrivals; Defence; witty Aphorisms; and eminent Labours. "Every one of which subjects you shall finde interveined with choice variety of pleasing tales and delightfull Stories, to comply with the fancy of the most curious and censorious reader."

Many articles are introduced as distinct but applicable to the general title of the Section. Under the head of Disdain the author enumerates for his authorities Ariosto, Tasso, Boccace, Rheginus, Alcæus, &c. Indeed, the whole work exhibits, as usual, Brathwait's extensive reading and ready application of the stores of his mind to embellish light and trifling subjects. The historical stories are appropriate and amusing,

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blown up by Cupid with a pair of bellows, with two hearts burning at the top. The lovers kneeling at the foot of the altar with labels—

He.—"Cupid retire, what wouldst desire?"
She.—"Our flaming hearts are both a fire."

This embellishment refers to p. 246, and is sometimes found in this article, as well as the following one of the *Two Lancashire Lovers*, to which it appears most applicable; but the text in neither instance is according to the subject represented.

as well as those of less authority; and command thereby a conditional licence for the times when loose expressions were too frequently tolerated for humour, and indelicacy believed an allowable substitute for wit.

An appropriation of authorship is now for the first time made; and to the strong internal evidence of its being the production of Brathwait may be added the following extract, referring to one of his acknowledged pieces, as an absolute confirmation of his title: "That Wife of Bath, upon whose tale, at the instancy of some peculiar friends, wee have by way of Comment, lately annexed some Illustrations, could tell you well enough, what would please a Woman best" (p. 201). Two or three pieces of poetry are introduced that first appeared in the *Strappado.* At the end of the Lecture is "Menippvs his Madrigall, to his Coy-duck Clarabell;" and another poem called "Loves Festivall, at Lvsts Fvnerall." Then the following piece of humour, feigned to be the production of a stranger hand, and printed as prose—

A Postscript writte by an Auditor, upon hearing this Lecture.

"Many wayes have I rid, many works have I read; many yeares have I serv'd, many stories have I heard; yet none to be compared to this *Boulster Lecture,* in affording all delight to a passionate Lover: or to beguile the long-some houre of an accurate Reader.

"I have seene sometimes a Pamphlet beare the stile of a *Curtaine Lecture*: * but so bald were those

* The first piece censured is entitled "*A Curtaine Lecture: as it is read: By a Countrey Farmer's wife to her Good man. By a Countrey Gentlewoman or Lady to her Esquire or Knight. By a Souldiers wife to her Captain or Lievtenant. By a Citizens or Tradesmans wife to her husband. By a court Lady to her Lord.*

jests, they'd shame modest Guests: Stale tales were sold for new that were old, Nay many were ingraven in the *Cuckolds haven*, (the Divell was in't) before they came to print, So Oyster women cry, *Ny Wainfleet, Ny:* When as (phoh) they partake of *Cocytus* slimy Lake. A Pumice stone for these, or else they cannot please. I wish with all my heart, to save a fruitlesse mart, that Curtain Lecture may be employ'd another way, and in our Curtaine Fields, where Cloacina builds, her shields so neatly chus'd, those papers may be used.

"I have seene a *Juniper Lecture* withall, begging sale on a stall; with ragg'd Tales so befitted, he was mad sure, that writ it. The Title is sweet, but weares no Socks on her feet, for it smels of the pumpe, like a Pye-corner rumpe. He reports from his Booke, which from Pliny he tooke, Juniper coales are so hot, as quench'd they are not for many yeares, but retaines, hote embers ith' graines. And to have, it is said, hottest coales, coolest shade. May those Coales I doe wish, cinge those seere Leafes of his: For he can never looke to be sav'd by his Booke.

"A *Crab Tree Lecture* I have seene too, which no Judgement can esteeme so, as to beare a Presse charges, unlesse to presse Verjuice.

"That *Wormewood Lecture* too descries, a quaint Tormentor for Flyes: but no Eagle-thought will endure, to stoupe to so Fly blowne a Lure.

"I have read too of a *complete Woman*, a subject

Concluding with an inimitable Lecture read by a Queene to her Soveraigne Lord and King. London, Printed by Robert Young for John Aston, 1637. pp. 264. 24mo. Dedicated "to the generous Reader, but especially to Bachelours and Virgins," and divided into Eleven Chapters, of which the above title is a sufficient analysis.

so common, as there is no man, but in every street he may such an one meet. For go he to the Court, where in glorious port they make their resort, He shall finde to each face Love-spotts give a grace. And servants they have more, than false haire in store.

"In Progresse-time too, th' Black Guard make a show, and Old Landresses know what Complement meanes; Though over-wrought queanes: Huge Jacks filled with Liquor Makes ag'd Beldams quicker. Though they want for no age, They can hudle a Page, And traine him to Sin by a Napolitan gin: Though larded with sweat, and Offals of meat, these can be complete.

"To our suburbs then go, to our Citty chicks too, you may finde choice enow; when you meet them in the street, How their neat-nimble Feet, And her trim-tinkling toes Pace congies as she goes. From her head to her foot, and all round about, Shee's a dainty fine Trout.

"Go to our Country Jone, though she ne're went from home, More complete there is none: To the Kyrk she'l repaire, To see more than heare, In her holyday geere; Shee can smirke, she can smile, And her Swainling beguile, And walke halfe a Mile, To Meet her awne *Jenkin*, Whom she takes with her blenkin. Thus from the Court to the Sheeld, In fold and in Feeld, Will Complement yeeld.

"What needs then his Whench drest up first in French, but English turn'd since! Our Girles appeare so completely here, We need no dames there.

"That Authors device more forward than wise, was made to wrappe Spice.

"Whereas this Boulster Lecture, drain'd from Rils of Nectar, shewes such Judgement and Wit, with Stories to fit, As I sweare by my Life, to be school'd

by a Wife in such seemely sort, were no spight but a sport."

[From the Margin.] "He holds each of these shallow subjects a vading Vapour, a dying Taper, a limping Labour, in comparison of this Boulster Lecture."

XXXI.

46. *The Two Lancashire Lovers: or the Excellent History of Philocles and Doriclea. Expressing the faithfull constancy and mutuall fidelity of two loyall Lovers. Stored with no lesse variety of discourse to delight the Generous, then of serious advice to instruct the Amorous. By Musæus Palatinus.* Pereo, si taceo. *London, Printed by Edward Griffin, for R. B. or his Assignes.* 1640. pp. 268.* oct.

Dedication.—"To my trvly generovs and judicious friend, Alexander Rigby Esq. Clarke of the Crowne for the County Palatine of Lancaster; the perusall of this History; wherein the subjects of love and loyalty are recorded, to the honour of their Countrey.

"Sir, I here present you with two native plants of your owne Countrey; branches derived from a faire and flourishing Family. Give them entertainment according to their merit; whose memory redounds highly to their Countries glory.

"Really

"*Alexandro-philus.*"

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* An engraved title has on an entablature, "The Two Lancashire Lovers; or the Excellent History of Philocles and Doriclea." Within two curtains, partly undrawn, appear two hands in union supporting a double heart, labelled over "This holy vow Makes one of two." At bottom, on a lesser tablet, "London, Printed by E. G. for R. Best, and are to be sould at his shop neare Graies Inn gate in Houlbourne."—At p. 247, as a second embellishment, the print already described in the preceding article as facing p. 246.

From the title to the preceding article it appears that the present was proposed to be appended thereto, which was certainly not required, as each forms a sufficient volume, and is separately paged.

In this History,—"whose ground-colour is truth, and consequently deserves," says the author, "to be entertained with more trust,"—Philocles is a younger brother, who has been educated at the University, and is a poet. He becomes the tutor of Doriclea, the daughter of Androgeus and Euryclea, a woman "of good descent," and he a gentleman that had "borne offices of account and quality under his Soveraigne." The young lady has wealthy suitors, which are rejected, and becomes enamoured of her instructor, who is thereupon discarded, and afterwards recalled upon the declining state of health of Doriclea, with the usual termination—marriage. An underplot or two, not more eventful, and equally satisfactory.

The scene of action is "neare to that antient Towne of famous and time-honoured *Gaunt;*" from whence Barnabee commences the second journey. (See note p. 100.)

Some small pieces of poetry are introduced; the following is called

Love's Description.

Love, what's thy name, a phrensie : Whence thy birth?
From Heaven : How comes it then thou lives on Earth?
I live not there : yet each usurps thy name :
'Tis true indeed, but hence redounds their shame!
I live not there, my Nature's pure and just,
But *lust* lives there, and love's a foe to *lust.*

XXXII.

The English Gentleman; and the English Gentlevvoman: Both in one Volume couched, and in one Modell portrayed: to the living glory of their Sexe, the lasting story of their Worth. Being presented to present times for ornaments; commended to posterity for Presidents. With a Ladies Love-Lectvre and a Svpplement lately annexed, and Entituled the Tvrtles Trivmph. The Third Edition revised, corrected, and enlarged. By Richard Brathvvait Esq.

Turture sic Turtur jungit amanda suo.

London, Printed by Iohn Dawson. 1641. fol.

In an engraved title there is an interesting display of the principal subjects discussed in the two works, after the manner but not precisely copied from the titles to the earlier editions. The figures are nearly all changed, the mottoes omitted, and much of the garniture altered. Whether this deviation from the original designs obtained the sanction of the author seems doubtful, unless he was too indolent to revise the broadside, containing an explanation of the frontispiece, as the two sheets of the first edition are here printed together without alteration. The title has 'W. Marshall sculpsit,' and is a valuable specimen of the correct taste and execution of that engraver.

The second leaf of the volume is a distinct title to

47. *The English Gentleman*: [as at p. 90.] *The Third Edition revised, corrected and enlarged. By Richard Brathvvait Esq.*

Seneca in Herc. furen.

——— *Qui genus jactat suum*
Aliena laudat.

London, Printed by I. Dawson. 1641.

Dedication inscribed "To the nobly accomplished the Right Honourable Philip, Earle of Pembroke, and Montgomery, &c. Lord Chamberlaine of his Majesties Household, Knight of the most Honourable Order of the Garter: all correspondence to his Intirest and Integrion'st Resolves. Worthily Honoured, *Vertue the greatest signall*," &c. This address concludes: "*whose intimate affection to your Lordship*, made him erre, if he erre. Your Honours in all devotion, Richard Brathwait."

An address "to the knowing Reader," and "vpon the volume and Title," occupy the sixth (including titles) and last leaf of the introductory matter. *The English Gentleman* has at the end the description of "a Gentleman,"* and the table concluding at p. 262.

48. *The English Gentlevvoman:* [as at p. 92.] *The Third*† *Edition revised, corrected, and enlarged. By Richard Brathvvait Esq.*

Modestia, non Forma.

London, Printed by I. Dawson. 1641.

This portion concludes with the character of "a Gentlewoman" and "Appendix," as in the first edition, and ends at p. 417 with the following lines—

Had woman, man's choyce succour, ne're beene sinner,
Pure as shee's faire, shee'd had no error in her:

* The *three choice characters* in preceding editions are not given.

† The date of the second edition I have not ascertained.

Now humble soule, her Error to descrye,
Shee still reteines the apple in her eye.

49. *A Ladies Love-Lectvre: composed, and from the choicest flowers of Divinitie and Humanitie Culled, and Compiled: As it hath beene by sundry Personages of eminent qualitie, upon sight of some Copies dispersed, modestly importuned: To the memory of that Sexes honour; for whose sweet sakes he originally addressed this Labour. By Ri. Brathvvait Esquire.*

Bὶς καὶ τρὶς τὰ καλὰ καὶ πολλάκις τὰ χρήσιμα.

London, Printed by Iohn Davvson. 1641.

This entertaining lecture concludes with a sonnet eulogising Virtue as making "happy schollers in Loves-Lecture," at p. 454. In place of an index a table sheet, or broadside of contents, is placed at the end.

50. *The Turtles Trivmph; presented In a Svpplement; Highly condvcing to an usefull Application, and gratefull Reconciliation of the two former subjects. Continued by Ri. Brathwait Esquire. London, Printed by Iohn Dawson.*

The signature of the volume is continued though the pagination recommences. This reconciliation of the Gentleman with the Gentlewoman ends with "a conclusive poem" at p. 52, sig. G g g.

XXXIII.

51. *The Penitent Pilgrim.*

Psal. 66. 16.

Come and hearken, all yee that feare God, and I will tell you what he hath done to my soule.

London, Printed by Iohn Dawson, and are to be sold by Iohn Williams at the signe of the Crane in Pauls Church-yard. 1641. 12mo. pp. 445.*

The clue for appropriating this pious production to Brathwait is the mannerism of style, which his many unacknowledged publications now compel us to confidently rely upon. It is dedicated to our Saviour; and the "summe, or Gradual Symptome of the Penitent Pilgrim," is divided into seventy-five chapters. To enumerate instances of the peculiarities of the language is unnecessary, as they may be easily discovered on perusal by those acquainted with his acknowledged works. The favourate metaphor of the worm occurs several times, and the following passage undoubtedly refers to events that had recently happened to himself—

"I knew well how the Harlot would bring a man even to a morsell of bread. How her paths were full of deceipt; and how her footstepps led unto death. And I understood how there was nothing to be compared to a *vertuous Woman*, and what felicity I enjoyed in such a Choice. With what pious obsequies I solemniz'd her Funeralls; whom I once enjoyed: with what purposes I entertained to remaine a constant Widdower, after such time as I was deprived of her. Yet, though ripenesse of yeares had nipped in mee the blossoms of youth: nay, though age had writ deepe furrows in my brow, yet found I youth enough in my doating fancy. For I am ashamed to thinke with what an unbeseeming lightnesse I encountered a

* Has an engraved frontispiece of an aged man as "the Penitent Pilgrim," journeying barefoot with bottle and staff, scallop shell in his hat, his loins girded, and beneath his feet: "Few and evill have the dayes of my life been. *Gen.* cap. 47. v. 9." It is by our author's usual artist, "W. Marshall sculp."

strange face. How soone I could gather by the wandring motion of her eye, the disposition of her heart. Thus in my declining age begun I to renue my acquaintance with light love: and to practise that which did least become me. So dangerous is the custome of sinne, when it has taken full seasure, or possession of the soule" (p. 99).

At the end of the work is "His Obsequies," and a poem of six stanzas for "His Gravestone," which is somewhat similar in measure to the Itinerary.

On the last leaf a quaint couplet occurs before the

Errata.

No place but is of Errors rife,
In labours, lectures, leafes, lines, life.

XXXIV.

52. *Mercurius Britanicus, Or, the English Intelligencer. A Tragic-Comedy, at Paris. Acted with great Applause. Printed in the yeare,* 1641. 4to.*

This was a political squib; and considering the ready pen and unceasing desire of Brathwait to acquire popularity, we may conclude it was not the only time-serving piece he put forth at that eventful period.†

* [Haslewood cites another edition of this date, entitled as follows: "Mercurius Britannicus: or, the English Intelligencer, a tragic comedy, at Paris acted with great applause. Reprinted with sundry additions. Printed in the yeare 1641. 4to. Lat. and Eng."

† Then every groaning press was delivered almost daily of a slovenly ill-digested satire, and the title of Mercurius was appendicated to a shoal of ill-written lampoons. There was a kind of public stipulatory whim for a quarto sheet embellished with

XXXV.

53. *Astraea's Teares. An Elegie Vpon the death of that Reverend, Learned and Honest Judge, Sir Richard Hutton Knight; Lately one of his Majesties Iustices in his Highnesse Court of Common Plees at Westminster. London, Printed by T. H. for Philip Nevil, and are to be sold at his Shop in Ivie Lane, at the signe of the Gun.* 1641. 12mo.—sig. H 2. 55 leaves.*

As early as 1614 our author dedicated *The Prodigals Teares* to Richard Hutton, Sergeant at Law,† with whom he appears to have been intimate, and probably they were distantly related.

Some dedicatory lines are inscribed "to my truly-esteemed and highly-respected Cosin Thomas Hutton Esquire; a member of the Honourable Society of Grais-Inne." Another poem entitled "Astræas Shrine," and "Upon this poem," are followed by an address

> "To my worthily-accomplished and most endeared Cosin, Sir Richard Hutton Knight.
>
> Sir, here receive these Obit-teares of ours,
> While Native love and duty nourish yours:
> Let us then joyne our Funerall odes in one,
> His dearest *God-sonne* with his *Eldest Sonne.*

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one or two woodcuts, and that impotent fashion existed near ten years.

* A frontispiece with all the strength and spirit of Marshall, has a strong likeness and whole-length figure of the Judge in his robes, in a reclining posture; a hand from the clouds with a label "Farewell, Honest Judge." Other inscriptions—"*Vale pauperis optime præses*," "*Vale debilis alme Satelles.*" It is an excellent portrait of the judge, and of the greatest rarity, not being noticed by Grainger.

† See p. 36.

Though Heires in such like Teares doe seldom share,
I'm sure true tears streame from your Fathers heire.

Excuse me, Sir, that these come forth so late,
They come too soone by Voice and Vote oth' State."

The latter couplet is explained by the marginal note at the head of the Elegy, giving the time of Sir Richard Hutton's death: "Obiit Feb. 26, Anno Domini 1638;" the Elegy not appearing until three years after the event had happened.

Astræas Teares consist of an Elegy, or rather a very long and severe satire, upon the knavery and foppery of the times, concluding with an eulogium upon Judge Hutton. Then his

Epitaph.

A rarer sage ne're Age brought forth,
Richer in fame, love, reall worth,
Freer in heart, milder in speech,
Apter to learne, fitter to teach,
Gladder to dye, nor in his death
Lesse taken with affected breath:
  Nor did he any Sermon need,
  Who left his life a Book to read.

An Elegy follows that "was composed the very same morning he dyed," which concludes—

But lo! the place where thou interred art,
Presents new-pensive objects to my hart:
For neare this holy ground of thine possest,
A grimmer Hagge then Death did me arrest,
Till thy just-judging eye did rightly scan
My cause, and free'd me from th' Leviathan:
For ne're was man surpriz'd with more deceite,
Nor with more Grace retreved from a Grate.

In the margin the following note on these lines—"Sainct Dunstons. Vid. Panarete: Annivers. 5;" probably refers to some juvenile imprudence whereby Brathwait suffered incarceration for a time, and also alluded to in the *Strappado for the Diuell*, 1615. There a poem is entitled: "The occasion of this Epigram proceeded from the restraint of the Author, who in the iustnes of his cause (like Xenophons Sparrow) fled for refuge to the worthily esteemed, the right worshipfull Rich. Hvtton, Sergeant at Lawe, &c."

An Epitaph records the virtues and praise of a Judge who died 16 Dec. 1639, George Vernon—

A numerous book-man, who from severall places
Could store his pleadings with a thousand cases,
Which prov'd his studies were estrang'd from sloath,
His leafes not spider-wov'n nor known to moath;
As I've seen some, who shelv'd large volumes by them,
But knew not what was in them should you try them.
These take up Law and Learning upon trust,
And with a foxes taile brush off the dust
From their rare visited Authors.—Such as these
Account it their prime theory to get fees.

Other Epitaphs on Richard Viscount Molyneux, and that judicious patriot Sir Christopher Dalston, knt., conclude the work at sig. E 4: then a new title for

54. *Panaretees Trivmph; or Hymens heavenly Hymne.*

Pæan̄a cantat Hymen; taceat lachrymabile Carmen.

London, Printed by T. H. for Philip Nevil, and are to be sold at his Shop in Ivie Lane, at the signe of the Gun. 1641.

The poem begins at the back of the title—

Remove that funerall-pile ; now six whole yeares
Have beene the nursing mothers of my teares.
These rivell'd furrows of mine aged cheeke
Have writ griefes characters exceeding deepe
But what's perpetuall cannot mix with earth,
Joyes must partake with teares and teares with mirth.
Those carelesse foldings of mine armes must cease
While ayres resounded cares, and cares ay-mees ;
While tones were threnes, ech motion of my tongue
The dying accent of a swan-like song.
These must be closed in her sacred shrine
Whose living beautie, while enstyled mine,
Made me too earthly blest ;—Another rite
Must banish these presentments from my sight.

He then describes the necessity of foregoing funeral tears during another nuptial, and they are to be preserved for those who cannot weep; as "spritely blades—some widows—profuse gallants," whose necessity in that respect is interestingly described. Of himself he says—

Now some will aske why my decaying time
Should to such solemne nuptiall rites incline ?
Whereto I answer, no licentious fire
Inflam'd my sprinkling organs with desire,
No glowing heat of fancy did I feele,
Unto my : : : : : I freely may appeale.
These were unfitting motives to weake sense,
Though age must render age benevolence
When time, place, spirit may such acts admit
With equall willing minds to second it.
No, my affection never tooke delight
I th' light embraces of a marriage night,
Nor to make sacred rights such tempting lures
To sate th' desire without more inward cures.
For had these bene mine ends, my constant ayme
Had long since fixt upon more youthfull game.

Nor did I want in number to supply
The curious choice of love's attractive eye,
Which may appeare by those selecter lines
My widdow Muse compos'd in former times.
"Four wenches be there who my love would win,
"And stick as close as ticks unto my skin;
"The *first* a widdow worth six thousand pound,
"But my hopes say, more thousands may be found;
"The *next* as nimble as the mountaine *Roe*,
"But all her fortunes are not worth a stroe;
"The *third* a wanton witty worldly cricket,
"But too too many Cubbs have sprung her wicket;
"The *fourth* of lovely hue and lively quicknesse,
"For th' trickle-bed has cured her green-sicknesse,
"A damsell fresh as is the flower in May,
"But her pure zeale impurer acts display:
"Advise me which to chuse, and I'le have at her,
"One must I have, more is a hanging matter.
And these were true, as I may hope for life,
Yet could no beautie stamp the style of wife
In my affections.——

His moral reflections conclude as the bell tinkleth: he married a second time a lady of Scottish extraction, which occasions his introducing "Calliopees expostulation with the Calidonian Nation." A "courteous Curtain Lecture" is also delivered by his wife, and a florid description is given of her person and manners.

[XXXVI.

History Surveyed in a brief Epitomy: Or, A Nursery for Gentry. Comprised in an Intermixt Discourse upon Historicall and Poeticall Relations. Wherein is much variety of Discourse and modest delight. By Richard Braithwaite Esquire, Oxon. . . . London, Printed for J. E. and are to be sold by Nathanael Webb and William Grantham. . . . 1651. 4to. 221 leaves.

A new title only to the unsold copies of *A Survey of History*, 1638. Wood speaks of a title dated 1652.]

XXXVII.

56. *Times Treasury; or Academy for Gentry. Laying downe excellent grounds both Divine and Humane, in relation to Sexes of Both Kindes: For their accomplishment in arguments of Discourse, Habit, Fashion: and happy progresse in their Spirituall Conversation. Revised, Corrected, and Inlarged, with a Ladies Love-Lecture; And a Supplement, Entituled the Turtles Triumph: Summing up all in an exquisite Character of Honour. By Ri. Brathwait Esq. London, Printed for Nath. Brooke, at the Angel in Cornhill.* 1652. fol.

After the above title prefixed to some copies of *The English Gentleman*, 1641, a dedication "to the right Honourable William Earle of Strafford; Sonne and Heire to that incomparable Master-piece of Wit, Worth and Wisdome, Thomas, Lord Wentworth, Viscount Woodhouse, late Lord Deputy of Ireland, [stiled] my constantly memorized and perpetually indeared Mecenas. [Wishing] All corresponding honour and happinesse suitable to a branch of such rising hopes; lineally ennobled and enabled to all proficience. Highly Honovred [our author continues]; Piety, as it hath the promise, so it renders the best deblazon to the House of Honour. In which highest ascent of Heraldry, (for all other Titles or Gradations appear irreal and shady,) *Vertue the greatest Signall*," &c. Here the text proceeds as in the dedication to the Earl of Pembroke, and verbatim to "*whose inti-*

mate affection to your Lordship, will quickly sweeten and attemper the rigidst Censure: and signe an easy indulgence to such an obsequious errour. Your Honours in all Devotion, lineally obliged, Ri. Brathwait."

An entire leaf appropriated to the following dedicatory address, which is set out on the first page:— "For the most Vertvovs, and Nobly-Accomplisht Ladie, the right honourable, Elizabeth, (Dowager) Covntesse of Strafford; highly eminent in the skale of the serious't, and serenest judgements, for her pious Conversation of the living memory of Her most Absolute Consort."

The above matter, in four leaves, is substituted for the first two title-pages already described as before edition 1641.* In other respects the copies are the same: except at the end

A character of Honour

of four leaves and only a head-title. The signatures do not continue, being *a a a a* and *b b b b*. There is not any reference to the preceding matter, although undoubtedly by our author.

XXXVIII.

57. *A Mustur Roll of the evill Angels embatteld against S. Michael. Being a Collection, according to the order of time, (throughout all the Centuries) of the chiefe of the Ancient Heretikes, with their Tenets, such as were condemned by Generall Councels. Faithfully collected out of the most Authentike Authors. By R. B. Gent.*

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* P. 171.

Sil. Ital.

Heu prima scelerum causa Mortalibus aegris,
Naturam nescire Deum.

London, Printed for William Sheers, and are to be sold at his shop in S. Pauls Church yard at the sign of the Bible. 1655. 24mo. pp. 94.

Dedication: "To Sir J. P. Baronet. Sir, I send you heere an Assize Booke, or rather a Treatise of Poysons; to peruse which, I had not given you the trouble, had not your own commands obliged mee to it: for what my memory faild me of in our last discourse upon this subject of Heretikes, I have, to comply with your desires, turn'd over those few Treasuries of *Common places* wherewith my reading hath furnished mee. And now you may behold the Locusts creeping out of the bottomlesse Pit in their orders, and heare all their severall tones," &c.

The Muster Roll of "Capitall Heretikes in the severall Centuries," commences with No. "I. Simon Magus, An. Dom. 55. or thereabouts," and terminates with No. "L. The new Arrians, Ann. 1534, or thereabouts." At the end the following

"Postscript.—And now, Sir, I could wish that these Heretikes survived only in Paper, but alas they are all lived over againe, though they seeme not at this resussitation to have so bright ascendants as at their birth, for then many approved Wits, and persons of reverend name, were given over to believe these lies now few besides narrow indigested souls run after them: a providence that promises they will the sooner find their graves, for the vulgar are still as covetous of novelty, as of your commands is

"Sir,

"Your most humble Servant

"R. B."

XXXIX.

58. *Lignum Vitæ. Libellvs in quatuor partes distinctus: et ad utilitatem cujusque Animæ in altiorem vitæ perfectionem suspirantis, Nuperrimè Editus. Authore Richardo Brathwait Armigero; Memoratissimæ matris, Florentissimæ Academiæ Oxoniensis, Humillimo Alumno.*

Apoc. 2. 17.

Vincenti dabo edere de Ligno Vitæ quod est in paradiso Dei mei.

Londini, Excudebat Joh. Grismond. MDCLVIII. duod. [A—Yy 7 in eights.*]

This volume has an engraved title, "Vaughan sculp." crowded, as usual, with Latin sentences applicable to the figure and design.

It is divided into [four †] parts, and at the end of the second is a piece of Latin poetry of forty stanzas that corroborates the appropriation of Barnaby's Journal, as the following specimen will confirm :—

Hymnus fidelis Animæ, de fælicitate perennis gloriæ.

O perennis vitæ merces,
læta messis animæ,
Palma pacis, porta lucis,
lauta veris *area,*
Vita pollens, curam pellens
Floræ *comis aurea!*

---

* [The copy possessed and described by Haslewood was imperfect. Compare Corser, part 2, pp. 430–3.]

† [One of the portions is a reprint of the *Novissima Tuba*, 1632.]

Motus hostis, metus mortis
nullus in perpetuum,
Sponsa lætans, mæsta vetans,
opem fert assiduam,
Res opimæ, spes divinæ,
dissipant invidiam. — — —

Castè, cautè, lectè, lautè,
sese virgo præparat,
Longè prius venit dies
quo conclave visitat,
Ne rugosa sit explosa
quando portam penetrat.

Primo quærit, carpit, gerit
humilitatis violam,
Secundò florem perdecorum
Castitatis Lilium
Tertio Roseum *et ambroseum*
Charitatis flosculum. — — —

Sic finitâ brevi vitâ,
vitæ hac dieculâ,
Instruatur, induatur
gloriæ amiculâ,
Hæc mens mea in me Dea,
laudans te per secula.
Amen.

XL.

59. *The Honest Ghost, or a voice from the Vault.*

In noxam sectatur et umbra.

London, Printed by Ric. Hodgkinsonne. 1658. oct. 169 leaves [with two frontispieces].

To the initials of our author at p. 310 may be cited the following lines, confirming Mr Malone's assertion that this volume was the production of Brathwait—

What can these spruce Silk-worms do at me? [p. 1.]
Thus did this Worme-sprout sheild him from their hate. [p. 121.]
This the spruce credulous Silk-worm seems to trust. [p. 185.]
Now were it fit like Glow-wormes to discover. [p. 262.]
Of vicious Silke-wormes in this age of Apes. [p. 266.]
Who could have thought this downy Lapwing would. [p. 96.]
To th' Cent we goe, where we at Cent-foot play. [p. 151.]
Or th' Alchimists owne Ape, Tom Trinculo. [p. 231.] *
For while these to the Ballad-monger flocked,
My nimble-nipps div'd deep into their pocket. [p. 233.] *

Dedicatory lines inscribed "to my Stationer health, wealth, and liberty." Others "to the ingenuous State-censor," commence—

My younger years compos'd these rurall rymes
To taxe the errors of corrupter times:

and that

Twenty-four harvests now are spent and gone
Since *this* receiv'd its first conception;
So, as you may suspect, there's something in't
That kept this work so many yeers from print."

At p. 249 a note describes the poem as written in 1632.

The *Honest Ghost* is a severe satirist, making the machinery of his oration the *Five Senses.* "A Post-script" in prose is appended to the poem, with "The copy of a Letter sent from a Burgess of the Lower-House, to the brittle Society, or broken company of Bankrupt-Merchants, 1625;" and "A Prisoners picture, posture and pressure," &c. which is subscribed '*Altanus Ponticus.*' Then a new title for

* See character of a Ballad-monger, p. 94.

60. *Two Poems Penned by the Author, before his restraint, Entituled Loves Lottery and The Cuckow. Whereunto are annexed, The Trapanner. The Tarpolin. Messalina. An Elegie on Phil. Porters death. With his Farewell to Poetry, or Motto upon Misery: Shewing how the Muses are patronesses of Poverty.*

At p. 115 commences another portion of the volume, and the most curious. The prefatory lines are entitled "His Vision;" wherein having communed with certain Apes, we have next The Apes of Honour, Pleasure, Vaine-glory, Fancy, Fashion, Observation: with Court, City, Country, Church, Judiciall, Politicall, Chymicall, and Criticall Apes. Address to the State-Critick; Apes Censure: with "The Life of Polymorphus Simianus Author of this Poem," and "The Draught or Portrait of every Ape, with their distinct properties, &c."—These biting satires show a long and well-studied knowledge of mankind, and are given with the same strong cast of character which our author commonly displayed. The Life seems a doubtful compilation. From where the Criticall Ape describes some of England's wonders, we select the following lines—

But, sirra, you
Who knows more coasts then ere Columbus knew,
While forraine-country wonders are made known,
You must forget this country of your owne.
For in this Iland where yourselfe was borne,
Did you nere visit *Glastenbury* Thorne?
Saint *Thomas Beckets* Path, his Shrine, his Cell?
The civit-senting mosse of *Win'freds* Well?
The stones of *Salisbury-plain*, which more can number?
The stones of *Whitby-strand*, that snakie wonder?
Bruertons Logg which on a mote doth lye,
And sinking bodes the *Ancestor* must dye.
Or of *Saint Quintins* (as I've heard it told)
Whose ancient seat is Harpham in the Would;

Where at such times as chiefe of th' house shall dy,
A drum to th' hearing of the neighbours by,
For three daies space together sounds alarum,
(A gentle easie summons to prepare him)
Which dying march, as I have understood,
Issues from th' covert of a shadie wood,
But whence or how produc'd, that know not I,
A sacred-secret seal'd from mortall eye :
But it implies, this charity will grant,
He dies a champion i' th' church militant, &c.

Parthenia's Passions, consisting of a few miscellaneous poems, some addressed to our author's Mecaenas, the Earle of Strafford as *the western Knights Pasquill*, conclude the volume. We select the following as short—

To Captaine Sadler ; a rare Scarlet dyer.

Noble Sir, I am here, neare unto your proper sphere :
Visit him who holds you dear.

Dearest friend, who all thy time
Hast been blest in each designe ;
And hast *Colour* for thine ends,
To improve and right thy friends :
Mayst thou live in Honours eye,
Till thy *Scarlet* lose her dye :
Love's a colour dyde in graine,
Whose reflexe admits no staine.

Neq' dives, nec egenus,
Neq' satur, neq' plenus ;
Nec agrestis, nec amœnus,
Nec sylvestris, nec serenus :
Palmis nec mulcendus pœnis,
At in omni sorte lenis.

The dates of the pieces in this division are of the year of publication. The last page announces—

"These papers bearing the title of Parthenia's

Passions, were privately procured without the Authors knowledge. Excuse then these Errors: being at the instancy of persons of quality, published without his directions."

XLI.

61. *Capitall Hereticks, or the Evill Angels embattel'd against St. Michael. Being a Collection, according to the order of Time, (throughout all the Centuries) of the chief of the Antient Hereticks; with their Tenets, such as were condemned by General Councels. Faithfully Collected out of the most Authentike Authors. By R. B. Gent.*

Heu prima scelerum causæ Mortalibus ægris,
Naturam rescire Deum ——

London, Printed for William Shears, at the Bible in Bedford street, and in the New Exchange. 1659.

This is only a new title-page to the article already described at p. 182.

XLII.

62. *To his Majesty upon his happy arrivall in our late discomposed Albion.*

Sidon.
Vidi quod speravi, vidisse tamen dolui,
Perægrè spectando quod petii.

By R. Brathwait Esq. London, Printed for Henry Brome, at the Gun in Ivie-lane. 1660. 4to. 8 leaves.

From a date in manuscript this poem appears to have been published 'July 12,' 1660, being forty-four days after the king entered London. It is a hasty loyal effusion, beginning—

Blest be that all-ey'd Lord, who gave us eyes
To see the period of our miseries.
Now be our longing hopes safe brought ashore,
Our state secur'd, what can we wish for more.

He tells the king—

Amidst those dusky clouds which adverse fate
Had thrown on mine anatomized state,
The morning sun shone cheerfully on me
Because a subject sworn to loyalty.

At the end are some lines addressed "to the croud of suppliants at Whitehall."

XLIII.

63. *The Captive-Captain: Or, the Restrain'd Cavalier; Drawn to his full Bodie in these Characters;*

I. *Of a Prison.*
II. *The Anatomy of a Jayler.*
III. *A Jaylers Wife.*
IV. *The Porter.*
V. *The Century.*
VI. *The Fat Prisoner.*
VII. *The Lean Prisoner.*
VIII. *The restrain'd Cavalier, with his Melancholy fancy.*

Presented, and Acted to Life in a Suit of Durance; an Habit suiting best with the Place of his Residence.

Nullus extra te Carcer.

London Printed by J. Grismond. 1665. oct. 98 leaves.

The following is the dedicatory address: "For the worthily honoured, richly accomplished; and absolutely compleated, Sir Tho. Preston, Baronet; his most affectionately obliged Servant R. B. presents these Characters: (being native and genuine displayers of the humours of these Times;) in lieu of those gracefull respects, so amicably and amply rendered; and by the Author humbly acknowledged."

Characters, essays, poems, &c., form this medley, "interlac'd with sundry other emergent subjects, properly and ingeniously dilating on the Humours of these times."

The characters are of a prison; jaylor; his wife; a porter; the centry; fat prisoner; lean prisoner; and restrained Cavalier, with his melancholy fancy. Essays as advice to a peer; a peasant; a landlord; a farmer; a simple country curate; a country justice; an heir; a younger brother; a gallant; his mistress; and advice to him that will take it. There are also characters of a country commissioner, state competitor, phanatick, &c.; with letters of advice and two dissertations upon the interests of Westmorland and Cumberland.

To the essays as *Advices* is given a distinct title as

64. *Choice Cabinet Counsel.*

Aperiatur Scrinium,
Ut reperiatur Consilium. *Proclus.*

Sperate Miseri,
Cavete Fœlices.

What precious treasures best inrich the mind,
Unlock the Cabinet, and you shall find,
Gemms may be stoln, or lustre lose with rust,
But these more pure than to resolve to dust.

XLIV.

65. *Tragi-Comoedia, Cui in titulum inscribitur Regicidium, Perspicacissimus Judiciis acuratiùs perspecta, pensata, comprobata; Authore Ri. Brathwait, Armigero, utriusque Academiæ Alumno. Londini, Typis J. G. & prostat venalis in officinâ Theodori*

Sadleri, in Strandensi, plateâ ædibus Somersetensis contiguâ. 1665. oct. pp. 192.*

At p. 159, Bedlamum Novum. Scena Britannia. (Pars Secunda.)

XLV.

66. *A Comment upon the Two Tales of our Ancient, Renovvned, and Ever Living Poet Sr Jeffray Chavcer, Knight. Who, for his Rich Fancy, Pregnant Invention, and Present Composure, deserved the Countenance of a Prince, and his Laureat Honour.*

The Millers Tale,
and
The Wife of Bath.

Addressed and published by Special Authority. London, Printed by W. Godbid, and are to be sold by Robert Clavell at the Stags-Head in Ivy-lane.† 1665. oct. pp. 199.

Dedication : "To the highly-honoured, and nobly accomplished, Sr John Wintovr, Secretary of State to her sacred Majesty, the Queen Mother, a loyal Subject to his Sovereign, a faithful Servant to his Covntrey, a resolute sufferer for both ; R. B. his most devotional serviteure presents these illustrations, primarily intended, and purposely published for entertainment of retired hours."

Advertisement : "This Comment was an Assay, whereto the Author was importuned by Persons of

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* [Haslewood was not aware that the title-page to this volume was printed twice with literal variations.]

† In some copies, *sold by Robert Crofts at the Crown in Chancery-lane neer Serjeants-Inn.* 1665.

Quality, to compleat with Brief, Pithy, and Proper Illustrations, Suitable to such Subjects."

The commentary is reducing the tales to prose, with occasional observations and quotations from other poets, where we have to regret the total omission of references to the originals. The following "old Sylvan charm" is given in the comment on the Miller's Tale as similar to one used anciently, when people "shut their doors at night and opened them in the morning"—

> Fawns and Fairies keep away,
> While we in these coverts stay;
> Goblins, Elves, of Oberon's train,
> Never in these plains remain,
> Till I and my nymph awake,
> And do hence our Journey take,
> May the Night-mare never ride us,
> Nor a fright by night betide us:
> So shall Heav'ns praise sound as clear,
> As the shrill voyc'd Chanticleer. [p. 31.]

The versification of the old proverb of the flitch of bacon is thus given—

> He that is not with Penitence taken
> For that he married not before, or married now,
> May challenge a Flitch of Essex Bacon,
> And carve his Morsel in the Cow of Dunmow. [p. 80.]

At p. 85 a story 'which the Epigrammatist no less pleasantly weaves up,' is repeated from the *Strappado for the Divel*, 1615, as to the 'wily wench' who to 'Capricorn her husband' makes her lover provide his servant with a bearskin, to lay at the chamber door; because as her husband hates the horn, so equally he fears the bear.

In the comment on the Tale of the Wife of Bath, as to the story of Arthur's Round-table reference is

made to Leland, who says, in memory of its foundation there was still "to be seen in Denbighshire, in the parish of Llansavan, in the side of a Stony hill, a place artificially compos'd." On the lines

> All was this lond fulfilled of fairy
> The Elfe quene, with her joly company;

the commentator observes: "King Oberon, Queen Mab, Prince Cricket, and his paramour Pig-Widgeon, with all their fair company, used to repare hither, and dance a Cinque-pace upon the Meads (if they had so much art among them). Yea by usually resorting and consorting together, they became so familiar with our Milk-maids on the Downs, as they would not only sport with them, but woo them and win them; whence the poet—

> Pug wooed Jug, a wily Cub,
> To drink with him a Sillibub,
> Which drunk they so familiar grew,
> As Jug became one of the Crew.

But this (saith our Wife of Bath) was many hundred years ago. King Oberon's race is quite extinct and gone, or else confined to some other remote island, where they reside" (p. 151).

At the end of the volume it is said in

An Appendix: "After such time as the Author, upon the instancy of sundry persons of Quality had finish'd his Comments upon these Two Tales; the perusal of them begot that influence over the clear and weighty judgments of the strictest and rigidest Censors; as their high approvement of them induced their importunity to the Author to go on with the rest, as he had successfully done with these two first: Ingenuously protesting, that they had not read any

subject discoursing by way of Illustration, and running Descant on such light, but harmless fancies, more handsomly couched, nor modestly shadowed. All which, though urgently press'd could make no impression on the Author: For his Definite Answer was this: 'That his Age, without any Appellant, might render his Apology; and priviledge him from Commenting on Conceptions (were they never so pregnant) being interveined with Levity, saying;

> Of such light toyes hee'd ta'n a long adew,
> Nor did he meane his knowledge to renew.

Neither could he entertain any such thought of perfection in these, being begun and finish'd in his blooming years; wherein the heat of conceipt, more than the depth of Intellect, dictated to his pen. The remainder of his hours henceforth was to *number his Daies:* But if Æson's Herb should revive him, and store him with a new plumage, he was persuaded that his youthful Genius could not bestow his endeavour on any Author with more pleasure nor complacency to Fancy, than the Illustrations of Chaucer.'

"Amidst this discourse, a Critick stepping in, objected out of the quickness of his Censure, much like that phantastical Madam who drew rapsodies from her carpet, that he could allow well of Chaucer, if his language were better. Whereto the Author of these commentaries return'd him this Answer: 'Sir, it appears you prefer *Speech* before the *Headpiece; Language* before *Invention;* whereas weight of judgment has ever given *Invention* priority before *Language.* And not to leave you dissatisfied, as the time wherein these Tales were writ, rendered him incapable of the one; so his pregnancy of Fancy approv'd him incomparable for the other.' Which answer still'd this Censor and justified the Author; leaving *New-*

holme to attest his deserts ; his *works* to perpetuate his honour."

[XLVI.

The Smoaking Age: or, The Life and Death of Tobacco. In Three Parts. 1. *The Birth of Tobacco.* 2. *Pluto's Blessing to Tobacco.* 3. *Time's Complaint against Tobacco. To which is added Chaucers Incensed Ghost. By R. B. London, Printed and Sold by John Nutt near Stationers Hall.* 1703. 8vo.

See Corser's *Collectanea*, part 2, p. 361.]

XLVII.

Some Rules and Orders for the Government of the House of an Earle, set downe by Richard Brathwait.

[Not printed in the Author's lifetime ; at least no edition has been found. It was included in *Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana*, where it forms No. 8 ; and a coeval MS., supposed to be the one from which the text was taken, is in the British Museum.]

☞ In forming the foregoing Catalogue I have derived much valuable assistance from the collections of Mr Heber, Mr Freeling, Mr Perry, and Mr Hibbert, and from the Bodleian Library through the Rev. P. Bliss ; and it will be found to add considerably to the number of our author's known works.

Of the *Anniversaries upon Panarete*, those for the years 1636 to 1640 remain undiscovered. They were probably appended to Elegies on distinguished characters then recently deceased. Their annual continuance after 1641 may be doubted : it was a subject unlikely to assimilate with the feelings of the second wife and bruit of common observation.

That other articles should hereafter be discovered, may be expected; as from the many pieces of humour, essays, and poems Brathwait put forth anonymously, the present research is not likely to have ascertained all his unappropriated pieces.*

As the eulogist of a contemporary writer Brathwait has a copy of Verses prefixed to Yorke's *Union of Honour*, and possibly many others of a similar description.

* [See Corser, pp. 442–52–5 for an account of two other works ascribed to Brathwait by Mr Corser.] The want of information as to his early writings for the stage has been already noticed (p. 6.) The story related in the *English Gentleman*, 1630, p. 195, of a sick young Gentlewoman, fond of plays, crying "Oh Hieronimo, Hieronimo, methinks I see the brave Hieronimo!" is strangely garbled by Prynne in that crude mass of dulness and ridiculous profoundness of quotation, the *Histrio-Mastix*, p. 556. She there exclaims, "Hieronimo, Hieronimo, O let mee see Hieronimo acted;" and a note states our "author being then present at her departure." From this Brathwait declared himself "injuriously traduced by Mr W. P. in his *Histrio-Mastix*." *See English Gentleman*, 1641, p. 109.

Barnabæ

ITINERARIUM,

MIRTILI & FAUSTULI nominibus insignitum: Viatoris Solatio nuperrimè editum, aptissimis numeris redactum, veterique Tono BARNABÆ publicè decantatum.

Authore *Corymbæo.*

Efficit egregios nobilis alla viros.


Barnabæ Itinerarium,
OR
Barnabees Iournall.
Sic omnia fumus
Omnia mea mecum porto.
Siccum et humidum
Datur Vacuum ergo fallere
Will: Marshall sculp:

Barnabees

JOURNALL,

Under the Names of

MIRTILUS & FAUSTULUS

shadowed: for the Travellers

Solace lately published, to most apt

numbers reduced, and to the old Tune

of BARNABE commonly

chanted.

By *Corymbæus.*

The oyle of malt and juyce of spritely nectar
Have made my Muse *more valiant than*
Hector.

LOYALL PHEANDER
to his
ROYALL ALEXANDER.

THe title, Noble friend, of ALEXANDER,
Were it nought else, implyes a great *Commander*.
And so you shall be still of me & mine,
With *Barnabe* couch'd in a reeling ryme:
Nor wonder, friend, if his dimensions reele,
Whose *head* makes such Jambicks with his *heele*.

Vpon this Worke.

THis three dayes taske was once imposed me,
In the first Spring of my minoritie;
No edge of Razer then had toucht my chin,
Nor downy shade approach'd my supple Skin;
I knew not th' postures of this *Indian vapor*,
Nor made my Sacrifice unto my Taper;
I'd ne're seene any *Curtaine* nor *partition*,
Which beget worke for *Surgeon* and *Physician;*
I was a Novice in the Schoole of Sin,
Nor yet did taste, what others dived in.
Excuse this *Subject* then, if't doe not fit
The nicenesse of this Age for weight and wit.
Birds flicker first before they learne to fly,
And trust me on my credit so did I.
"Great Tasks when they'r to shorter times confin'd
"Will force a Worke mount lower than the mind."

Oppida

Ad Viatorem.

O*Ppida dum peragras, peragrando Poemata spectes,*
Spectando titubes, Barnabe, *nomen habes.*

To

To the Traveller.

TOwnes while thou walk'st,
and seest this poetrie,
And seeing stumblest, thou art
Barnabe.

Ad

Ad Translatorem.

PEssimus est Cerdo, qui transtulit ordine calvo,
Non res sed voces percutiendo leves.
Ast hic Translator *corii peramabilis Actor,*
Qui rythmo pollens fit ratione satur.

That

To the Tranſlator.

THAT paltry Patcher is a bald Translater
Whose aule bores at the *Words* but not the *matter*:
But this Translator makes good use of lether
By stitching *ryme* and *reason* both together.

Mulciber,

Index Operis.

MUlciber, Uva, Venus, *redolens* ampulla, Silenus,
Effigiem titulis explicuere suis.

Vul-

The Index of this Work.

V*Ulcane, Grape, Venus, Bottle, Silen's* hooke,
Have *all* explain'd the title of this Booke.

Sic

SIc me Parnassi *deserta per ardua dulcis*
Raptat amor——

THus through vast Desarts,
promontories wilde,
Parnassus love drawes *Bacchus*
onely childe.

Barnabæ Itinerarium,
Anglo-Latinum.

Itineris Borealis :

Pars Prima.

MIRTILUS & FAUSTULUS
Interlocutores.

MIRTIL.

O FAUSTULE, *tende palmam,*
Accipe calicem vitibus almam ;
Tu ne vinctus es dolore?
Uve tinctus sis colore.
Sperne opes, sperne dapes,
Merge curas, rectè sapis.

O Faustule, *dic amico*
Quo in loco, quo in vico,
Sive campo, sive tecto,
Sine linteo, sine lecto,
Propinasti, queis tabernis,
An in Terris, an Avernis?

Barnabee's Journall,

English and Latine:

His Northerne Journey:

First Part.

MIRTILUS & FAUSTULUS
inter-speakers.

MIRTIL.

O FAUSTULUS, stretch thy hand out,
Take thy Liquor, doe not stand out;
Art thou prest with griping dolour?
Let the grape give thee her colour.
Bread's a binder, wealth's a miser,
Drinke down care, and thou art wiser.

O *Faustulus*, tell thy true hart,
In what Region, Coast, or New part,
Field or Fold thou hast beene bousing,
Without linnen, bedding, housing,
In what Taverne, pray thee show us,
Here on Earth, or else below us?

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars prima.

FAUSTUL.

O Mirtile, *baculum fixi*
Mille locis ubi vixi,
In pistrinis, in popinis,
In Coquinis, in Culinis,
Huc, & illuc, istic, ibi,
Hausi potus, plus quam cibi.

In progressu Boreali,
Ut processi ab Australi,
Veni Banbery, *O prophanum!*
Ubi vidi Puritanum,
Felem facientem furem,
Quia Sabbatho stravit Murem.

Veni Oxford, *cui comes*
Est Minerva, *fons* Platonis;
Unde scatent peramœnè
Aganippe, Hippocrene;
Totum fit Atheniense,
Imò Cornu Reginense.

Inde Godstow *cum amicis,*
Vidi Tumbam Meretricis;
ROSAMUNDAM *tegit humus,*
Pulvis & umbra corpore sumus:
Sic qui teget, quæ tegetur,
Ordine certo sepelietur.

Barnabees Journall.

First part.

FAUSTUL.

O *Mirtilus*, I will show thee,
Thousand places since I saw thee,
In the Kidcoat I had switching,
In the Tap-house, Cook-shop, Kitching,
This way, that way, each way shrunk I,
Little eat I, deeply drunk I.

In my progresse travelling Northward,
Taking my farewell oth' Southward,
To *Banbery* came I, O prophane one!
Where I saw a Puritane-one,
Hanging of his Cat on Monday,
For killing of a Mouse on Sonday.

To *Oxford* came I, whose Copesmato
Is *Minerva*, Well of *Plato;*
From which Seat doe streame most seemlie,
Aganippe, *Hippocrene;*
Each thing ther's the *Muses Minion*,
Queenes College-Horn speakes pure *Athenian.*

Thence to *Godsto*, with my Lovers,
Where a Tombe a Strumpet covers;
ROSAMUND lies there interred,
Flesh to dust and shade's compared,
Lye he 'bove, or lye she under,
To be buried is no wonder.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars prima.

Inde Woodstock, *quò spectandum*
Labyrinthum memorandum
Ferunt, sed spectare nollem,
Reperi vivam Hospitem mollem ;
Gratior sociis est jocundis,
Mille mortuis Rosamundis.

Veni Brackley, *ubi natus*
Stirpe vili Magistratus,
Quem conspexi residentem,
Stramine tectum contegentem,
Et me vocans, " *Male agis,*
" *Bibe minus, ede magis.*

Veni Daintre *cum puella,*
Procerum *celebre* duello,
Ibi bibi in Caupona,
Nota muliere bona,
Cum qua vixi semper idem,
Donec creta *fregit fidem.*

Veni Leister *ad* Campanam,
Ubi mentem læsi sanam ;
Prima nocte mille modis
Flagellarunt me Custodes,
Pelle sparsi sunt livores
Meos castigare mores.

Barnabees Journall.

First part.

Thence to *Woodstock* I resorted,
Where a Labyrinth's reported,
But of that no 'count I tender,
I found an Hostesse quicke and slender:
And her Guests more sweetly eying,
Than a thousand *Rosamunds* dying.

From thence to *Brackley*, as did beseeme one,
The May'r I saw, a wondrous meane one,
Sitting, thatching and bestowing
On a Wind-blowne house a strowing,
On me, cald he, and did charme mee,
" Drinke lesse, eat more, I doe warne thee.

Thence to *Daintree* with my *Jewell*,
Famous for a *Noble Duell*,
Where I drunk and took my Common
In a Taphouse with my Woman;
While I had it, there I paid it,
Till long *chalking* broke my credit.

Thence I came to th' *Bell* at *Leister*,
Where my braines did need a plaister;
First night that I was admitted,
By the Watchmen I was whipped,
Black and blew like any tetter
Beat I was to make me better.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars prima.

Veni Gottam, *ubi multos*
Si non omnes vidi stultos,
Nam scrutando reperi unam
Salientem contra Lunam,
Alteram nitidam puellam
Offerentem porco sellam.

Veni * Nottingam, *tyrones*
Sherwoodenses *sunt Latrones,*
Instar Robin Hood & Servi
Scarlet, & Johannis Parvi ;
Passim, sparsim peculantur,
Cellis, Sylvis deprædantur.

---

* Mortimeriados *morti dos, gloria pulvis,*
Atria sunt frondes, nobilis Aula seges.
Nunc gradus anfractus, cisterna fluenta spadonis,
Amplexus vermes, oscula mista rogis.

Clamat tempus edo, vocemque repercutit Ecco,
Sed nunquam redeo, voce resurgit Ego.

O vos Heroës attendite fata sepulchris,
Heroum, patriis qui rediere thoris !
Non estis luti melioris in orbe Superbis ;
Hi didicere mori, discite morte sequi.

Barnabee's Journall.

First part.

Thence to *Gottam*, where sure am I,
Though not all fooles I saw many;
Here a She-gull found I prancing,
And in Moon-shine nimbly dancing,
There another wanton madling
Who her Hog was set a sadling.

Thence to **Nottingam*, where rovers,
High-way riders, *Sherwood* drovers,
Like old *Robin-Hood*, and *Scarlet*,
Or like *Little John* his varlet;
Here and there they shew them doughty,
Cells and Woods to get their booty.

---

* Brave *Mortimer's* now dead, his glory dust,
His Courts are clad with grasse, his Hall with rust.
His staires steepe steps, his Horse-troughs cisterns are,
Wormes his embraces, kisses ashes share.

Time cryes, I eat, and Ecco answers it:
But gone, e're to returne, is held unfit.

O Heroes of these Heroes take a view,
They'r to their fathers gone, and so must you!
Of better clay you are not than these men,
And they are dead, and you must follow them.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars prima.

Veni Mansfield, *ubi nôram*
Mulierculam decoram,
Cum qua nudum feci pactum,
Dedi ictum, egi actum,
Sed pregnantem timens illam,
Sprevi villam & ancillam.

Veni * Overbowles, *ubi* * Dani
Habitarunt tempore Jani;
Patet oppidanus callis
Circum circa clausus vallis,
Castris, claustris, & speluncis
Tectus cœcis, textus juncis.

Sacra die eò veni,
Ædes Sanctæ erant plenæ,
Quorum percitus exemplo,
Quia Hospes erat Templo,
Intrans vidi Sacerdotem,
Igne fatuo *poculis notum.*

---

* *Temporibus* Jani *Sedes fuit ultima* * Dani,
Conspicuis vallis obsita, fixa palis.

Barnabee's Journall.

First part.

Thence to *Mansfield*, where I knew one,
That was comely and a trew one,
With her a nak'd compact made I,
Her long lov'd I, with her laid I,
Towne and her I left, being doubtfull
Lest my love had made her fruitfull.

Thence to **Overbowles*, where **Danus*
Dwelt with's *Danes* in time of *Janus ;*
Way to th' Towne is well disposed,
All about with trenches closed,
Pallisado's hid with bushes,
Rampires overgrowne with rushes.

On a Feast day came I thether,
When good people flockt together,
Where induc'd by their exemple,
I repair'd unto the Temple ;
Where I heard the Preacher gravely
With his Nose pot-tipt most bravely.

---

* In *Janus* time was *Danus* seated here,
As by their pales and trenches may appeare.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars prima.

Glires erant incolæ villæ,
Iste clamat, dormiunt illi;
Ipse tamen vixit ita,
Si non corde, veste trita;
Fortem præ se ferens gestum,
*Fregit pedibus *Suggestum.*

Qua occasione nacta,
Tota grex †expergefacta,
Sacerdote derelicto,
Tabulis fractis graviter icto,
Pransum redeunt, unus horum,
Plebem sequor non Pastorem.

Veni Clowne, *ubi vellem*
Pro liquore dare pellem,
Ibi cerebro inani
Vidi conjugem Vulcani,
Quæ me Hospitem tractat bene
Donec restat nil crumenæ.

---

* *Fragmina suggesti sacrarunt fercula festi.*
Lucret.

† *O cives, cives, Sacris attendite rivis,*
Præceptor legerit, *vos verò* negligitis.

Barnabee's Journall.

First part.

Dormise-like the people seemed,
Though he cride, they sleeping dreamed;
For his life, tho there was harme in't,
Heart was lesse rent than his garment;
With his feet he did so thunder
As the * pulpit fell asunder.

Which occasion having gotten,
All † awake, the pulpit broken;
While the Preacher lay sore wounded,
With more boords than beards surrounded,
All to dinner, who might faster,
And among them I left Pastor.

Thence to *Clowne* came I the quicker,
Where I'de given my skin for liquer,
None was there to entertaine us
But a Nogging of Vulcanus,
Who afford't me welcome plenty,
Till my seame-rent purse grew empty.

---

* The fragments of which pulpit they were pleas't
To sacrifice to th' ashes of their Feast.

Lucret.

† Pray you, good Townsmen, sacred Springs affect,
Let not your Preacher *read*, and you *neglect*.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars prima.

Veni Rothram *usque* Taurum,
Et reliqui ibi aurum,
Diu steti, sed in pontem
Titubando fregi frontem,
Quo pudore pulsus, doctè
Clam putabam ire nocte.

Veni Doncaster, *ubi sitam*
Vidi levem & Levitam,
Quæ vieta & vetusta,
Parum pulchra aut venusta,
Cupit tamen penetrari,
Pingi, pungi, osculari.

Veni *Aberford, *ubi notum*
Quod aciculis emunt potum,
Pauperes sunt & indigentes,
Multum tamen sitientes;
Parum habent, nec habentur
Ulla, quæ non tenet venter.

---

* *Eo tempore, quo in hoc pauperiore Vico hospitium suscepimus, quidam Acicularius, è grege præ cæteris, famâ egregius, aciculari pulvere suffocatus interiit: In cujus memoriam hoc inscriptum comperimus Epitaphiū.*

—— ô Mors crudelis
Quæ tuis telis
Artificem stravisti,
Qui meliorem
Erasit pulverem
Quàm tu de eo fecesti.

Barnabee's Journall.

First part.

Thence to th' *Bull* at *Rothram* came I,
Where my gold, if I had any,
Left I, long I stoutly rored
Till oth' Bridge I broke my forehead,
Whence ashamed while brows smarted,
I by Night-time thence departed.

Thence to *Doncaster*, who'l beleeve it!
Both a *Light-one* and a *Levite*
There I viewed; too too aged,
Yet to love so farre engaged,
As on Earth she only wished
To be painted, pricked, kissed.

Thence to **Aberford*, whose beginning
Came from buying drink with pinning;
Poor they are and very needy,
Yet of liquor too too greedy;
Have they never so much plenty,
Belly makes their purses empty.

---

* At such time as we sojourn'd in this poor Village, it chanced that a certaine Pinner, and one of the choicest of all his Flocke, being choaked with pin-dust, dyed: To whose Memory wee find this Epitaph indorsed.

—— ô cruell Death
To rob this man of breath,
Who whil'st he liv'd in scraping of a pin,
Made better dust, than thou hast made of him.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars prima.

Veni Wetherbe, *ubi visam*
Clari Ducis meretricem,
Amplexurus, porta strepit,
Et strependo Dux *me cepit;*
Ut me cepit, aurem vellit,
*Et præcipitem foris pellit.**

Hinc diverso cursu, serò
Quod audissem de Pindero
Wakefeeldensi, *gloria mundi,*
Ubi socii sunt jucundi,
Mecum statui peragrare
Georgii *fustem visitare.*

Veni Wakefeeld *peramœnum,*
Ubi quærens Georgium Grenum,
Non inveni, sed in lignum
Fixum reperi Georgii *signum,*
Ubi allam bibi feram,
Donec Georgio *fortior eram.*

---

* *In* Corneolo Angiportu,
Subamœniore Horto
Speciosa manet scorta,
Meretriciâ Procans sportâ.

Barnabee's Journall.

First part.

Thence to *Wetherbe*, where an apt one
To be *Tweake* unto a Captaine
I embraced, as I gat it,
Door creek'd, Captain tooke me at it,
Took me and by th' Eares he drew me,
And headlong down staires he threw me.*

Turning thence, none could me hinder
To salute the *Wakefield Pinder;*
Who indeed's the worlds glory,
With his *Cumrades* never sory.
This the cause was, lest you misse it,
Georgies Club I meant to visit.

Streight at *Wakefeeld* was I seene a,
Where I sought for *George* a *Greene* a,
But I could find no such creature,
On a Signe I saw his feature:
Where the strength of ale so stirr'd me,
I grew stouter farre than *Geordie.*

---

* Neare *Horne-Alley* in a Garden
A wench more wanton than *Kate Arden*
Sojourns, one that scorns a Wast-coat,
Wooing Clients with her basket.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars prima.

Veni Bradford, *cessi foris*
In Familiam Amoris,
Amant istæ & amantur,
Crescunt & multiplicantur,
Spiritus instructi armis,
Nocte colunt opera carnis.

Veni Kighley, *ubi montes*
Minitantes, vivi fontes,
Ardui colles, aridæ valles,
Læti tamen sunt Sodales,
Festivantes & jucundi,
Ac si Domini essent Mundi.

Veni Giggleswick, *parum frugis*
Profert tellus clausa jugis;
Ibi * *vena prope viæ*
Fluit, refluit, nocte, die,
Neque norunt vnde vena,
An a sale vel arena.

---

* *E gremio collis saliens scatet unda perennis,*
Quæ fluit & refluit, nil tamen æstus habet.

Barnabees Journall.

First part.

Thence to *Bradford*, my tongue blisters
At the *Family of Sisters*,
They love, are lov'd to no Eye-show,
They increase and multiply too,
Furnish'd with their spritely weapons
She-flesh feeles Clarks are no Capons.

Thence to *Kighley*, where are mountaines
Steepy-threatning, lively fountaines,
Rising Hils, and barraine valleis,
Yet *Bon-Socio's* and good fellowes,
Joviall-jocund-jolly Bowlers.
As they were the world Controulers.

Thence to *Giggleswick* most sterill,
Hemm'd with rocks and shelves of perill ;
Neare to th' way as Traveller goeth,
A fresh * Spring both Ebbes and Floweth,
Neither know the Learnd'st that travell
What procures it, *Salt* or *Gravell.*

---

* Neare th' bottom of this Hill, close by the way
A fresh Spring Ebs and Flowes all houres oth'day.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars prima.

Veni Clapham, *unus horum*
Qui accivit voce forum,
Prima hora ut me visit,
Mihi Halicem promisit;
Halicem mihi, calicem ei,
Pignus in amoris mei.

Veni Ingleton, *ubi degi*
Donec fabri caput fregi,
Quo peracto, in me ruunt
Mulieres, saxa pluunt,
Queis perculsus, timens lædi,
His Posteriora dedi.

Veni Lonesdale, *ubi cernam*
Aulam factam in Tabernam;
Nitidæ portæ, nivei muri,
Cyathi pleni, paucæ curæ;
Edunt, bibunt, ludunt, rident,
Cura dignum nihil vident.

Pirgus inest fano, fanum sub acumine Collis,
Collis ab elatis actus & auctus aquis.

Barnabees Journall.

First part.

Thence to *Clapham*, drawing nyer
He that was the common Cryer,
☞ To a breakefast of one Herring
Did invite me first appearing.
Herring he, I drinke bestowed,
Pledges of the love we owed.

Thence to *Ingleton*, where I dwelled
Till I brake a Blacksmiths palled,
Which done, women rush'd in on me,
Stones like haile showr'd down upon me,
Whence amated, fearing harming,
Leave I tooke, but gave no warning.

Thence to *Lonesdale*, where I viewed
An Hall which like a Taverne shewed;
Neate Gates, white Walls, nought was sparing,
Pots brim-full, no thought of caring:
They eat, drink, laugh, are still mirth-making,
Nought they see that's worth care taking.

The poore mans box is in the Temple set,
Temple on Hill, th'Hill is by waters bet.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars prima.

Veni Cowbrow, *vaccæ collem,*
Vbi hospitem tetigi mollem,
Pingui ventre, læto vultu,
Tremulo cursu, trepido cultu,
Vti bibula titubat Vates,
Donec cecidit supra nates.

Veni Natland, *eò ventus,*
Eboraci *qui Contemptus*
Colligit, hospitium dedit,
Mecum bibit, mecum edit,
Semipotus, sicut usi,
Circa Maypole, *plebe lusi.*

Veni Kirkland, *veni* Kendall,
Omnia hausi, vulgo Spendall,
Nocte, die, peramicè
Bibi potum mistum pice.
" *Tege caput, tende manum,*
" *Manu caput fit insanum.*

His relictis, Staveley *vidi,*
Vbi tota nocte bibi,
Semper lepidus, semper lætus,
Inter hilares vixi Cœtus,
Queis jurando sum mansurus,
Donec Barnabe *rediturus.*

FINIS.

Barnabees Journall.

First part.

Thence to *Cowbrow*, truth I'le tell ye,
Mine hostesse had a supple bellie,
Bodie plumpe, and count'nance cheerfull,
Reeling pace (a welcome fearfull)
Like a drunken Hag she stumbled,
Till she on her buttocks tumbled.

Thence to *Natland*, being come thither,
He who *Yorks* Contempts did gather
Gave me harbour, light as fether
We both drunke and eat together,
Till halfe-typsy, as it chanced,
We about the *Maypole* danced.

Thence to *Kirkland*, thence to *Kendall*,
I did that which men call *Spendall*,
Night and day with Sociats many
Drunk I ale both thick and clammy.
" Shroud thy head, Boy, stretch thy hand too,
" Hand h'as done, head cannot stand to.

Leaving these, to *Staveley* came I,
Where now all night drinking am I,
Alwayes frolick, free from yellows,
With a Consort of good fellows,
Where I'le stay and end my journay,
Till Brave *Barnabe* returne-a.

FINIS.

In *Bacci* Thyrſum & *Barnabæ* Naſum,

Epigramma,

aliàs,

Naſutum Dilemma.

H*Ædera læta bono non est suspensa falerno,*
Thyrsus enim Bacci, Barnabæ *Nasus erit.*
Non opus est thyrso, non frōde virente cupressi,
Si non Thyrsus erit, Barnabe *Nasus olet.*

U*pon* Bacchus *Bush and* Barnabees *Nose*,

an Epigram,

or

Nose-twitching Dilemme.

GOod Wine no Bush it needs, as I suppose,
Let *Bacchus* bush bee *Barnabees* rich Nose.
No Bush, no Garland needs of Cipresse greene,
Barnabees Nose may for a Bush be seene.

Corollarium.

NOn thyrsus, thyasus, cyathus tibi thyrsus & ursus,
Thyrsus quo redoles, ursus ut intus oles.

No

Corollarie.

NO bush, no garland; pot's thy *Bush* & *Beare*,
Of *Beare* & *Bush* thou smellest all the yeere.

Bar-

Barnabæ

ITINERARIUM.

Pars secunda.

Authore *Corymbœo.*

Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?

Barnabees

J O U R N A L L.

The second part.

By *Corymbœus.*

Ore-flowing Cups whom have they not made learn'd ?

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars Secunda.

MIRTIL.

*F*Austè (FAUSTULE) *rediisti,*
Narra (precor) quò venisti,
Villas, vicos visitasti,
Cœtus, Situs peragrasti,
Certè scis ab Aquilone,
Multum mali, parum boni.

Bar-

Barnabees Journall.

The Second Part.

MIRTIL.

FAUSTULUS! happily returned;
Tell me, pray thee, where th'st journed;
What Townes, villages th'ast viewed,
What Seats, Sites, or States were shewed;
Sure thou know'st the North's uncivill,
Small good comes thence, but much evill.

Ille

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

FAUSTUL.

ILle ego sum qui quondam,
Crines, mores, vestes nondum
Sunt mutatæ, nam recessi,
Calceamentis queis discessi,
Neque pectine usus fui,
Sic me meis *juvat frui.*

Sed arrectis auribus audi,
Quid dilexi, quicquid odi,
* *Pontes, fontes, montes, valles,*
Caulas, cellas, colles, calles,
Vias, villas, vicos, vices,
Castas cautas, meretrices.

Dicam (quod mirandum) verum,
Non pauperior sum quàm eram,
Vno nec quadrante ditior,
Lautior, lætior, nec fœlicior,
Mollior, melior, potior, pejor,
Minùs sanus, magis æger.

---

* *Anglia, mons, fons, pons, Ecclesia, fœmina, lana.*

Barnabees Journall.

Second part.

FAUSTUL.

WHat I was once, same I am now,
Haire, conditions, garments same too,
Yea, there's no man justly doubteth,
These the same shooes I went out with;
And for combe I ne're us'd any,
Lest I lost some of my *Meney*.

But attend me, and partake it,
What I loved, what I hated,
* Bridges, fountaines, mountaines, valleis,
Cauls, cells, hillocks, high-wayes, shallows,
Paths, towns, villages, and trenches,
Chast-choice-chary-merry wenches.

Truth I'le tell thee, nothing surer,
Richer am I not, nor poorer,
Gladder, madder, nor more pleasing,
Blither, brisker, more in season,
Better, worser, thinner, thicker,
Neither healthfuller nor sicker.

---

* England amongst all Nations, is most-full
Of hills, wells, bridges, churches, women, wooll.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

Ego enim mundum totum
Tanti esse quanti potum
Semper duxi: mori mallem
Nobilem quàm vitare allam:
"*Sobrius similis apparet Agno,*
Ebrius Alexandro Magno."

Leviore nam Mæandro
Capite capto, sum Lysandro
Multò fortior, & illæsum
Puto me capturum Rhesum;
Sed ne tibi gravior essem,
Nunc descendam ad progressum.

Primò occurrit peragranti
* *Oppidum* Johannis Ganti,
Sedes nota & vetusta,
Mendicantibus onusta,
Janitorem *habens qualem*
Mundus vix ostendet talem.

---

* *Scinditur a clivo Turris, bitumine murus;*
Mœnia sic propriis sunt reditura rogis.

Barnabees Journall.

Second part.

For the world I so farre prize it,
But for Liquor I'd despise it,
Thousand deaths I'd rather dye too,
Than hold Ale mine Enemy tòo:
"Sober, Lamb-like doe I wander,
"Drunk, I'm stout as *Alexander*.

When my head feeles his Mæander,
I am stronger than *Lysander;*
Th'Ile of *Ree* I little feare it
Without wound to winne and weare it;
But lest tedious I expresse me,
To my *Progresse* I'le addresse me.

First place where I first was knowne-a,
Was brave *John a Gants* * old Towne-a,
A Seat antiently renowned,
But with store of Beggars drowned:
For a *Jaylor* ripe and mellow,
The world h'as not such a fellow.

---

* An ancient Arch doth threaten a decline,
And so must strongest Piles give way to time.

D

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

Veni Ashton, *ubi vinum,*
Militem, & Heroinam,
Clarum, charum, & formosam,
Damam, domum speciosam
Vidi, mersi mero Musam,
Donec pes amisit usum.

Veni Garestang, *ubi malè*
Intrans forum Bestiale,
Fortè vacillando vico
Huc & illuc cum amico,
In Juvencæ dorsum rui,
Cujus cornu læsus fui.

Veni Preston, *ductus eram*
Ad bacchantem Banisterum,
Ac si una stirpe nati,
Fratres fuimus jurati;
Septem dies ibi mansi,
Multum bibi, nunquam pransi.

Veni Euxston, *ubi hospes*
Succi plena, corpore sospes,
Crine Sparso, vultu blando,
At halitu (proh) nefando,
Qua relicta cum ancillis,
Me ad lectum duxit Phyllis.

Barnabees Journall.

Second part.

Thence to *Ashton*, good as may be
Was the wine, brave Knight, bright Ladie,
All I saw was comely specious,
Seemly gratious, neatly precious;
My Muse with *Bacchus* so long traded,
When I walk't, my legs denaid it.

Thence to *Garestang*, pray you harke it,
Ent'ring there a great Beast-market,
As I jogged on the street-a
'Twas my fortune for to meet-a
A young Heyfer, who before her
Tooke me up and threw me o're her.

Thence to *Preston*, I was led-a,
To brave *Banisters* to bed-a,
As two borne and bred together
We were presently sworne brether;
Seven dayes were me there assigned,
Oft I supt, but never dined.

Thence to *Euxston*, where mine Hostesse
Feeles as soft as any tost is,
Jucy, lusty, count'nance toothsome,
Braided haire, but breath most loathsome;
Her I left with locks of amber,
Phyllis light me to my chamber.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

Veni Wiggin *prope cœnam,*
Ad hospitulam obscœnam ;
Votis meis fit secunda,
Ebria fuit & jocunda ;
Sparsit anus *intellectum,*
Me relicto, minxit lectum.

Veni Newton in Salictis,
Vbi ludens chartis pictis
Cum puella speciosa,
Cujus nomen erat * Rosa,
Centi-pede provocavi
Ad amandum quam amavi.

Veni Warrington, *profluentes*
Rivos ripas transeuntes
Spectans, multo satius ratus
Mergi terris quàm in aquis,
Vixi lautè, bibi lætè,
Donec aquas signant metæ.

---

* *Quàm* Rosa *spiravit! sed odoribus* Aquilo *flavit,*
Et rugas retulit quas meminisse dolet.

Barnabees Journall.

Second part.

Thence to *Wiggin* about Supper,
To an Hostesse, none more slutter,
Buxome was she yet to see to,
She'd be drunk for companie too;
Wit this Beldam soon did scater,
And in Bed distill'd her water.

Thence to *Newton* in the *Willows*,
Where being boulstred up with pillows,
I at Cards plaid with a girle
**Rose* by name, a dainty pearle,
At Cent-foot I often moved
Her to love me whom I loved.

Thence to *Warrington*, banks or'eflowed,
Travellers to th' Towne were rowed,
Where supposing it much better
To be drown'd on Land than Water,
Sweetly, neatly I sojourned
Till that deluge thence returned.

---

* Fresh was my *Rose*, till by a *Northwind* tost,
She sap, sent, verdure, and her vigour lost.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

Veni Budworth *usque* Gallum,
Vbi bibi fortem allam,
Sed ebrietate captus,
Ire lectum sum coactus;
Mihi mirus affuit status,
A duobus sum portatus.

Sed amore captus grandi
Visitandi Thomam Gandi,
Holmi *petii* Sacellum,
Vbi conjugem & puellam
Vidi pulchras, licet serò
Has neglexi, mersus mero.

Hinc ad Tauka-Hill *perventum,*
Collem valde lutulentum,
Faber mihi bene notus
Mecum bibit donec potus,
Quo relicto, Cythera *sponte*
Cornua fixit Lemnia *fronte.*

Novo-Castro Subter linum,
Mulsum propinavi vinum;
Nullus ibi fit scelestus,
Vox clamantis in suggestis;
Portas castitatis frangunt,
Quas extincta luce tangunt.

Barnabees Journall.

Second part.

Thence to *Cock* at *Budworth*, where I
Drunk strong ale as browne as berry,
Till at last with deep-healths felled,
To my bed I was compelled;
I for state was bravely sorted,
By two Poulterers supported.

Where no sooner understand I
Of mine honest Hoast *Tom. Gandi*,
To *Holme Chappell* forthwith set I,
Maid and Hostesse both were prety,
But to drinke tooke I affection,
I forgot soone their complexion.

Thence to *Tauke-a-Hill* resort I,
An hill steepy, slippery, durty;
Smith with me being well acquainted
Drunk with me till's wits were tainted,
Having left me, *Venus* swore it,
She'd shooe-horn her *Vulcans* forehead.

At *New-Castle under line-a*,
There I trounc'd it in burn't wine-a;
None oth' *Wicked* there remained,
Weekly Lectures were proclaimed:
Chastity they roughly handle,
When blind zeale snuffs out the candle.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

Veni Stone *ad* Campanam,
Vidi *Deliam *non* Dianam ;
Hic suspectam habens vitam
Pastor gregis, Jesuitam
Me censebat, sed in certas
Nil invenit præter chartas.

Haywood *properans malignam,*
Nocte præparat aprugnam
Mihi Hospes ; sed quid restat ?
Calices haurire præstat :
Nullum Baccho gratius libum,
Quam mutare potu cibum.

Veni Ridgelay, *ubi Faber,*
Cui liquor Summus labor,
Mecum bibit ; Nocte data
Mihi matula perforata,
Vasis crimine detecto,
Fit Oceanus in lecto.

---

* *ô mellea, mea* Delia !

Barnabees Journall.

Second part.

Thence to th'*Bell* at *Stone* streight draw I,
**Delia* no *Diana* saw I;
By the Parson I was cited
Who held me for Jesuited;
In his search, the door fast locked,
Nought but Cards were in my pocket.

Thence to *Haywood* taking flight-a,
The Hostesse gave me brawne at night-a;
But what's that unto the matter?
Whiskins sorted with my nature:
To brave Bacchus no gift quicker
Than oblations of strong liquor.

Thence to *Ridgelay*, where a Black-smith,
Liquor being all hee'd take with,
Boused with me; mid-night waking
And a looking-glasse there taking,
Chamber-pot was hol'd quite thorow,
Which made me lye wet till morrow.

---

* ô my honey-suckle *Delia!*

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

Veni Bruarton, Claudi *domum,*
Ubi querulum audiens sonum,
Conjugem virum verberantem,
Et vicinum equitantem ;
Quo peracto, frontem lini
Spuma byne instar vini.

*Inde** Lichfield *properabam,*
Ubi quendam invitabam
Perobscœnum opibus plenum,
Ad sumendum mecum cœnam ;
Hausto vino, acta cœna,
Solvit divitis crumena.

Veni Colesill, *ad macellum,*
Ubi in cervisiam cellam
Fortè ruens, cella sordet,
Uxor mulcet, ursa mordet ;
Sed ut Lanius fecit focum
Lectum, dereliqui locum.

---

* *Cautibus, arboribus, cinaris, frondentibus herbis,*
Crevit in Ecclesiam vallis optima tuam.

Barnabees Journall.

Second part.

Thence to *Bruarton*, old *Claudus*
Did approve us and applaud us,
Where I heard a wofull bleating,
A curst wife her husband beating;
Neighbour rode for this default-a,
While I dyde my front with malt-a.

Thence to * *Lichfield* went I right on,
Where I chanced to invite one,
A Curmudgeon rich but nasty,
To a supper of a pasty.
Having sipt, and supt, and ended,
What I spent, the Miser lended.

Thence to *Colesill*, to a Shamble
Like an old Fox did I amble,
To a cellar, troth I'le tell ye,
Fusty, musty, headlong fell I;
But the Butcher having made-a
Th'fire his bed, no more I staid-a.

---

* Inclos'd with cliffs, trees, Scienes, Artichokes,
The fruitfull vale up to thy Temple lookes.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

Veni Meredin, *Meri-die*,
Ubi longæ fessus viæ,
Hospitem in genu cepi,
Et ulteriùs furtìm repi ;
Cum qua propinando mansi,
Donec sponsam sponsum sensi.

Veni Coventre, *ubi dicunt*
Quod Cæruleum filum *texunt,*
Ego autem hoc ignoro,
Nullum enim empsi foro,
Nec discerni juxta morem,
Lignum, lucem, nec colorem.

Veni Dunchurch *per latrones*
Ad lurcones & lenones,
Nullum tamen timui horum,
Nec latronem, nec liquorem ;
Etsi Dives metu satur,
Cantet vacuus Viator.

Manè Daintre *ut venissem,*
Corculum quod reliquissem,
Avidè quærens per musæum,
Desponsatum esse eam
Intellexi, qua audita,
"*Vale* (*dixi*) Proselyta.

Barnabees Journal.

Second part.

Thence at *Meredin* appeare I,
Where growne surfoot and sore weary,
I repos'd, where I chuckt Jone-a,
Felt her pulse, would further gone-a;
There we drunk, and no guest crost us,
Till I tooke the Hoast for th'Hostesse.

Thence to *Coventre*, where 'tis said-a
Coventre blew is only made-a;
This I know not, for sure am I
In no Market bought I any;
Bacchus made me such a Scholer,
Black nor blew, I knew no colour.

Thence to *Dunchurch*, where report is
Of pimps, punks a great resort is,
But to me none such appeared,
Bung nor Bung-hole I ne're feared;
Though the rich Chrone have feares plenty,
Safe he sings whose purse is empty.

At *Daintre* earely might you find me,
But not th'Wench I left behind me,
Neare the Schoole-house where I boused,
Her I sought but she was spoused,
Which I having heard that night-a,
" Farewell (quoth I) *Proselyta*.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

Veni Wedon, *ubi varii*
Omnis gentis Tabellarii
Convenissent, donec mundus
Currit cerebro rotundus:
"*Solvite Sodales læti,*
"*Plus* * *reliqui quam accepi.*

Veni Tosseter *die Martis,*
Ubi Baccalaureum artis
Bacchanalia celebrantem
Ut inveni tam constantem,
Feci me consortem festi
Tota nocte perhonesti.

Veni Stratford, *ubi* Grenum
Procis procam, Veneris venam,
Nulla tamen forma jugis,
† *Verdor oris perit rugis;*
Flos ut viret semel aret,
Forma spreta procis caret.

---

* *Nauseanti stomacho effluunt omnia.*
† *Vere fruor titulo, non sanguine, fronte, capillo:*
Nomine si vireo, Vere tamen pereo.

Barnabees Journal.

Second part.

Thence to *Wedon*, there I tarried
In a Waggon to be carried;
Carriers there are to be found-a,
Who will drink till th' world run round-a;
" Pay, good fellows, I'le pay nought heere,
" I have* left more than I brought heere.

Thence to *Tosseter* on a Tuesday,
Where an artfull Batchler chus'd I
To consort with; we ne're budged,
But to Bacchus revels trudged;
All the Night-long sat we at it
Till we both grew heavy pated.

Thence to *Stratford* where *Frank*† *Green*-a,
Daintiest Doe that e're was seene-a,
Venus varnish me saluted,
But no beauty long can sute it;
Beauty feedeth, beauty fadeth,
Beauty lost, her wooer vadeth.

---

* My queasy stomach making bold,
To give them that it could not hold.

† *Green* is my name from him whom I obey,
But tho my name be *Green*, my head is gray.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

Tenens cursum & decorum,
Brickhill, *ubi* Juniorem
Veni, vidi, propter mentem
Unum octo Sapientum;
Sonat vox ut Philomela,
Ardet nasus ut candela.

Hocklayhole *ut accessissem,*
Cellam Scyllam incidissem,
Antro similem Inferni,
Aut latibulo Lavernæ;
Ibi diu propinando,
Sævior eram quàm Orlando.

Veni Dunstable, *ubi mures*
Intus reptant, extus fures,
Sed vacandum omni metu
Furum temulento cœtu,
Pars ingenii mansit nulla
Quam non tenuit ampulla.

Veni Redburne, *ubi Mimi*
Neque medii, neque primi:
Prologus hedera redimitus
Simiano gestu situs,
**Convivalem cecinit odem,*
Heus tu corrige diploidem!

---

* Actor. *Dapes Convivio, sapore vario.*
Auctor. *Diplois spatio lataque medio.*
Corrige diploidem ægregie Nebulo.

Barnabees Journal.

Second part.

Holding on my journey longer,
Streight at *Brickhill* with Tom Younger.
I arriv'd; one by this cheese-a
Styl'd the eighth wiseman of *Greece*-a,
Voyce more sweet than *Prognes* sister,
Like a Torch his nose doth glister.

To *Hocklayhole* as I approached,
Scylla's barmy cell I broached,
Darke as th' Cave of *Pluto's* station,
Or *Laverna's* habitation;
Quaffing there while I could stand-o,
Madder grew I than *Orlando*.

Thence to *Dunstable*, all about me;
Mice within, and Thieves without me,
But no feare affrights deep drinkers,
There I tost it with my Skinkers;
Not a drop of wit remained
Which the Bottle had not drained.

Thence to *Redburne*, where were Players,
None of *Roscius* actiue heyres;
Prologue crown'd with a Wreath of Iuy,
Jetted like an Ape most lively:
I told them sitting at the * banket
They should be canvas'd in a blanket.

---

* *Actor.* Even as in a ban-a-quet are dish-es
Of Sun-dry ta-ast.
Author. Even so is thy doo-blet too long ith wa-ast;
Goe mend it, thou knave, goe mend it.

E

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

Illinc stomacho inani
Petii opidum * Albani,
Ubi tantum fecit vinum,
Dirigentem ad Londinum
Manum *manu cepi mea,*
Ac si socia esset ea.

Veni Barnet *Signo* Bursie,
Ubi convenissent Ursi,
Propinquanti duo horum
Parùm studiosi morum,
Subligacula dente petunt,
Quo posteriora fœtent.

Veni Highgate, *quo prospexi*
† *Urbem perditè quam dilexi,*
Hîc Tyronibus exosum
Hausi Cornu tortuosum,
Ejus memorans salutem
Cujus caput fit cornutum.

---

* *Hîc* Albanus *erat, tumulum, titulumq ; reliquit ;*
Albion Albanum *vix parit alma parem.*

† *Tot Colles* Romæ, *quot sunt Spectacula* Trojæ,
Quæ septem numero, digna labore tuo.
Ista manent Trojæ *Spectacula :* 1 Busta, 2 Gigantes,
3 Histrio, 4 Dementes, 5 Struthiones, 6 Ursa, 7 Leones.

Barnabees Journall.

Second part.

From thence with a stomack empty
To the towne of **Albane* went I,
Where with wine I was so undon,
As the *Hand* which guides to *London*
In my blind hand I receaved,
And her more acquaintance craved.

Thence to th' *Purse* at *Barnet* known-a,
There the Beares were come to Town-a;
Two rude Hunks, 'tis troth I tell ye,
Drawing neare them, they did smell me,
And like two mis-shapen wretches
Made me, ay me, wrong my bretches.

Thence to *Highgate*, where I viewed
† City I so dearely loved,
And th' *Horne of Matriculation*
Drunk to th'freshmen of our Nation,
To his memory saluted
Whose branch'd head was last cornuted.

---

* Here *Alban* was; his Tombe, his Title too;
"All *Albion* shew me such an *Alban* now.

† Seven Hils there were in *Rome*, and so there be
Seven Sights in *New-Troy* crave our memorie:
1 *Tombes*, 2 *Guild-Hall Giants*, 3 *Stage-plaies*, 4 *Bedlam poore*,
5 *Ostrich*, 6 *Beare-garden*, 7 *Lyons* in the Towre.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

Veni Hollowell, pileum rubrum,
In cohortem muliebrem,
Me Adonidem *vocant omnes*
Meretricis Babylonis ;
Tangunt, tingunt, molliunt, mulcent,
At egentem, foris pulsant.

Veni Islington *ad* Leonem,
Ubi spectans Histrionem
Sociatum cum choraulis,
Dolis immiscentem sales,
Cytharæ repsi in vaginam,
Quod præstigiis dedit finem.

Ægrè jam relicto rure,
Securem Aldermanni-Bury
Primò petii, qua exosa
Sentina, Holburni Rosa
Me excepit, ordine tali
Appuli Griphem veteris Bayly.

Ubi experrectus lecto,
Tres Ciconias *indiès specto,*
Quò victurus, donec æstas
Rure curas tollet mœstas ;
Festus FAUSTULUS *&* *festivus,*
Calice vividus, corpore vivus.

Barnabees Journall.

Second part.

Thence to *Hollowell, Mother red cap*,
In a troupe of Trulls I did hap;
Whoors of Babylon me impalled,
And me their *Adonis* called;
With me toy'd they, buss'd me, cull'd me,
But being needy, out they pull'd me.

Thence to *Islington* at *Lion*,
Where a juggling I did spy one,
Nimble with his Mates consorting,
Mixing cheating with his sporting;
Creeping into th'Case of 's viall
Spoil'd his juggling, made them fly all.

Country left; I in a fury
To the *Axe in Alder-Bury*
First arrived, that place slighted
I at *Rose in Holborne* lighted,
From the *Rose* in flaggons sayle I
To the *Griphin* ith' *Old Bayly*.

Where no sooner doe I waken,
Than to *Three Cranes* am I taken,
Where I lodge and am no starter
Till I see the Summer quarter;
Pert is FAUSTULUS and pleasing,
Cup brimfull, and corpse in season.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

Ego etiam & Sodales
Nunc Galerum Cardinalis
Visitantes, vi Minervæ
Bibimus ad Cornua Cervi,
Sed Actæon *anxius horum,*
Luce separat uxorem.

Yea

Barnabees Journall.

Second part.

Yea, my merry mates and I too
Oft to th' *Cardinals Hat* fly to,
Where to *Harts Horns* we carouse it,
As *Minerva* doth infuse it,
But *Actæon* sick oth' yellows
Mewes his wife up from good fellows.

Sub

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars secunda.

Sub Sigillo *tubi* fumantis & *thyrsi* flammantis, motu Mulciberi Naso-flagrantis.

Officina juncta Baccho
Juvenilem *fert Tobacco,*
Uti Libet, *tunc signata,*
Quæ impressio nunc mutata,
Uti Fiet, *nota certa*
Qua delineatur charta.

Τέλος, *sine* telis *non* typis.

FINIS.

Under

Barnabees Journall

Second part.

Under th' Signe of *Pipe* still fuming,
And the *Bush* for ever flaming,
Mulciber the motion moving,
With Nose-burning Master shaming:

A Shop neighbouring neare Iacco,
Where *Young* vends his old Tobacco,
As you like it, sometimes sealed,
Which Impression since repealed,
As you make it, he will have it,
And in Chart and Front engrave it:
Harmlesse but no artlesse end
Cloze I here unto my Friend.

FINIS.

Inter

In Errata.

I*Nter* Accipitrem *&* Buteonem,
J*uxta phrasem percommunem,*
Spectans ista typis data,
Hæc comperui Errata;
Quæ si corrigas (*Candide Lector*)
Plena coronet pocula nectar.

A vertice ad calcem
Erratis admove falcem.

Errando, disco. *Betwixt*

Upon the Errata's.

BEtwixt *Hawke* and *Buzzard*, ô man,
After th' Phraze of speech so cõmon,
Having seene this J*ournall* at print,
I found these *Erata's* in it;
Which if thou correct (Kind Reader)
Nectar by thy Muses feeder.

From the head unto the foot
Nought but *Error*, looke unto't.

This observation have I found most true,
Erring, I *learne* mine Errors to subdue.

Jam

I*Am* Venus Vinis *reditura* Venis,
J*am* Venus Venis *peritura plenis*,
Nam Venus Venis *patitur serenis*,
Nectare plenis.

* *Sopor nam* Vinis *provocatur* Venis,
Cui nulla magis inimica Venus.

Now

NOw *Venus* pure *Veines* are with *Wines* inflamed,
Now *Venus* full *Veines* are by wines restrained,
For *Venus* swolne *Veines* are by Morphuus chained,
From folly wained.

Bar-

Barnabæ

ITINERARIUM.

Pars Tertia.

Authore *Corymbœo.*

Inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper, Iaccho.

Barnabees

J O U R N A L L.

The Third part.

By *Corymbœus.*

Full-blowne my veines are, & so well they may,
With brimming healths of wine drunk yesterday.

Barnabæ

ITINERARIVM.

Itineris Borealis:

Pars tertia.

MIRTIL.

IO (FAUSTULE) *gratulantur*
Qui te amant & amantur,
Te incolumem rediturum!
Spreta Curia, pone curam,
Narra vias, quas calcasti,
Queis spirasti, quas spectasti.

Ne Ephesios Diana
Fit celebriore fama;
Omnes omnia de te fingunt,
Statuam Pictores pingunt;
Tolle metum, mitte moram,
Fac te clarum viatorem.

Barnabees

JOVRNALL.

His Northerne Journey:

Third part.

MIRTIL.

WHup (FAUSTULUS) all draw ny thee
That doe love thee, or lov'd by thee,
Joying in thy safe returning!
Leave Court, care, & fruitlesse mourning;
Way th'ast walked, pray thee shew it,
Where th'ast lived, what th'ast viewed.

Not th' *Ephesian Diana*
Is of more renoumed fam-a;
Acting wonders all invent thee,
Painters in their Statues paint thee;
Banish feare, remove delay-man,
Shew thy selfe a famous Way-man.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

FAUSTUL.

MItte moram, tolle metum!
Quis me unquam minùs lætum
Cum adversis *agitatum,*
Aut secundis *tam inflatum*
Vidit, ut mutando morem
Reddant me superbiorem?

Aspernarer ego mundum,
Nisi mundus me jucundum
Bonis sociis, radiis vitæ
Sociali tinctis siti
Celebraret; adi, audi,
Et Progressu meo gaude.

Primo die satur vino,
Veni Islington *à* Londino,
Iter arduum & grave,
Serò tamen superavi,
Acta vespertina Scena,
Siccior eram quàm arena.

Veni Kingsland, *terram regis,*
Speciosam cætu gregis,
Equum ubi fatigantem,
Vix ulterius spatiantem,
Nec verberibus nec verbis
Motum, gelidis dedi herbis.

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Faustul.

L*Eave delay, and be not fearfull!*
Why; who e're saw me lesse cheerfull
When I was by Fortune cuffed,
Or by Fortunes smiles so puffed,
As I shewd my selfe farre prouder
Than when she more scornfull shewd her?

For the world, I would not prize her,
Yea, in time I should despise her,
Had she in her no good fellow
That would drinke till he grew mellow;
Draw neare and heare, thou shalt have all,
Hearing, joy in this my travall.

First day having drunk with many,
To *Islington* from *London* came I,
Journey long and grievous wether,
Yet the Ev'ning brought me thether,
Having t'ane my pots by th' fier,
Summer sand was never dryer.

Thence to *Kingsland*, where were feeding
Cattell, Sheepe, and Mares for breeding;
As I found it, there I feared
That my *Rozinant* was wear'ed:
When he would jog on no faster
Loose I turn'd him to the pasture.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

Veni Totnam altam crucem,
Quò discessi ante lucem ;
Hospes sociis parùm caret,
Nemo Faustulum *spectaret ;*
Pratum stratum, & Cubile
O piaculum ! fit fœnile.

Ut reliqui Crucem altam,
Lento cursu petii Waltham,
In hospitium Oswaldi,
Qui mî regiam * THEOBALDI,
Monstrat domum, quo conspecto,
Hausi noctem sine lecto.

Veni Hodsdon, *stabant foris*
Chartis pictis Impostores,
Queis deceptis, notis causis,
Ante Eirenarcham pacis
Eos duxi, ut me videt,
Laudat eos, me deridet.

De augustissima Domo *Theobaldi.*

* *O Domus augustæ radiantia limina nostræ !*
An vestrum est mundi lumine clausa mori ?
Regia quo Sponsi pietas dedit oscula Sponsæ :
Et spirare Sabæ *vota suprema suæ !*

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to *Totnam-high-crosse* turning,
I departed 'fore next morning;
Hostesse on her Guests so doted
Faustulus was little noted;
To an Hay-loft I was led in,
Boords my bed, and straw my bedding.

Having thus left *High-Crosse* early,
I to *Waltham* travelled fairly,
To the Hospitall of *Oswald*,
And that Princely Seat of **Th'bald;*
There all night I drunk old Sack-a
With my bed upon my back-a.

Thence to *Hodsdon*, where stood watching
Cheats who liv'd by conicatching,
False Cards brought me, with them plaid I.
Deare for their acquaintance paid I;
'Fore a *Justice* they appeared;
Them he praised, me he jeered.

Of the Kings House at Tibbals.

* This seat, this royall object of the sight,
Shall it for ever bid the World, good night?
Where our preceding Kings enjoy'd such blisse,
And seal'd their amorous fancies with a kisse!

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

Veni Ware, *ubi belli*
Saltus, situs, & Amwelli
Amnes lenem dantes sonum,
Qui ditarunt Middletonum:
Sunt spectati more miti,
"*O si essent* Aqua vitæ!

Veni Wademill, *ubi ritè*
Pleno cyatho dempta siti,
Quidam clamitant jocosè,
Me spectantes otiosè,
Cö-ementem hæc flagella,
"*Ubi Equus, ubi Sella?*

Veni Puckridge, *eò ventum*
Mendicantes ferè centum
Me præcingunt; dixi verum,
"*Quod pauperior illis eram;*
Quo responso, mente una
Me relinquunt cum fortuna.

Veni Buntingford, *ad senilem*
Hospitem, & juvenilem
Conjugem, quæ scit affari
Placidè, lepidè, osculari;
Area florida, frutice suavis,
Ubi minurizat avis.

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to *Ware*, where mazie *Amwell*
Mildly cuts the Southerne Chanell;
Rivers streaming, banks resounding,
Middleton with wealth abounding:
Mightily did these delight me;
" O I wish'd them *Aqua vitæ!*

Thence to *Wademill*, where I rest me
For a pot, for I was thirstie;
On me cryde they and did hout me,
And like Beetles flockt about me:
" Buy a Whip S^{r}! no, a Laddle;
" Where's your Horse S^{r}? where your Saddle?

Thence at *Puckridge* I reposed,
Hundred Beggars me inclosed;
" Beggars, quoth I, you are many,
" But the poorest of you am I;
They no more did me importune
Leaving me unto my fortune.

Thence to *Buntingford* right trusty,
Bedrid Host, but Hostesse lusty,
That can chat and chirpe it neatly,
And in secret kisse you sweetly;
Here are arbours decked gaily,
Where the *Buntin* warbles daily.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

Veni Roiston, *ibi seges,*
Prata, sata, niveæ greges,
Ubi pedes pii Regis;
Hinc evolvens * Fati *leges,*
Mihi dixi: Quid te pejus,
Ista legens, malè deges?

Veni Caxston, *paupere tecto,*
Sed pauperiore lecto;
Quidam habent me suspectum,
Esse maculis infectum
Pestis, unde exui vestem,
Vocans Hospitem in testem.

Veni Cambridge, *prope* Vitem,
Ubi Musæ *satiant sitim;*
Sicut Muscæ circa fimum,
Aut scintillæ in Caminum,
Me clauserunt juxta murum,
Denegantes rediturum.

---

* *Pascua, prata, canes, viridaria, flumina, saltus,*
Ocia regis erant, rege sed ista ruent.

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to *Roiston*, there grasse groweth,
Medes, flocks, fields the plowman soweth,
Where a pious Prince frequented,
Which observing, this I vented:
"Since all flesh to * Fate's a debter,
"Retchlesse wretch, why liv'st no better?

Thence to *Caxston*, I was led in
To a poor house, poorer bedding,
Some there were had me suspected
That with plague I was infected,
So as I starke-naked drew me,
Calling th'Hostesse streight to view me.

Thence to *Cambridge*, where the *Muses*
Haunt the *Vine-bush*, as their use is;
Like sparks up a Chimney warming,
Or Flyes neare a Dung-hill swarming,
In a Ring they did inclose me,
Vowing they would never lose me.

---

* Fields, floods, wasts, woods, Deare, Dogs, with well-tun'd crye,
Are sports for Kings, yet Kings with these must dye.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

Media nocte siccior essem
Ac si nunquam ebibissem,
Sed pudore parùm motus,
Hinc discessi semi-potus:
Luci, loci paludosi,
Sed Scholares *speciosi.*

Veni * Godmanchester, *ubi*
Ut Ixion *captus nube,*
Sic elusus à puella,
Cujus labra erant mella,
Lectum se adire vellet,
Spondit, sponsum sed fefellit.

Veni Huntington, *ubi cella*
Facto pacto cum puella,
Hospes me suspectum habens,
Et in cellam tacitè labens;
Quo audito, vertens rotam,
Finxi memet perægrotum.

---

* *Quercus anilis erat, tamen eminùs oppida spectat;*
Stirpe viam monstrat, plumea fronde tegit.

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

'Bout mid-night for drinke I call S^r,
As I had drunk nought at all S^r,
But all this did little shame me,
Tipsy went I, tipsy came I:
Grounds, greenes, groves are wet and homely,
But the *Schollers* wondrous comely.

Thence to * *Godmanchester*, by one,
With a Clowd as was *Ixion*,
Was I gull'd; she had no fellow,
Her soft lips were moist & mellow,
All night vow'd she to lye by me,
But the giglet came not ny me.

Thence to *Huntington*, in a cellar
With a wench was there a dweller
I did bargaine, but suspected
By the Hoast who her affected,
Down the staires he hurr'ed quickly,
While I made me too too sickly.

---

* An aged Oake takes of this Towne survey;
Findes Birds their Nests, tels Passengers their way.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

Veni Harrington, *bonum omen!*
Verè amans illud nomen,
Harringtoni *dedi* nummum,
Et fortunæ penè summum,
Indigenti postulanti,
Benedictionem danti.

Veni Stonegatehole *nefandum*
Ubi contigit memorandum.
Quidam Servus Atturnati
Vultu pellicis delicatæ
Captus, intrat nemus merè
Ut coiret muliere.

Mox è dumo latro repit,
Improvisum eum cepit,
Manticam vertit, mæchum vicit,
Et post Herum nudum misit:
Manibus vinctis Sellæ locat,
Hinnit Equus, Servus vocat.

Cogitemus Atturnatum
Suspicantem hunc armatum,
Properantem deprædari,
Uti strenuè calcari:
Currit Herus, metu teste,
Currit Servus sine veste.

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to *Harrington*, be it spoken!
For Name-sake I gave a *token*
To a Beggar that did crave it
And as cheerfully receive it:
More he need't not me importune
For 'twas th'utmost of my fortune.

Thence to *Stonegatehole*, I'l tell here
Of a story that befell there,
One who served an Atturney
T'ane with beauty in his journey,
Seeing a Coppice hastens thither
Purposely to wanton with her.

As these privatly conferred,
A Rover tooke him unprepared,
Search't his Port-mantua, bound him faster,
And sent him naked to his Master:
Set on's Saddle with hands tyed,
Th'Horse he neyed, Man he cryed.

Th' Atturney when he had discerned
One, he thought, behind him armed
In *white Armour*, stoutly sturr'd him,
For his Jade hee keenly spurr'd him:
Both run one course to catch a Gudgeon,
This Nak't that frighted to their lodging.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

Psallens * Sautry, *tumulum veni,*
Sacerdotis locum pœnæ,
Ubi Rainsford *jus fecisset,*
Et Pastorem *condidisset:*
Vidi, ridi, & avari
Rogo rogos sic tractari.

Veni ad Collegium purum,
Cujus habent multi curam;
Perhumanos narrant mores
Patres, Fratres & Sorores:
Unum tenent, unà tendunt,
Omnes omnia Sacris *vendunt.*

An sint isti corde puro,
Parum scio, minus curo;
Si sint, non sunt Hypocritæ
Orbe melioris vitæ:
Cellam, Scholam & Sacellum
Pulchra vidi supra Stellam.

---

* *Vrna* Sacellani *viventis imago sepulti,*
Quique aliis renuit busta, sepultus erat.

Egregium illud Sautry *Sacrarium Sacerdotis avari retinuit memoriam.*

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Singing along down * *Sautry* laning,
I saw a Tombe one had beene laine in,
And inquiring, One did tell it,
'Twas where *Rainsford* buried th'*Prelat:*
I saw, I smil'd, and could permit it,
Greedy Priests might so be fitted.

To th'*Newfounded College* came I,
Commended to the care of many;
Bounteous are they, kind and loving,
Doing whatsoe're's behoving:
These hold and walke together wholly,
And state their Lands on uses holy.

Whether *pure* these are or are not,
As I know not, so I care not;
But if they be dissembling Brothers,
Their life surpasseth many others:
See but their Cell, Schoole and their Temple,
You'l say the Stars were their exemple.

---

* Here of the whip a *Covetous Priest* did lick;
Who would not bury th' dead, was buried quick.

Nothing more memorable than that Chappell of *Sautry* reteining still with her that Covetous Priests memory.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

Veni Stilton, *lento more,*
Sine fronde, sine flore,
Sine prunis, sine pomis,
Uti senex sine comis,
Calva tellus, sed benignum
Monstrat viatori Signum.

Veni Wansforth-brigs, *immanem*
Vidi amnem, alnum, anum;
Amnem latum, anum lautam,
Comptam, cultam, castam, cautam;
Portas, Hortos speciosos,
Portus, Saltus spatiosos.

Sed scribentem digitum Dei
Spectans MISERERE MEI,
Atriis, angulis, confestìm
Evitandi cura pestem,
Fugi, mori licet natus,
Nondum mori sum paratus.

Inde prato per-amœno
Dormiens temulentè fœno,
Rivus surgit & me capit,
Et in flumen altè rapit;
Quorsum? *clamant;* Nuper erro
A Wansforth-brigs in Anglo-terra.

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to *Stilton*, slowly paced,
With no bloome nor blossome graced,
With no plums nor apples stored,
But bald like an old mans forehead;
Yet with Innes so well provided,
Guests are pleas'd when they have tride it.

Thence to *Wansforth-brigs*, a river,
And a wife will live for ever;
River broad, an old wife jolly,
Comely, seemely, free from folly;
Gates and gardens neatly gracious,
Ports and Parks and pastures spatious.

Seeing there, as did become me,
Written, LORD HAVE MERCY ON ME,
On the Portels, I departed,
Lest I should have sorer smarted;
Though from death none may be spared,
I to dye was scarce prepared.

On a Hay-cock sleeping soundly,
Th'River rose and tooke me roundly
Downe the current; people cryed,
Sleeping, down the streame I hyed;
Where away, quoth they, *from Greenland?*
No; from Wansforth-brigs in England.

G

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

Veni * Burleigh, *licet Bruma,*
Sunt fornaces sine fumo,
Promptuaria sine promo,
Clara porta, clausa domo;
† *O Camini sine foco,*
Et culinæ sine Coquo!

Clamans, domum ô inanem!
Resonabat ‡ Ecco, famem;
Quinam habitant intra muros?
Respirabat Ecco, mures;
Ditis omen, nomen habe;
Ecco respondebat, Abi.

Veni § Stamford, *ubi bene*
Omnis generis crumenæ
Sunt venales, sed in summo
Sunt crumenæ sine nummo:
Plures non in me reptantes,
Quam sunt ibi mendicantes.

---

* *Ista domus fit Dasypodis dumus.*

Statius.

† ——*Hederæque trophæa camini.*

‡ ——*Custos Domus* Ecco *relictæ.*

§ *Quo* Schola? *quo præses? comites? Academica sedes?*
In loculos literas transposuere suas.

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to * *Burleigh*, though 'twas winter,
No fire did the Chimney enter,
Buttries without Butlers guarded,
Stately gates were dooble-warded;
Hoary † Chimneyes without smooke too,
Hungry Kitchins without Cooke too.

Hallowing loud, ô empty wonder!
‡ *Ecco* streight resounded, *hunger.*
Who inhabits this vast brick-house?
Ecco made reply, the *Titmouse;*
Ominous Cell, no drudge at home Sir!
Ecco answer made, *Be gone Sir.*

Thence to ancient § *Stamford* came I,
Where are pencelesse purses many,
Neatly wrought as doth become them,
Lesse gold in them than is on them:
Clawbacks more doe not assaile me,
Than are Beggars swarming dayly.

---

* This house the Levarets bush.

† Ivy the Chimneis trophy.

‡ *Ecco's* the keeper of a forlorne house.

§ Where be thy *Masters? Fellows? Scholers? Bursers?*
O *Stamford* to thy shame, they'r all turn'd *Fursers.*

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

Licet curæ premant charæ,
Veni in * Foramen Saræ ;
Proca semel succi plena,
Lauta, læta & serena,
At venusta fit vetusta,
Mundo gravis & onusta.

Saræ antrum *ut intrassem,*
Et ampullas † *gurgitassem,* † exiccassem.
In amore Sara *certo,*
Ore basia dat aperto ;
Sæpe sedet, quando surgit
Cyathum propinare urget.

Veni Witham, *audiens illam*
Propter lubricam anguillam
Verè claram, nixus ramo
Cæpi expiscari hamo ;
Et ingentem capiens unam,
Præceps trahor in ‡ *lacunam.*

---

* Sileni Antrum, *eo enim nomine egregiè notum.*

‡ *Littora* Mæandri *sunt anxia limina lethi ;*
Fluctus ubi curæ, ripa-memento mori.

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Though my cares were maine and many,
To the * *Hole of Sara* came I,
Once a *bona-roba*, trust me,
Though now buttock-shrunke and rustie;
But though nervy-oyle and fat-a,
Her I caught by you know what-a.

Having boldly thus adventured,
And my *Sara's socket* enter'd,
Her I sued, suted, sorted,
Bussed, bouzed, sneesed, snorted:
Often sat she, when she got up
All her phraze was, "Drink thy pot up.

Thence to *Witham*, having red there
That the fattest Eele was bred there,
Purposing some to intangle,
Forth I went and tooke mine angle,
Where an huge one having hooked,
By her headlong was I dooked.†

---

* The *Drunkards cave*, for so it may be call'd,
Where many *Malt-worms* have been soundly mall'd.

† *Mæanders* shores to *Lethe's* shadows tend;
Where waves sound cares, and banks imply our end.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

Veni * Grantham *mihi gratam,*
Inclytè Pyramidatam,
Ibi Pastor cum uxore
Coeundi utens more,
De cubiculo descendit,
Quia Papa *ibi pendet.*

Oppidani timent clari
Paulo *Spiram asportari,*
Scissitantes (valde mirum)
Ubi præparent papyrum,
Quâ † maturiùs implicetur, † Structura.
Ne portando ‡ læderetur. ‡ Penetretur.

Veni § New-worke, *ubi vivos*
Sperans mersos esse rivis,
Irrui cellam subamœnam,
Generosis vinis plenam,
Donec Lictor *intrans cellam,*
Me conduxit ad flagellum.

---

* *Hinc canimus mirum! non protulit Insula* Spiram,
Talem nec notam vidimus orbe Cœtem.

§ *Ulmus arenosis pulcherrima nacitur oris,*
Arcis & effusis vestit amœna comis.

Hic Campi virides, quos Trentia *flumina rivis*
Fæcundare solent, ubera veris habent.

Hîc porrectiore tractu distenditur Bevaria vallis.
Valles trinæ & opimæ
Dapes insulæ divinæ.

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to * *Grantham* I retiring,
Famous for a Spire aspiring,
There a Pastor with his sweeting
In a chamber closely meeting;
In great fury out he flung there
'Cause a *Popish* picture hung there.

Here the Townsmen are amated
That there *Spire* should be translated
Unto PAULS; and great's their labour
How to purchase so much paper
To enwrap it, as is fitting,
To secure their *Spire* from splitting.

Thence to † *New-worke*, flood-surrounded,
Where I hoping most were drowned,
Hand to hand I straightwayes shored
To a Cellar richly stored,
Till suspected for a picklock,
Th'*Beedle* led me to the whip-stock.

---

* I may compare this Towne, and be no lyer,
With any shire for *Whetstones* and a *Spire.*

† A sandy plat a shady Elme receaves,
Which cloths those Turrets with her shaken leaves.

Here all along lyes *Bevars* spatious *Vale*,
Neare which the streames of fruitfull *Trent* doe fall.
Vallies three so fruitfull be,
They'r the wealth of Britannie.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

Veni Tuxworth *sitam luto,*
Ubi viatores (*puto*)
Viam viscum esse credunt,
Sedes Syrtes ubi sedent;
Thyrsus pendet, diu pendit,
Bonum vinum rarò vendit.

Veni Retford, *pisces edi,*
Et adagio locum dedi,
Cœpi statim propinare,
Ut pisciculi natare
Discant, meo corpore vivo,
Sicuti natarunt rivo.

Veni Scrubie, *Deus bone!*
Cum Pastore *&* Latrone
Egi diem, fregi noctem,
Latro me fecisset doctum:
Ei nollem assidere,
Ne propinquior esset peræ.

Veni Bautree, *angiportam,*
In dumetis vidi Scortam,
Gestu levem, lumine vivam,
Vultu lætam & lascivam;
Sed inflixi carni pœnam,
Timens miserè crumenam.

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to *Tuxworth* in the clay there,
Where poor Travellers find such way there;
Wayes like bird-lime seeme to show them,
Seats are Syrts to such as know them;
Th'Ivy hangs there, long has't hong there,
Wine it never vended strong there.

Thence to *Retford*, fish I fed on,
And to th' adage I had red on,
With carouses I did trimme me,
That my fish might swim within me,
As they had done being living,
And ith' River nimbly diving.

Thence to *Scrubie*, ô my Maker!
With a *Pastor* and a *Taker*
Day I spent, I night divided,
Thiefe did make me well provided:
My poor Scrip did cause me feare him,
All night long I came not neare him.

Thence to *Bautree*, as I came there
From the bushes neare the Lane there
Rush'd a Tweake in gesture flanting,
With a leering eye and wanton;
But my flesh I did subdue it,
Fearing lest my purse should rue it.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

Veni * Doncaster, *sed* Levitam
Audiens finiisse vitam,
Sprevi Venerem, *Sprevi Vinum,*
Perditè quæ dilexi primum:
Nam cum Venus *insenescit,*
In me carnis vim compescit.

Nescit sitis artem modi,
Puteum Roberti Hoodi
Veni, & liquente vena
Vincto † *catino catena,*
Tollens sitim, parcum odi,
Solvens obolum Custodi.

Veni ‡ Wentbrig, *ubi plagæ*
Terræ, maris, vivunt sagæ,
Vultu torto & anili,
Et conditione vili:
His infernæ manent sedes,
Quæ cum inferis ineunt fœdus.

---

* Major Causidico *quo gratior esset amico,*
In comitem lento tramite jungit equo:
Causidicus *renuit, renuente,* Patibula *dixit,*
Commonstrabo tibi; Caus. *tuque moreris ibi.*

† *Viventes venæ, Spinæ, catinusque catenæ,*
Sunt Robin Hoodi *nota trophæa sui.*

‡ *Rupe cavedia struxit inedia,*
Queis oscitantèr latuit accedia.

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to * *Doncaster*, where reported
Lively *Levit* was departed,
Love I loath'd and spritely wine too,
Which I dearely lov'd sometime too:
For when youthfull *Venus* ageth,
She my fleshly force asswageth.

Thirst knowes neither meane nor measure,
Robin Hoods Well was my treasure,
In a common † dish enchained,
I my furious thirst restrained:
And because I drunk the deeper,
I paid two farthings to the keeper.

Thence to ‡ *Wentbrig*, where vile wretches,
Hideous hags and odious witches,
Writhen count'nance and mis-shapen
Are by some foule *Bugbeare* taken:
These infernall seats inherit,
Who contract with such a Spirit.

---

* That curt'sie might a curtesie enforce,
The *Mayre* would bring the *Lawyer* to his horse:
You shall not, quoth the *Lawyer*; M. *now I sweare,*
I'le to the gallows goe. L. *I'le leave you there,*
Might not this *Mayre* for wit a second *Pale-As*
Have nam'd the *Town-end* full as well as *Gallows?*

† A *Well, thorne, dish* hung in an *iron chaine*,
For monuments of *Robin Hood* remaine.

‡ In a rock Want built her booth,
Where no creature dwels but Sloth.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

Veni Ferribrig, *vietus,*
Pede lassus, mente lætus,
Ut gustassem uvam vini,
Fructum salubrem acini:
Sævior factus sum quàm Aper,
Licet vini lenis sapor.

Veni * Pomfrait, *ubi miram*
Arcem, † Anglis *regibus diram;*
‡ Laseris *ortu celebrandam*
Variis gestis memorandam:
Nec in Pomfrait REPENS *certior,*
Quàm pauperculus inertior.

Veni Sherburne, *adamandum,*
Et aciculis spectandum;
Pastor decimas cerasorum
Quærit plus quam animorum:
Certè nescio utrum mores,
An fortunæ meliores.

---

* *Hic repetunt ortum tristissima funera Regum,*
Quæ lachrymas oculis excutiere meis.

† *Regibus* Anglorum *dedit arx tua dira ruinam,*
Hoc titulo fatum cerne S : : : : : *tuum.*

‡ *Latiùs in rupem Laser est sita dulcis arentem,*
Veste nova Veris floribus aucta novis.

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to *Ferrybrig*, sore wearied,
Surfoot, but in spirit cheered;
I the grape no sooner tasted
Than my melancholy wasted;
Never was wild Boare more fellish,
Though the wine did smally relish.

Thence to * *Pomfrait*, as long since is,
Fatall to our † *English* Princes;
For the choicest ‡ *Licorice* crowned,
And for sundry acts renowned:
A *Louse* in *Pomfrait* is not surer,
Then the Poor through sloth securer.

Thence to *Sherburne*, dearely loved,
And for Pinners well approved;
Cherry tenths the Pastor aymeth
More than th' soules which he reclaimeth:
In an Equi-page consorting
Are their manners and their fortune.

---

* The Tragick stage of *English* kings stood here,
Which to their urns payes tribute with a teare.

† Here stood that fatall Theatre of Kings,
Which for revenge mounts up with aery wings.

‡ Here *Licorice* grows upon their mellowed banks,
Decking the Spring with her delicious plants.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

Veni Bramham, *eò ventus,*
Vidi Pedites currentes;
Quidam auribus susurrat,
" *Crede* Faustule, *hic præcurret,*
" *Nam probantur: Qui narratur*
Pejor, melior auspicatur.

Veni Tadcaster, *ubi pontem*
Sine flumine, prælucentem,
Plateas fractas, & astantes
Omni loco mendicantes
Spectans, illinc divagarer,
Ne cum illis numerarer.

Veni Eboracum, *flore*
Juventutis cum Textore
Fruens, conjux statim venit,
" *Lupum verò auribus tenet;*
Ille clamat aperire,
Illa negat exaudire.

Sic ingressus mihi datur,
Cum Textori *denegatur;*
Qui dum voce importunè
Strepit, matulam urinæ
Sentit; sapientèr tacet,
Dum Betricia *mecum jacet.*

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to *Bramham*, thither comming,
I saw two Footmen stript for running;
One told me, "th' match was made to cheat thē,
"Trust me *Faustulus*, *This* will beat'em,
"For we've tride them: but that Courser
He priz'd better, prov'd the worser.

Thence to *Tadcaster*, where stood reared
A faire Bridge, where no flood appeared,
Broken Pavements, Beggars waiting,
Nothing more than labour hating,
But with speed I hastned from them,
Lest I should be held one of them.

Thence to *Yorke*, fresh youth enjoying
With a wanton *Weaver* toying,
Husband suddenly appeares too
"Catching of the Wolfe by th'Eares too;
He cryes open, something feares him,
But th'deafe Adder never heares him.

Thus my entrance was descried,
While the *Weaver* was denied,
Who as he fumed, fret, and frowned,
With a chamber-pot was crowned;
Wisely silent he ne're grudged
While his *Betty* with me lodged.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

Ibi Tibicen apprehensus,
Judicatus & suspensus,
Plaustro cöaptato furi,
Ubi Tibia, *clamant pueri?*
Nunquam ludes amplius Billie ;
At nescitis, *inquit ille.*

Quod contigerit memet teste,
Nam abscissa jugulo reste.
Ut in fossam Furcifer vexit,
Semi-mortuus resurrexit :
Arce reducem occludit,
Ubi valet, vivit, ludit.

Veni Towlerton, *Stadiodromi*
Retinentes spem coronæ,
Ducunt equos ea die
Juxta tramitem notæ viæ ;
Sequens autem solitam venam.
Sprevi primum & postremum.

Veni Helperby *desolatum,*
Igne nuper concrematum,
Ne taberna fit intacta,
Non in cineris redacta ;
Quo discessi ocyor Euro,
Restinguendi sitim cura.

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

A Piper being here committed,
Guilty found, condemn'd and titted,
As he was to *Knavesmyre* going,
This day, quoth Boyes, *will spoile thy blowing;*
From thy Pipe th'art now departing;
Wags, quoth th'Piper, *you'r not certaine.*

All which happen'd to our wonder,
For the halter cut asunder,
As one of all life deprived
Being buried, he revived:
And there lives, and plays his measure,
Holding hanging but a pleasure.

Thence to *Towlerton*, where those Stagers
Or Horse-coursers run for wagers;
Neare to the high way the course is,
Where they ride and run their horses;
But still on our journey went we,
First, or *Last*, did like content me.

Thence to *Helperby* I turned
Desolate and lately burned,
Not a Taphouse there but mourned,
Being all to ashes turned,
Whence I swiftly did remove me
For thirst-sake, as did behove me.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

Veni * Topcliffe, *musicam vocans,*
Et decoro ordine locans,
Ut expectant hi mercedem,
Tacitè subtraxi pedem;
Parum habui quod expendam,
Linquens eos ad solvendum.

Veni † Thyrske, Thyrsis *hortum,*
Ubi Phyllis *floribus sportam*
Instruit, at nihil horum
Nec pastorem, neque florem
Ego curo, Bacchum *specto*
Horto, campo, foro, tecto.

Veni Alerton, *ubi oves,*
Tauri, vaccæ, vituli, boves,
Aliaque Campi pecora
Oppidana erant decora:
Forum fuit jumentorum,
Mihi autem cella forum.

---

* *Labentes rivi resonant sub vertice clivi,*
Quæ titulum villæ primò dedere tuæ.
Alias.
Infra situm Rivi saliunt sub acumine clivi,
Quo sedes civi splendida, nulla nivi.

† Thyrsis *oves pascens perapricæ pascua vallis,*
Prima dedit Thyrsco *nomina nota suo.*
Sycomori gelidis Tityrus *umbris*
Discumbens, Phyllidi *Serta paravit,*
Et niveas greges gramine pavit.

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to * *Topcliffe*, musick call'd I,
In no comely posture fail'd I,
But when these expected wages,
To themselves I left my Pages;
Small being th'curt'sy I could shew them
Th'reckning I commended to them.

Thence to † *Thyrske*, rich *Thyrsis* casket,
Where faire *Phyllis* fils her basket
With choice flowers, but these be vaine things,
I esteeme no flowers nor Swainlings;
In *Bacchus* yard, field, booth or cottage
I love nought like his cold pottage.

Thence to *Allerton*, rankt in battell,
Sheepe, Kine, Oxen, other Cattell,
As I fortun'd to passe by there
Were the Towns best beautifier:
Faire for Beasts at that time fell there,
But I made my Fayre the Celler.

---

* *Topcliffe* from tops of cliffs first tooke her name,
And her cliffe-mounted seat confirms the same:
Where streames with curled windings overflowne
Bestow a native beauty on the towne.

Here *Thyrsis* fed his Lambkins on the Plaine,
So *Thyrske* from *Thyrsis* tooke her ancient Name.

Here *Tityrus* and *Phyllis* made them Bowers
Of tender Osyers, sweet-breath'd Sycomours.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

Veni Smeton, *perexosum*
Collem *quem* pediculosum
Vulgò vocant, tamen mirè
Mœchæ solent lascivire,
Ad alendum debilem statum,
Aut tegendam nuditatem.

Veni * Nesham, Dei donum,
In Cœnobiarchæ domum ;
Uberem vallem, salubrem venam,
Cursu fluminis amœnam,
Lætam sylvis & frondosam,
Heræ *vultu speciosam.*

Veni Darlington, *prope vicum*
Conjugem duxi peramicam ;
Nuptiis celebrantur festa,
Nulla admittuntur mœsta ;
Pocula noctis dant progressum,
Ac si nondum nuptus essem.

---

* *Littora lentiscis, gemmârunt germina gemmis,*
Murenulis conchæ, muricibusque comæ.

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to *Smeton*, I assailed
Lowsy Hill, for so they call it,
Where were dainty Ducks, and gant ones,
Wenches that could play the wantons,
Which they practice, truth I'le tell ye,
For reliefe of back and bellie.

Thence to * *Nesham*, now translated,
Once a *Nunnery* dedicated;
Vallies smiling, Bottoms pleasing,
Streaming Rivers never ceasing,
Deckt with tufty woods and shady,
Graced by a lovely Lady.

Thence to *Darlington*, there I boused
Till at last I was espoused;
Marriage feast and all prepared,
Not a fig for th' world I cared;
All night long by th' pot I tarried
As if I had ne're beene married.

---

* Where shores yeeld Lenticks, brāches pearled gems,
Their Lamprels shells, their rocks soft mossy stems.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

Veni * Richmund, *sed amicos*
Generosos & antiquos,
Nobiles socios, sortis miræ,
Cùm nequissem invenire,
Sepelire curas ibi,
Tota nocte mecum bibi.

Pœna sequi solet culpam,
Veni Redmeere *ad* Subulcum,
Ilia mensæ fert porcina,
Prisca nimis intestina,
Quæ ni calices abluissent,
Adhuc gurgite inhæsissent.

Veni Carperbie *peravarum,*
Cœtu frequens, victu carum ;
Septem Solidorum cœna
Redit levior crumena :
Nummo citiùs haurieris,
Quàm liquore ebrieris.

---

* *Nomen habes* mundi, *nec erit sine jure,* secundi,
Namque situs titulum comprobat ipse tuum.

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to * *Richmund*, heavy sentence !
There were none of my acquaintance,
All my noble Cumrads gone were,
Of them all I found not one there,
But lest care should make me sicker,
I did bury care in liquor.

Penance chac'd that crime of mine hard,
Thence to *Redmeere* to a *Swine-heard*
Came I, where they nothing plast me
But a Swines-gut that was nastie,
Had I not then wash'd my liver.
In my guts't had stuck for ever.

Thence to *Carperbie* very greedy,
Consorts frequent, victuals needy ;
After Supper they so tost me
As seven shillings there it cost me ;
Soone may one of coyne be soaked,
Yet for want of liquor choaked.

---

* From a *Rich mound* thy appellation came,
And thy rich seat proves it a proper name.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

Veni Wenchly, *valle situm,*
Prisca vetustate tritum,
Amat tamen propinare
Pastor cum agnellis charè,
Quo effascinati more,
Dormiunt Agni cum Pastore.

Veni Middlam, *ubi arcem*
Vidi, & bibentes sparsim
Bonos socios, quibus junxi,
Et liquorem libere sumpsi;
Æneis *licet tincti* nasis,
Fuimus custodes pacis.

Veni * Ayscarth, *vertice montis,*
Valles, & amœnos fontes,
Niveas greges, scopulos rudes,
Campos, scirpos, & paludes
Vidi, locum vocant Templum,
Speculantibus exemplum.

---

* *Gurgite præcipiti sub vertice montis acuti*
Specus erat spinis obsitus, intus aquis.

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to *Wenchly*, Valley-seated,
For antiquity repeated;
Sheep and Sheepheard as one brother
Kindly drink to one another;
Till pot-hardy light as feather
Sheep and Shepheard sleep together.

Thence to *Middlam*, where I viewed
Th' Castle which so stately shewed;
Down the staires, 'tis truth I tell ye,
To a knot of brave Boyes fell I;
All *red-noses*, no dye deeper,
Yet not one but a peace-keeper.

Thence to * *Ayscarth*, from a mountaine
Fruitfull vallies, pleasant fountaine,
Woolly flocks, cliffs steep and snowy,
Fields, fenns, sedgy rushes saw I;
Which high Mount is call'd the *Temple*,
For all prospects an exemple.

---

* Here breaths an arched cave of antique stature,
Closed above with thorns, below with water.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

Veni Worton, *sericis cincta*
Sponsa Ducis, *ore tincta*,
Me ad cœnam blandè movet,
Licet me non unquam novit ;
Veni, *vidi*, *vici*, *lusi*,
" *Cornu-copiam optans Duci.*

Veni Bainbrig, *ubi palam*
Flumen deserit canalem,
Spectans, *utì properarem*
Ad Johannem Ancillarem,
Hospitem habui (*verè mirum*)
Neque fœminam, *neque virum.*

Veni * Askrig, *notum forum*,
Valdè tamen indecorum,
Nullum habet Magistratum,
Oppidanum ferre statum :
Hîc pauperrimi textores
Peragrestes tenent mores.

---

* *Clauditur amniculus saliens fornicibus arctis,*
Alluit & villæ mœnia juncta suæ.

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to *Worton*, being lighted
I was solemnly invited
By a Captains wife most vewlie,
Though, I thinke, she never knew me;
I came, call'd, coll'd, toy'd, trifl'd, kissed,
" Captaine Cornu-cap'd I wished.

Thence to *Bainbrig*, where the River
From his channell seemes to sever,
To *Maidenly John* I forthwith hasted,
And his best provision tasted;
Th'hoast I had (a thing not common)
Seemed neither man nor woman.

Thence to * *Askrig*, market noted,
But no handsomnesse about it,
Neither Magistrate nor Mayor
Ever were elected there:
Here poor people live by knitting,
To their Trading, breeding sitting.

---

* A Channell strait confines a chrystall spring,
Washing the wals oth' village neighbouring.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

Veni * Hardraw, *ubi fames,*
Cautes frugis perinanes;
Nunquam vixit hic Adonis,
Ni sub thalamo Carbonis:
Diversoria sunt obscœna,
Fimo fœda, fumo plena.

Veni Gastile, *ubi cellam,*
Cellam sitam ad Sacellum
Intrans, bibi Stingo *fortem,*
Habens Lanium in consortem,
Et † *Pastorem parvæ gregis,*
Rudem moris, artis, legis.

Veni ‡ Sedbergh, *sedem quondam*
Lautam, lætam, & jocundam,
Sed mutatur mundus totus,
"*Vix in anno unus potus:*
Ibi propriæ prope lari
Non audebam vulpinari.

---

* *Labitur alveolis resonantibus amnis amœnus,*
Qui tremulâ mulcet voce, sopore fovet.

† *Quota est hora, refert? Solem speculando respondet.*
Ecce Sacerdotes quos tua terra parit!

‡ *Prospices* thyrsum *sinuosiùs arte rotundum,*
Organa quò cerebri mersa fuere mei.

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to * *Hardraw*, where's hard hunger,
Barraine cliffs and clints of wonder;
Never here *Adonis* lived,
Unlesse in *Coles* Harbour hived:
Ins are nasty, dusty, fustie,
Both with smoake and rubbish mustie.

Thence to *Gastile*, I was drawne in
To an *Alehouse* neare adjoining
To a Chappell, I drunk *Stingo*
With a Butcher and Domingo
Th' † Curat, who to my discerning
Was not guilty of much learning.

Thence to ‡ *Sedbergh*, sometimes joy-all,
Gamesome, gladsome, richly royall,
But those jolly boyes are sunken,
" Now scarce once a yeare one drunken:
There I durst not well be merry,
Farre from home old Foxes werry.

---

* A shallow Rill, whose streames their current keep,
With murm'ring voyce & pace procure sweet sleep.

† I askt him what's a Clock? He look'd at th' Sun:
But want of Latin made him answer——Mum.

‡ Here grows a *bush* in artfull mazes round,
Where th' active organs of my braine were drownd.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars tertia.

Veni * Killington, *editum collem,*
Fronde lætiore mollem,
Ibi tamen parùm hærens,
Semper altiora sperans,
Hisce dixi longum vale,
Solum repentens natale.

Veni Kendall, *ubi status*
Præstans, prudens † *Magistratus,*
Publicis festis purpuratus,
Ab Elizabetha *datus;*
Hîc me juvat habitare,
Propinare & amare.

---

* *Arboribus gelidam texens* Coriatius *umbram,*
Æstatem atque Hyemem fronde repelle gravem.

† *Nunc* Saturnius *appulit annus,*
Major *fiet* Aldermannus.

Thence

FINIS.

Barnabees Journall.

Third part.

Thence to **Killington* I passed,
Where an hill is freely grassed,
There I staid not though halfe-tyred,
Higher still my thoughts aspired:
Taking leave of mountains many,
To my native Country came I.

Thence to *Kendall*, pure her state is,
Prudent too her Magistrate is,
In whose charter to them granted
Nothing but a † Mayor wanted;
Here it likes me to bee dwelling,
Bousing, loving, stories telling.

---

* Here the retyred *Tanner* builds him bowrs,
Shrowds him from Summers heat and winters showrs.

† Now *Saturns* yeare h'as drench'd down care,
And made an *Alderman* a *Mayre*.

Bar-

FINIS.

Barnabæ

ITINERARIUM.

Pars Quarta.

Authore *Corymbœo*.

Si vitulum spectes, nihil est quod pocula laudes.

Barnabees

JOURNALL.

The fourth part.

By *Corymbœus.*

If thou doest love thy flock, leave off to pot.

Barnabæ

ITINERARIVM.

Itineris Borealis:

Pars Quarta.

MIRTIL.

O FAUSTULE, *dic quo jure*
Spreta urbe, vivis rure?
Quo tot lepidos consortes,
Genio faustos, gurgite fortes,
Reliquisti, socios vitæ,
Gravi laborantes siti?

Vale dices tot amicis,
Tot Lyei vini vicis,
Tot Falerni roscidi cellis,
Tot pelliculis, tot puellis?
Quid te movet, dic sodali,
Urbi longum discere vale?

Barnabees

JOVRNALL.

His Northerne Journey:

The Fourth part.

MIRTIL.

O FAUSTULUS, takes't no pitty
For the Field to leave the City?
Nor thy Consorts, lively Skinkers,
Witty wags, and lusty Drinkers,
Lads of life, who wash their liver
And are dry and thirsty ever?

Wilt thou here no longer tarrie
With these boyes that love Canarie?
Wilt thou leave these nectar trenches,
Dainty Doxes, merry wenches?
Say, what makes thee change thy ditty,
Thus to take farewell oth'City?

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

FAUSTUL.

QUid me movet? *Nonne cernis*
Me tam diu in Tabernis
Propinasse, donec mille
Clamant, Ecce *Faustulus* ille,
Qui per orbem ducens iter,
Titulo *Ebrii* insignitur!

Qui natali bibit more
Ortu roseæ ab Auroræ
Usque vespram, & pudorem
Vultus, quæstus & odorem
Sprevit! *audi culpæ pœnam*,
Scenam Faustuli *extremam*.

Vale Banbery, *vale* Brackley,
Vale Hollow-well, *vale* Hockley,
Vale Daintre, *vale* Leister,
Vale Chichester, *vale* Chester,
Vale Nottingham, *vale* Mansfield,
Vale Wetherbe, *vale* Tanfield.

Vale Aberford, *vale* Bradford,
Vale Tosseter, *vale* Stratford,
Vale Preston, *vale* Euxston,
Vale Wiggin, *vale* Newton.
Vale Warrington, *vale* Budworth,
Vale Kighley, *vale* Cudworth.

Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

FAUSTUL.

W*Hat is't makes me?* doest not note it
How I have ith'Taverne floted,
Till a thousand seeke to shame me,
There goes Faustulus, so they name me,
Who through all the World traced,
And with Stile of Maltworme *graced!*

Who carouseth to his breeding
From Aurora's beamelins spreding
To the Ev'ning, and despiseth
Favour, thrift which each man prizeth!
Now heare *Faustulus* melancholly,
Th' clozing Scene of all his folly.

Farewell *Banbery*, farewell *Brackley*,
Farewell *Hollow-well*, farewell *Hockley*,
Farewell *Daintre*, farewell *Leister*,
Farewell *Chichester*, farewell *Chester*,
Farewell *Nottingham*, farewell *Mansfield*,
Farewell *Wetherbe*, farewell *Tanfield*.

Farewell *Aberford*, farewell *Bradford*,
Farewell *Tosseter*, farewell *Stratford*,
Farewell *Preston*, farewell *Euxston*,
Farewell *Wiggin*, farewell *Newton*,
Farewell *Warrington*, farewell *Budworth*,
Farewell *Kighley*, farewell *Cudworth*.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

Vale Hogsdon, *vale* Totnam,
Vale Giggleswick, *vale* Gottam,
Vale Harrington, *vale* Stilton,
Vale Huntington, *vale* Milton,
Vale Roiston, *vale* Puckridge,
Vale Caxton, *vale* Cambridge.

Vale Ware, *vale* Wademill,
Vale Highgate, *vale* Gadshill,
Vale Stamford, *vale* Sautree,
Vale Scrubie, *vale* Bautree,
Vale Castrum subter Linum,
Ubi Vates, *Venus*, *Vinum.*

Vale Tauk-hill, *quem conspexi*,
Lemnia Lydia, *quam dilexi*,
Arduæ viæ quas transivi,
Et amiculæ queis cöivi,
Faber, *Taber*, *sociæ lætæ*,
Et convivæ vos valete.

Nunc longinquos locos odi.
Vale Fons Roberti Hoodi,
Vale Rosington, *vale* Retford,
Et antiqua sedes Bedford,
Vale Dunchurch, Dunstable, Brickhill,
Alban, Barnet, Pimlico, Tickhill.

Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

Farewell *Hogsdon*, farewell *Totnam*,
Farewell *Giggleswick*, farewell *Gottam*,
Farewell *Harrington*, farewell *Stilton*,
Farewell *Huntington*, farewell *Milton*,
Farewell *Roiston*, farewell *Puckridge*,
Farewell *Caxston*, farewell *Cambridge*.

Farewell *Ware*, farewell *Wademill*,
Farewell *Highgate*, farewell *Gadshill*.
Farewell *Stamford*, farewell *Sautree*,
Farewell *Scrubie*, farewell *Bautree*.
Farewell *Castle under Line* too.
Where are *Poets*, Wenches, Wine too.

Farewell *Tauk-hill*, which I viewed,
Lemnian Lydia, whom I sewed,
Steepy wayes by which I waded,
And those Trugs with which I traded.
Faber, Taber, pensive never,
Farewell merry Mates for ever.

Now I hate all forraine places.
Robin Hoods Well and his chaces,
Farewell *Rosington*, farewell *Retford*,
And thou ancient seat of *Bedford*,
Farewell *Dunchurch*, *Dunstable*, *Brickhill*,
Alban, *Barnet*, *Pimlico*, *Tickhill*.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

Vale Waltham, & Oswaldi
Sedes, sidus Theobaldi,
Vale Godmanchester, *ubi*
Mens elusa fuit nube,
Vale Kingsland, Islington, * London,
Quam amavi perditè quondam.

Vale Buntingford, *ubi suaves*
Vepres, vites, flores, aves,
Hospes grata & benigna,
Et amoris prebens signa ;
Aliò juvat spatiari,
Pasci, pati, recreari.

Vale Stone, & Sacellum
Quod splendentem habet Stellam,
Vale Haywood, Bruarton, Ridglay,
Lichfield, Coventre, Colesyl, Edglay,
Meredin, Wakefield, & amœni
Campi, chori Georgii Greeni.

---

* ——Ista novæ *mea nænia* Trojæ.
Nunc novæ *longum valedico* Trojæ,
Læta quæ flori, gravis est senectæ,
Vina, Picturæ, Veneris facetæ,
Cuncta valete.

Sin verò conjux, famuli, sorores,
Liberi, suaves Laribus lepores
Confluant, mulcent varios labores :
Cuncta venite.

Barnabee's Iournall.

Fourth part.

Farewell *Waltham*, Seat of *Oswald*,
That bright Princely starre of *The'bald*,
Farewell *Godmanchester*, where I
Was deluded by a Fairy,
Farewell *Kingsland*, *Islington*, **London*,
Which I lov'd, and by it undon.

Farewell *Buntingford*, where are Thrushes,
Sweet Briers, Shred vines, privet bushes,
Hostesse cheerefull, mildly moving,
Giving tokens of her loving;
I must in another Nation
Take my fill of recreation.

Farewell pretious *Stone*, and *Chappell*
Where *Stella* shines more fresh than th' apple,
Farewell *Haywood*, *Bruarton*, *Ridglay*,
Lichfield, *Coventre*, *Colesyl*, *Edglay*,
Meredin, *Wakefield*, farewell cleene-a
Meedes and Mates of *George a Greene*-a.

---

* ——These be my *New Troyes* dying Elegies.
Now to that *New Troy* bid adue for ever,
Wine, Venus, Pictures, can allure me never,
These are youths darlings, ages hoary griever,
Fare ye well ever.

Farewell for ever, see you will I never,
Yet if Wife, Children, Meney hurry thether,
Where we may plant and solace us together,
Welcome for ever.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

Vale Clowne, Doncaster, Rothram,
Clapham, Ingleton, Waldon, Clothram,
Witham, Grantham, New-work, Tuxworth,
Uxbridge, Beckensfield, & Oxford,
Geniis & ingeniis bonis
Satur, *opibus* Platonis.

Sprevi nunc Textoris *acum*,
Vale, *vale* Eboracum,
Alio nunc victurus more,
*Mutans mores cum * colore ;*
Horreo, *proprium colens nidum*,
Sacram violare fidem.

Vale Wentbrig, Towlerton, Sherburne,
Ferry-brig, Tadcaster, Helperbe, Merburne,
Vale Bainbrig, Askrig, Worton,
Hardraw, Wenchly, Smeton, Burton,
Vale Ayscarth, Carperbe, Redmeere,
Gastyle, Killington, & Sedbergh.

---

* *Insessit hyems niveis capillis,*
Insessit hyems gelidis lacertis,
Nec mea curat carmina Phyllis,
Urbe relictâ rustica vertes.

Conspicui vates repetendo Cupidinis æstus,
Spreta canunt lepidis, ut senuere, procis.

Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

Farewell *Clowne*, *Doncaster*, *Rothram*,
Clapham, *Ingleton*, *Waldon*, *Clothram*,
Witham, *Grantham*, *New-worke*, *Tuxworth*,
Uxbridge, *Bekensfield*, & *Oxford*,
Richly stor'd (I am no *Gnatho*)
With wit, wealth, worth, Well of *Plato*.

Farewell *Yorke*, I must forsake thee,
Weavers shuttle shall not take mee,
* Hoary hayres are come upon me,
Youthfull pranks will not become me;
Th'bed to which I'm reconciled
Shall be by me ne're defiled.

Farewell *Wentbrig*, *Towlerton*, *Sherburn*,
Ferry-brig, *Tadcaster*, *Helperbe*, *Merburne*.
Farewell *Bainebrig*, *Askrig*, *Worton*,
Hardraw, *Wenchley*, *Smeton*, *Burton*,
Farewell *Ayscarth*, *Carperbe*, *Redmeere*,
Gastyle, *Killington*, and *Sedbergh*.

---

* Winter h'as now behoar'd my haires,
Benumm'd my joynts and sinewes too,
Phyllis for verses little cares,
Leave City then, to th' Country go.

Poets, when they have writ of love their fill,
Growne old, are scorn'd, though fancy crowne their quill.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

Armentarius jam sum factus,
Rure manens incoactus,
Suavis odor lucri tenet,
Parùm curo unde venit,
Campo, choro, tecto, thoro,
Caula, cella, sylva, foro.

Equestria Fora.

Veni Malton, *artem laudo,*
Vendens Equum sine cauda,
Morbidum, mancum, claudum, cæcum,
Fortè si maneret mecum,
Probo, vendo, pretium datur,
Quid si statim moriatur?

Ad forensem Rippon *tendo,*
Equi si sint cari, vendo,
Si minore pretio dempti,
Equi a me erunt empti;
" *Ut alacrior fiat ille,*
" *Ilia mordicant anguillæ.*

Septentrionalia Fora.

Veni Pomfrait, *uberem venam,*
* *Virgis laserpitiis plenam;*
Veni Topcliffe *cum sodali,*
Non ad Vinum sed Venale;
Veni Thyrske, *ubi Boves*
Sunt venales pinguiores.

---

* *Virgulta Laseris florent amœnula,*
In hac Angelicâ latiùs Insulâ.
Vide *lib.* 3. *Stanz.* 48.

Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

I am now become a Drover,
Countrey-liver, Countrey-lover,
Smell of gaine my sense benummeth,
Little care I whence it commeth,
Bee't from Campe, chore, cottage, carpet,
Field, fold, cellar, forrest, market.

Horse-Faires.

To *Malton* come I, praising th'saile Sir,
Of an horse without a taile Sir,
Be he maim'd, lam'd, blind, diseased,
If I sell him, I'm well pleased;
Should this Javell dye next morrow,
I partake not in his sorrow.

Then to *Rippon* I appeare there
To sell horse if they be deare there,
If good cheape, I use to buy them,
And ith'Country profit by them;
" Where to quicken them, I'le tell ye,
" I put quick Eeles in their bellie.

Northerne Faires.

Thence to *Pomfrait*, freshly flowred,
And with * rods of Licorice stored;
Thence to *Topcliffe* with my fellow,
Not to bouze Wine but to sell-lo;
Thence to *Thyrske*, where Bullocks grazed,
Are for sale ith'market placed.

---

* Rods of Licorice sweetly smile
In that rich Angelick I'le.
See Book 3. Stanz. 48.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

Veni Allerton *lætam*, *latam*,
Mercatori perquàm gratam,
In utiliorem actum,
Eligo locum pecori aptum;
Veni Darlington, *servans leges*
In custodiendo greges.

Inde Middlam *cursum flecto*,
Spe lucrandi tramite recto,
Nullum renuo laborem,
Quæstus sapiens odorem;
" *Nulla via modò vera*,
" *Est ad bonos mores sera.*

Tra-montana Fora.
Hisce foris nullum bonum
Capiens, Septentrionem
Ocyore peto pede,
Ditiore frui sede:
Asperæ cautes, *ardui colles*,
Lucri gratia mihi molles.

Veni Applebie, *ubi natus*,
Primam sedem Comitatus;
Illinc Penrith *speciosam*,
Omni merce copiosam;
Illinc Roslay, *ubi tota*
Grex à gente venit Scota.

Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

Thence to *Allerton* cheerefull, fruitfull,
To the Seller very gratefull,
There to chuse a place I'm chariest,
Where my beasts may shew the fairest;
Thence to *Darlington*, never swarving
From our Drove-lawes, worth observing.

Thence to *Middlam* am I aiming
In a direct course of gaining,
I refuse no kind of labour,
Where I smell some gainfull savour;
" No way, be it ne're the homeliest
" Is rejected being honest.

Tra montane Faires.

In these Faires if I finde nothing
Worthy staying, I'm no slow thing,
To the *North* frame I my passage
Wing'd with hope of more advantage:
Ragged rocks, and steepy hillows
Are by gaine more soft than pillows.

Thence to native *Applebie* mount I,
Th'antient Seat of all that County;
Thence to pearelesse *Penrith* went I,
Which of Merchandize hath plenty;
Thence to *Roslay*, where our Lot is
To commerce with people *Scottish*.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

Hinc per limitem obliquam
Veni Ravinglasse *antiquam ;*
Illinc Dalton *peramœnum ;*
Hinc Oustonum *fruge plenum ;*
Donec Hauxide *specto sensim ;*
Illinc sedem Lancastrensem.

Veni Garestang, *ubi nata*
Sunt armenta fronte latâ ;
Hinc ad Ingleforth *ut descendi,*
Pulchri vituli sunt emendi ;
Illinc Burton *limina peto,*
Grege lautâ, fronde lætâ.

Veni Hornebie, *sedem claram,*
" *Spes lucrandi fert avarum ;*
Cœca-sacra fames auri
Me consortem fecit Tauri ;
Sprevi Veneris *amorem*
" *Lucrum summum dat odorem.*

Veni Lonesdale, *venientem*
Laticem socii præpotentem
Haurientes, hæsitantes,
Fluctuantes, titubantes,
Allicerent, (*narro verum*)
Sed non sum qui semel eram.

Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

By a passage crooktly tending,
Thence to *Ravinglasse* I'm bending;
Thence to *Dalton* most delightfull;
Thence to oaten *Ouston* fruitfull;
Thence to *Hauxides* marish pasture;
Thence to th'Seat of old *Lancaster.*

Thence to *Garestang*, where are feeding
Heards with large fronts freely breeding;
Thence to *Ingleforth* I descended,
Where choice Bull-calfs will be vended;
Thence to *Burtons* boundiers passe I,
Faire in flocks, in pastures grassie.

Thence to *Hornebie*, Seat renouned,
" Thus with gaine are worldlings drowned;
Secret-sacred thirst of treasure
Makes my Bullocks my best pleasure;
Should *Love* wooe me, I'd not have her,
" It is gaine yelds sweetest savour.

Thence to *Lonesdale*, where were at it
Boyes that scorn'd quart-ale by statute,
Till they stagger'd, stammer'd, stumbled,
Railed, reeled, rowled, tumbled,
Musing I should be so stranged,
I resolv'd them, I was changed.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

Me ad limen trahunt Orci,
Uti lutum petunt porci,
Aut ad vomitum fertur Canis,
Sed intentio fit inanis ;
Oculis clausis hos consortes
Præterire didici mortis.

To

Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

To the sinke of sin they drew me,
Where like Hogs in mire they tew me,
Or like Dogs unto their vomit,
But their purpose I o'recommed;
With shut eyes I flung in anger
From thoses Mates of death and danger.

Miror

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

MIRTIL.

M*Iror* (FAUSTULE) *miror verè,*
Bacchi *te clientem herì,*
Spreto genio jucundo,
Mentem immersisse mundo ;
Dic quid agis, ubi vivis,
Semper eris mundo civis ?

MIRTIL.

Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

MIRTIL.

SUrely (FAUSTULUS) I doe wonder
How thou who so long liv'd under
Bacchus, where choice wits resoûded,
Should'st be thus ith'world drowned.
What do'st, where liv'st, in briefe deliver,
Wilt thou be a worldling ever?

FAU-

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

FAUSTUL.

ERras (Mirtile) *si me credas*
Nunquam Bacchi *petere sedes;*
Thyrsus *vinctus erit collo,*
"*Semel in anno ridet Apollo;*
Pellens animi dolores,
Mutem crines, nunquam mores.

Socios habeo verè gratos,
Oppidanos propè natos,
Intra, extra, circa muros,
Qui mordaces tollunt curas:
Hisce juvat sociari,
Et apricis spatiari.*

Nunc ad Richmund, *primo flore,*
Nunc ad Nesham *cum uxore,*
Læto cursu properamus
Et amamur & amamus;
Pollent floribus ambulachra,
Vera Veris *simulachra.*

---

* *Sic per apricos spatiari locos*
Gaudeat, mentem relevare meam
Anxiam curis, studiisque gravem.

Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

FAUSTUL.

THou err'st (*Mirtilus*) so doe mo too,
If thou think'st I never goe to
Bacchus temple, which I follow,
"Once a yeare laughs wise *Apollo;*
Where I drench griefes, sleight Physitians,
Hayre I change, but no conditions.

Cheerefull Cumrades have I by me,
Townsmen that doe neighbour ny me,
Within, without, where e're I rest me,
Carking cares doe ne're molest me:
With these I please to consort me,
And in * open fields to sport me.

Now to *Richmund*, when Spring's comming,
Now to *Nesham* with my woman,
With free course we both approve it,
Where we live and are beloved;
Here fields flower with freshest creatures
Representing *Flora's* features.

---

* Thus through the faire fields, when I have best leasure,
Diapred richly, doe I take my pleasure,
To cheere my studies with a pleasing measure.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

Nunc ad Ashton *invitato*
Ab amico & cognato,
Dant hospitium abditæ cellæ,
Radiantes orbis stellæ,
Mensa, mera, omnia plena,
Grata fronte & serena.

Nunc ad Cowbrow, *ubi lætus,*
Unâ mente confluit cœtus,
Nescit locus lachrymare,
Noscit hospes osculari,
Facit in amoris testem
Anser vel Gallina festum.

Nunc ad Natland, *ubi* Florem
Convivalem & Pastorem
Specto, spiro ora rosea,
A queis Nectar *&* Ambrosea;
Castitatis autem curæ
Me intactum servant rure.

Nunc ad Kirkland, *& de eo*
" Prope Templo, procul Deo
Dici potest, spectent Templum,
Sacerdotis & exemplum,
Audient tamen citiùs sonum
Tibiæ quàm concionem.

Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

Now to *Ashton* I'm invited
By my friend and kinsman cited,
Secret cellars entertaine me,
Beauteous-beaming Stars inflame me,
Meat, mirth, musick, wines are there full,
With a count'nance blith and cherefull.

Now to *Cowbrow*, quickly thither
Joviall boyes doe flock together,
In which place all sorrow lost is,
Guests know how to kisse their hostesse,
Nought but love doth border neare it,
Goose or Hen will witnesse beare it.

Now to *Natland*, where choice beauty
And a *Shepheard* doe salute me,
Lips I relish richly roseack,
Purely *Nectar* and *Ambroseack;*
But I'm chaste, as doth become me,
For the Countreys eyes are on me.

Now to *Kirkland*, truly by it
May that Say be verified,
"*Far from God, but neare the Temple,*
Though their Pastor give exemple,
They are such a kind of vermin,
Pipe they'd rather heare than Sermon.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

Nunc ad Kendall, *propter * Pannum,*
Cœtum, situm, † Aldermannum,
Virgines pulchras, pias matres,
Et viginti quatuor fratres,
Verè clarum & beatum,
Mihi nactum, notum, natum.

Ubi dicam (pace vestra)
Tectum mittitur è fenestra,
Cura lucri, cura fori,
Saltant cum Johanne Dori :
Sancti fratres cum Poeta,
Læta canunt & faceta.

Nunc ad Staveley, *ubi aves*
Melos, modos cantant suaves,
Sub arbustis & virgultis
Molliore musco fultis:
Cellis, Sylvis, & Tabernis,
An fœliciorem cernis?

---

* *Lanificii gloria, & industria ita præcellens, ut eo nomine sit celeberrimum.* Camb. *in* Brit.
Pannus mihi panis. *Mot.*

† *Nomine* Major *eas, nec sis minor omine sedis,*
Competat ut titulo civica vita novo.

Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

Now to *Kendall*, for * Cloth-making,
Sight, site, † *Alderman* awaking,
Beauteous Damsels, modest mothers,
And her foure and twenty brothers,
Ever in her honour spreading,
Where I had my native breeding.

Where I'le tell you (while none mind us)
We throw th'house quit out at windows,
Nought makes them or me ought sory,
They dance lively with *John Dori:*
Holy Brethren with their Poet
Sing, nor care they much who know it.

Now to *Staveley* streight repaire I,
Where sweet Birds doe hatch their airy,
Arbours, Osyers freshly showing
With soft mossie rinde or'e-growing:
For woods, ayre, ale, all excelling,
Would'st thou have a neater dwelling?

---

* A Towne so highly renouned for her commodious cloathing, and industrious Trading, as her name is become famous in that kind. *Camb.* in *Brit.*

Cloth is my bread. Mot.

† Now hast thou chang'd thy title unto *May're*,
Let life, state, style improve thy charter there.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars quarta.

MIRTIL.

E*Sto* Faustule! *recumbe,*
Rure tuo carmina funde;
Vive, vale, profice, cresce,
Arethusæ *alma messe;*
Tibi Zephyrus *sub fago*
Dulcitèr afflet.
FAUST. *Gratias ago.*

FINIS.

MIRT.

Barnabees Journall.

Fourth part.

MIRTIL.

BEE't so *Faustulus!* there repose thee,
Cheere thy Country with thy posie;
Live, fare-well, as thou deservest,
Rich in *Arethusa's* harvest;
Under th'Beach while Shepheards ranke thee,
Zephyrus blesse thee.
FAUST. I doe thanke thee.

FINIS.

Aurea

A *Urea rure mihi sunt secula, pocula* Tmoli.

Fruges adde Ceres, *& frugibus adde racemos*
Vitibus & Vates, Vatibus adde dies.

Here

HEre in the Countrey live I with my Page,
Where *Tmolus* Cups I make my golden age.

Ceres send corne, with corne adde grapes unto it,
Poet to wine, and long life to the Poet.

Lector

In Errata.

Lector, *ne mireris illa,*
Villam si mutavi villa,
Si regressum feci metro,
Retro ante, ante retro
Inserendo, " *ut præpono*
Godmanchester Haringtono."

Quid si breves *fiant* longi?
Si vocales *sint* dipthongi?
Quid si graves *sint* acuti?
Si accentus *fiant* muti?
Quid si placidè, plenè, planè,
Fregi frontem Prisciani?

Quid si sedem muto sede?
Quid si carmen claudo pede?
Quid si noctem sensi diem?
Quid si veprem esse viam?
Sat est, Verbum *declinavi,*
" Titubo-titubas-titubavi.

FINIS.

What

Upon the Errata's.

Reader, thinke no wonder by it,
If with Towne I've Towne supplied,
If my meeters backward nature
Set before what should be later,
" As for instance is exprest there,
Harrington after *Godmanchester*.

What though *brieves* too be made *longo's?*
What tho *vowels* be *dipthongo's?*
What tho *graves* become *acute* too?
What tho *accents* become *mute* too?
What tho freely, fully, plainly
I've broke *Priscians* forehead mainly?

What tho seat with seat I've strained?
What tho my limpe-verse be maimed?
What tho Night I've t'ane for Day too?
What tho I've made bryers my way too?
Know ye, I've declin'd most bravely
" *Titubo-titubas-titubavi*.

FINIS.

Ad

L

Ad Philoxenum.

TE viatores lepidi patronum,
Te tuæ dicunt patriæ coronam
Vatis & vitis roseæ corymbum,
Artis alumum.

Te tuus Vates Lyricis salutat,
Qui fidem nulla novitate mutat,
Nec nova venti levitate nutat,
Fidus ad aras.

Thee

To Philoxenus.

THEE, pleasing way-mates titled have their
    patron,
  Their Countreys glory, which they build
    their state on,
The Poets wine-bush, w[ch] they use to prate on,
          Arts mery minion.

In Lyrick measures doth thy Bard salute thee,
Who with a constant resolution suits thee,
Nor can ought move me to remove me frō thee
          But my religion.

Bessie

Besſie Bell:

CANTIO LATINE

Verſa; Alternis Vicibus, Modernis vocibus decantanda.

Authore *Corymbœo.*

Besſie Bell:

ENGLISHED;

to be ſung in Alterne

Courses, & Moderne

voyces.

By *Corymbœus.*

DAM.

Bessie Bell.

DAMÆTAS. ELIZA-BELLA.

1.

DAM. BEllula Bella, *mî puella,*
Tu me corde tenes,
O si clausâ simus cellâ
Mars & Lemnia Venus!
Tanti mî es, quanti tua res,
Ne spectes Bellula *mundum,*
Non locus est cui crimen obest
In amoribus ad cöeundum.

2.

BEL. *Crede* Damætas, *non sinit ætas*
Ferre Cupidinis ignem,
Vir verè lætus intende pecus
Curâ & carmine dignum.
Non amo te, ne tu ames me,
Nam jugo premitur gravi,
Quæcunque nubit & uno cubat,
Nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi.

3.

DAM. *Virginis vita fit inimica*
Principi, patriæ, proli,
In orbe sita ne sis invita
Sponsa nitidula coli.
Aspice vultum numine cultum,
Flore, colore jucundum,
Hîc locus est, nam lucus adest
In amoribus ad cöeundum.

Bessie Bell.

DAMÆTAS. ELIZA-BELLA.

1.

DAM. MY bonny *Bell*, I love thee so well,
I would thou wad scud a lang hether,
That we might here in a Cellar dwell,
And blend our bows together!
Deere a'rt to me as thy geere's to thee,
The Warld will never suspect us,
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,
Loves Spies have no eyes to detect us.

2.

BEL. Trust me *Damœtas*, youth will not let us,
Yet to be cing'd with loves taper,
Bonny blith Swainlin intend thy Lamkin,
To requite both thy layes and thy labour.
I love not thee, why should'st thou love me,
The yoake I cannot approve it,
Then lye still with one, I'de rather have none,
Nor I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

3.

DAM. To lead Apes in hell, it will not do well,
'Tis an enemy to procreation,
In the world to tarry and never to marry
Would bring it soone to desolation.
See my countnance is merry, cheeks red as chery,
This Cover will never suspect us,
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,
Loves Spyes have no eyes to detect us.

Bessie Bell.

4.

Bel. *Ah pudet fari, cogor amari,*
Volo, sed nolo fateri,
Expedit mari lenocinari,
At libet ista tacere.
Non amo te, quid tu amas me?
Nam jugo premitur gravi,
Quæcunque nubit & uno cubat,
Nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi.

5.

Dam. *Candida* Bella, *splendida Stella*,
Languida lumina cerne,
Emitte mella Eliza-Bella,
Lentula tædia sperne.
Mors mihi mora, hac ipsâ horâ
Jungamus ora per undam,
Nam locus est cui crimen abest
In amoribus ad cöeundum.

6.

Bel. *Perge* Damætas, *nunc prurit ætas,*
Me nudam accipe solam,
Demitte pecus si Bellam *petas,*
Exue virginis stolam.
Sic amo te, si tu ames me,
Nam jugo premittur suavi,
Quæcunque nubit & uno cubat,
Et amo, & amor, & amavi.

Bessie Bell.

4.

BEL. 'Las, maidens must faine it, I love though I
I would, but I will not confesse it, (laine it,
My yeares are consorting and faine would bee sport-
But bashfulnesse shames to expresse it. (ing,
I love not thee, why should'st thou love me,
That yoake I cannot approve it,
Then lye still with one, I'de rather have none,
Nor I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

5.

DAM. My beauteous *Bell*, who stars doest excel,
See mine eyes never dries but do weat me,
Some cõfort unbuckle my sweet honey-suckle,
Come away, doe not stay, I intreat thee.
Delay would undoe me, hye quickly unto me,
This River will never suspect us,
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,
Loves Spyes have no eies to detect us.

6.

BEL. Come on *Damœtas*, ripe age doth fit us,
Take aside thy nak't Bride and enjoy her,
So thou coll thy sweeting, let flocks fall a bleeting,
My maids weed on thy meed I'le bestow there.
Thus love I thee, so be thou love me,
The yoake is so sweet I approve it,
To lye still with one is better than none,
I doe love, I am lov'd, and have lov'd it.

GOod Reader, if this Impression have errors in it, excuse it; The Copy was obscure; neither was the *Author*, by reason of his distance, and imployments of higher consequence, made acquainted with the publishing of it.

His Patavinus *erravit prelis*,
Authorem suis lacerando telis.

Philander.

Errata.

I*Nter* Barnabæ *errores*,
Hi mutârunt preli mores.
" *Delirans iste Sapiens* Gottam
" *Reddit* Cœtum *propter* Cotem.

Tertia parte, vide *Grantham.*

Amongst other faults in print,
You shall find this Error in't.
" Did not that Sage of *Gottam* strangely faile,
" Who for a *Whetstone* render'd him a *Whale?*

In the Third part, see *Grantham.*

F I N I S.

NOTES

ON THE

ITINERARY.

NOTES ON THE ITINERARY.

BEFORE we proceed to supply any illustrative or explanatory notes upon the text of Barnabee's Journal, it may not be unacceptable to give a contemporary character of our hero, and, as it is material to the history of the work, to make some observations as to the probable origin of the Title, and also of the time at which the whole was written and printed.

The first part of this enquiry will be confined to the popular character of

TIPPLING BARNABY.

Drunkenness is a passion that in every age has been too commonly tolerated, although part of its seductive characteristics are uniform: that of unnerving the strongest, idiotising the wisest, and rousing brutal ferocity in the ignorant. But this mental destroyer, of resistless sway, had, and probably continues to have, its peculiar or gradatory followers.

In the early days of our Author the pipe and the pot were fashionable pursuits; the novelty of the first served to increase the influence of the latter, and a

'brown dozen' of votaries to drinking has been delineated by a contemporary writer, as each possessing a particular bias and fixed character. Barnaby was one of these, and intended to exhibit a jovial tippler although only a 'maudlin-drunkard.' Such a one as the precise water-drinker must fancy is never actually sober, and yet at the close of a hard bout, the reason not being totally eclipsed, is never supposed actually drunk. Thus from an extremely rare tract* is obtained an outline of our bibacious Itinerant.

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* *A Brown Dozen of Drunkards (ali-ass Drinkhards) whipt, and shipt to the Isle of Gulls: For their abusing of Mr. Malt the bearded son, and Barley-broth, the brainlesse daughter of Sir Iohn Barley-corne.*

All joco-seriously descanted to our { *Wine-drunk*, *Wrath-drunk*, *Zeale-drunk.* } *Staggering Times.*

By one that hath drunk at S. Patricks well. [Woodcut.] *London: Printed by Robert Austin on Adlin-hill*, 1648, 4to, 12 leaves. A page of verses is prefixed as 'the author's friend to every sober and solid reader.'

The names of the brown dozen, or, as now proverbialized, baker's dozen (thirteen), are

1. *Drunken Wimble-tree, ali-ass Reeler.*—Rolls like a wheel barrow, and "an emblem of our perniz'd times, as good as any in Catz, Quarles, Whitney, or Withers."

2. *Drink-hard Helluoh.*—"No flincher, he will stand to it more then any tinker."

3. *Of Drunken Barnabee.*

4. *One drunken Tom Trouble-towne, or Troublesome.*—A wonderful linguist, "a blustring blatrant blade he is, who cannot be content to be drunk in silence."

5. *Drunken Agònethes.*—The master of the Revels called M. Controller, "is wonderfull punctual, for discipline is observ'd more strictly in his taphouses than in some temples."

6. *Drunken Dick the Gull-Gallant.*—This be a true Trojan and a mad merry grig though no Greek: "consorts himselfe usually with Coridons and Coblers, Rakehells and Raveners, Oastlers and Tapsters, Raggamuffins and Tatergallians, Tipplers

"*Of Drunken Barnabee.* With whom to make a short dispatch, and to trusse up his humor in a paper halter, because we have dwelt too long upon Helluoh, this Barnabee, ali-ass Maudlin-drunk, besides the description that his proper new Ballad makes of him, *as drunke all night and dry in the morning*, his catch being 'Still one tooth is dry,' like one old Chamberlaine, called old Twitcher in Yorkshire, who though he had

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and Tinkers, he feeds these spaniels which fawne upon him with good lappings from the tap."

7. *Drunken Laurence, ali-ass Lusty-guts.*—"When he puts off his considering cap and puts on his barly cap as he begins to be a friend to Bacchus and Ceres, he shewes himselfe no foe to Venus.—This late Lusty Laurence that Lancashire lad, who had 17 bastards in one year, if we believe his ballad, after his ale-mash and hot provender, is a stallion that neighs after every female filly."

8. *Drunken Don Quixot, ali-ass Wittypoll.*—Of a sudden by the fumes of Bacchus a mushrump poet, never so good a poetaster as when a pot-taster. "His pen pricks sharper than a porcupine's, his ink is as strong as his drink, it peirceth into a man's brains in jerking Iambicks and pricking Satyres sharper than the bristles of a hedge-hogg, it were able to make another Hipponax go hang himselfe."

9. *Drunken Spermologus.*—A word-minter, a Coriatized Odcomb.

10. *Drunken Philautus.*—Drunk with selfe-conceit as well as wine. "No sooner a note above Ela in his maultified mentall musick, but then especially he conceits all his geese to be swans, his capons cocks, his goats sheep, his rats rabbits, and his glow-worms blazing-stars."

11. *Drunken Sip-Sobrius.*—"A strange hermaphrodite that in one houre changeth from drunk to sober."

12. *Drunken Clericus, or Simplicius.*—"The Countrey Vicar, who to his meat must have liquor."

13. *Drunken Tom Tell-troath.*—What is to be known tell him, "he would vent it sooner in his cups, then if I told it in a barber's shop, a mill, a market, a schoole-house amongst boyes, a bakehouse amongst wenches, or at a gooseup's feast."

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washed many hundred pounds downe his throat, protested he was yet dry for all that: but passing by that humour, which hath some coincidence with Helluohs, this our maultified maudlin is but halfe drunk and halfe sober, like a newter in religion, halfe a protestant, halfe a papist, halfe light, halfe darkenesse, like a twilight; or as a luke warme Laodicean professor half hot, half cold, or indeed his true Hierogliphick is an Archized, Tarltonized Buffon, half a fool, half a knave; like a mule half an horse, halfe an asse: or a Cynocephalist, halfe a dog, half an ape: or a Maremaid, half fish, half flesh: (*Mulier formosa supernè desinens in piscem*) but chiefly reflecting on Virgil's worse verse, as a ventriloquist termed his *semivirumq; bovem, semibovemq; virum*, half a man in his sober part, halfe an oxe, a very beast in his acted drunken postures: just (or unjust) as King Philip was on his tribunall; half asleep, half awake. Not as a lion, the emblem of a politician, waking when he feignes to sleep, as that Witt-all, or all-wit the Roman did to Macænas: (with his *soli Mecænati dormio*) but like a semidormant, and semivigilant, betwixt hawke and buzzard, cup and can, a semi-drunkard, and semi-soberatus, quoth old Horsley, like a meer mongrill: halfe a gray-hound, halfe a mastife. Yet as in divinity we say, that God will have all in man or nought, the whole man or no man; without any more will to admit a corrivall then Cæsar to shift stakes with Pompey, or Alexander with Darius, or the true mother once to divide the child with the false mother: Detesting an Agrippa that is but half persuaded to be a Christian and no further: like a cake half bak'd: or flesh half boil'd or half broil'd, occasioning so much our Irish fluxes. So in morality, though I approve what Paul allowed Timothy, and Solomon's mother the sad-hearted, a little wine, as a little raine to refresh the earth, not to bog it with

too much; or so many cups from the grape (according to the old distinction) as tend to necessity and to hilarity, yea to acuity, to whetten the wits of a heavy Dutchman, and to heat a cold Beotian braine: yet I dislike a man to be half drunk, maudlin drunk, and but partly sober, as I distast a man that is but partly honest, and not downright: as Cato in Rome, and Phocion in Athens. And a woman that is suspected to be too great a dancer with the Romane Sempronia; or too great a comrade with young gallants, like Augustus his Livia, and Julia, to be held absolutely honest. But to trouble the by-standers no more with this half-staking gamester, I touch upon another who hath oft troubled me."

OF THE TITLE.

Under this head the inquiry branches into two questions—

1st. Whether the name of *Barnabee* may be believed to have originated with any particular person.

2dly. Whether it was appositely adopted from the local popularity of an old catch or ballad.

Minute as the account given in the life of the many relatives of Brathwait may appear, let it be recollected that the same is confined to the *paternal* branches only, which were sufficiently numerous, and enough dispersed to furnish such a succession of visits, within the pale of his own family, as to make Brathwait imbibe the unsettled spirit of a rambler, and to give birth to that coinage of adventure displayed in the Itinerary.

That a fuller notice of the maternal branch of the

family should be reserved to this place has arisen from the novelty it offers to our consideration in exhibiting the name of *Barnabee* among the near relatives of Brathwait. His father, as already stated, married Dorothy, daughter of Robert Byndloss of Haylston, whose wife was Agnes, daughter of —— Harrison. Their issue was—1. Anne, mar. William Fleming. 2. The abovenamed Dorothy. 3. Sir Robert B., knight, married first, Mary Elstoff of Thornhill, Yorkshire; second, Alice Dockwray of Dockwray Hall, Kendall. 4. Christopher, married Millicent Dalton of Lancaster. 5. Anne, married Walter Jobson. 6. Thomas. 7. Walter. 8. *Barnaby*.

Of the history of this maternal uncle christened *Barnaby* no particulars are known. The pedigree states the last three sons as all dying without issue, but does not supply any dates for those events. Therefore whether the youngest son, *Barnaby*, died in infancy or lived to a maturer age remains at present uncertain. In either case, from the alliance to Brathwait, the fact of his existence could not be silently omitted. He might live to figure away as the roving, jolly bachelor; the first promoter of convivial meetings, and boon companion at all opportunities; restlessly in search of novelty, always rambling independently through the country, a welcome favourite of women, and if not the glowing prototype of the hero of the *Itinerarium*, still such an outline of the original 'malt-worm' as needed only the touch of the poet to supply life, colouring, and immortality. If such a bibacious reveller did exist, and obtained no more than provincial notoriety, does it seem too much to expect, notwithstanding the lapse of time, some traditional information of his history? some proverb founded on his eccentricity? or some facetious monumental record, in imitation of his great forerunner,

tippling Elderton, to proclaim in his grave that *he was dry?* *

By the title-page it was intended to prevent any personal application of the character of *Barnabee*, in declaring that the Journal was "to most apt numbers reduced, and to the old tune of *Barnabe* commonly chaunted;" which leads to the last part of the in-

* Brathwait's knowledge of this character, who "for ballads never had peer," was not discovered when the last edition was printed. The original epitaph on Elderton is given in the "Remains after Death," 1618, with a translation and comment, thus—

"That of one Elderton (an inscription too bitter) yet to dis-authorize that sin, (which, like that powerfull ointment whereof Apuleius relates, amongst the Thessalonians, transforming and metamorphosing men into bruite beasts) to wit drunkennesse, whereof he was taxed, nothing can be too vehement or violent:

Hic situs est sitiens atque ebrius Eldertonus;
Quid dico hic situs est? hic potius situs est.
Camd. in *Remains.*

Heere drunken Elderton in earth lies thrust,
Lies thrust (say I) or rather heere lies thirst.

Again, in *Nature's Embassie*, 1621, at p. 130, is the following marginal note to the ninth Satyr "of Epicurisme."

"Resembling one Elderton, on whom this inscription was writ:

"Here lieth drunken Elderton, in earth now thrust;
What said I thrust? nay, rather here lies thirst."
In Rem. of a greater Worke.

This Epitaph was imitated by another hand in the following lines *On a Drunkard:*

"—— the drunkard,* while he liv'd would say,
The more I drinke the more me thinks I may:
But see how death hath prov'd his saying just,
For he hath drunke himselfe as dry as dust."
See *Wit's Recreations*, 1640.

* Later editions read 'Bibax the drunkard.'

quiry, under the present head, where we again need information.

The "old tune of *Barnabe*," or, as elsewhere named, "old catch of *Whoop Barnaby*," has escaped all research, however ardently and extensively pursued within the last sixty years, for the purpose of reviving our ancient music and ballads.

The popularity of the words, or tune, or both, first appears by the character of "*Barnabe*, a hir'd coachman," being introduced by Ben Jonson once in a scene of the comedy of *The new Inn, or the light Heart.* The slight connection of this chararcter with the development of the story of the drama renders the name of *Barnabee* too trifling for any other purposes of Jonson than in part to personify a favourite old catch, and thereby to secure applause from the 'groundlings' and gallery. *Barnabe*, the hired coachman, having driven to Barnet, is "as drie as dust," and inquires of Jordan, the landlord, an old acquaintance—

"How does old Staggers the smith, and Tree the sadler?
Keep they their penny-club, still?
Jor. And th' old *catch* too,
Of Whoop *Barnaby.*
Bar. Doe they sing at me?
Jor. They are reeling at it, in the parlour, now.
Bar. I'le to 'hem : Gi' mee a drinke first.
Jor. Where's thy hat?
Bar. I lost it by the way : Gi' me another.
Jug. A hat?
Bar. A drinke." *——

Jonson again mentions this catch in a Masque that was performed several times at Court, called *The Gypsies*, where a pilfering Gypsy is described to have

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* *The New Inne*, 1631, oct.

taken from Christian "her Practice of Piety with a bow'd groat, and the ballad of *Whoop Barnabee*, which grieves her worst of all." *

Edmund Prestwich, in a poem printed 1651, "On a Talkative and Stammering Fellow," with some humour tells him—

"Wert thou but musically giv'n, by thee
How rarely *Barnaby* would chaunted be,
When as the Drunkard might take all along,
His reeling measures from thy stagg'ring tongue?"

Another celebrated writer of that period, Charles Cotton, in *Virgil Travestie*, 1664, introduces the name to imply significantly the act of *reeling*.

"Bounce cries the port-hole; out they fly,
And make the world dance *Barnaby*." †

With these notices may be given a Song, pointed out by a literary acquaintance, which, whatever its merit may be, is incidentally entitled to insertion.

[S O N G.]

To the tune of *Pip my Cock*.

"Alas! poor silly Barnaby, how men do thee molest;
In city, town, and countrey, they never let thee rest:
For let a man be merry, at even or at morne,
They will say that he is *Barnaby*, and laugh him for to scorn;

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* *The Masque of the Gypsies*, printed by J. Okes, 1640.

† Dancing was one of the accomplishments in which Brathwait, as appears by his works, excelled; and probably described himself for the hero that did

———"winne the LEGGE three yeeres together."
Shepheard's Tales, 1621, part 1, p. 18.

And call him drunken Barnaby, when Barnaby is gone :
But can they not tend their drinking, and let Barnaby
alone ?

You city dames so dainty, that are so neat and fine,
That every day drinks plenty of spice and claret wine,
But you must have it burnt with sugar passing sweet,
They will not suffer Barnaby to walke along the street,
But call him drunken Barnaby, when Barnaby is gone :
Cannot you 'tend your gosseping, and let Barnaby alone ?

You clerks and lawyers costly, that are so fine and nice,
When you do meet so costly, with a cup of ale and spice,
You will take your chamber, before you do begin,
Although you steale him privatly, you count it is no sin,
Though Barnaby stands open, in sight of every one,
What, cannot you 'tend your drinking, and let Barnaby
alone ?

But I have seen some hostis, that have taken a pott,
When her head runns giddy, she'l call for a double shott,
Although she gets her living by such kind of gests,
Shall mock, scoffe, and deride me, as deeply as the rest,
But call me drunken Barnaby when all my money is gon,
But cannot they look to their mault man, and let Barnaby
alone ?" *

A gentleman living [in 1820] recollected hearing, early in life, an elderly person singing part of the original ballad, and varying the last line of the fragment, inserted before at p. 18, thus—

"The drunk over night are dry the next morning."

From the same friendly communication was obtained the following notice of a very modern reference to the music of this catch. In Henry Fielding's

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* *Wit and Drollery, Joviall poems: corrected and much amended, with additions. By Sir J. M. Ja. S. Sir W. D. J. D. and the most refined Wits of the age*, 1661. 12mo.

Author's Farce, with a puppet shew called the Pleasures of the Town, act iii. is the following song to the tune of "*Hey Barnaby take it for warning*," sung by Punch and an Orator, which is repeated here to supply the measure of the old ballad.

"P. No tricks shall save your bacon,
Orator, Orator, you are mistaken ;
Punch will not be thus confuted,
Bring forth your reasons, or you are nonsuited :
Heigh ho.
No tricks shall save your bacon,
Orator, orator, you are mistaken.
O. Instead of reasons advancing,
Let the dispute be concluded by dancing.
Ti to."

As this piece was acted at the Haymarket in 1729, and revived with alterations at Drury Lane some years afterwards, it makes it the more remarkable that no certain information can be given of the original.

No particular date can be assigned to the composition of the Itinerary. It seems a piece of mingled fact and fiction, the accumulation of a space of nearly thirty years ; and we must not hastily admit all the author desires to have believed in the lines "*Upon this work*." The four journeys were never the offspring of only a "three days task ;" nor yet wholly written in "the first spring of his minority," when no "razor then had touched his chin," as, by his own confession, at the conclusion of the last tour the hours of youth were fled. Many of the adventures originated in a heated and unripe imagination, while others, founded on local and provincial occurrences, or domestic events of the author's life, are strictly correct ; and to a few incidents dates can be assigned. These dates create a doubt whether this prefatory poem applies to more than the first and

second parts. The first journey commenced at Banbury, probably while he was a student at Oxford, and ended at Staveley. His second excursion was to London; where having arrived, the poem appears as if intended to end by the stanza "*Upon the Errata's.*" Nor is it improbable that was the fact, and the printing of it suspended from the cold reception of the *Strappado for the Divel* in 1615, the fate of which Brathwait thus records: "A pleasant poeme by the author long since published, and by some no lesse censoriously than causelessly taxed." *

Among the poems printed with the *Strappado* is one inscribed "To the worshipful Recorder of Kendall," wherein it is said "my Journey's at an end," and if these words may not be applied to one of the first two parts of the Itinerary, they have scarcely any meaning. The following Epigram, in the same collection, seems derived from his desire to perpetuate his progresses.

"*In Poetam Hippodramum;* or Post-riding Poet.

"It tooke a poet once i' th' head to poast,
For what I know not, but I'me sure it cost
His nurse far more (as I have heard some say)
Then ere his muse was able to repay."

In the last two journeys, Barnabee, without abating in humour, displays in himself a rather more staid character. His amours terminate in disappointments; and his muse narrates scenes less disgraceful than tippling brawls and sottish revels. At Darlington he marries: and then our Itinerant begins to traffic as a drover or dealer in cattle, solemnly proclaiming the necessity of living chaste, from the eyes of the country being upon him. At a still later period his rambling terminates with settling at Staveley, where the narrative of his journeys under-

* *Essays upon the Five Senses*, 1635, p. 175.

went a revision. In performing this task events chronicled long before needed an addition, by way of notes, to fashion them to more recent occurrences. Thus the stanza on Kendal, which ends the third journey, sign. H, and Barnabee's note thereon, are of very different dates, as the one must have preceded and the other as certainly followed the eleventh year of Charles I. (1636).

All the capitals and rule ornaments used in the first edition (and several are of rather peculiar character) are found in a little work by Brathwait, nearly contemporary, printed by John Haviland.

Loyal Pheander, &c.] These lines are similar to the following at the end of the postscript to *Ar't asleepe Husband?* 1640.

"That Great Commander peerlesse for a fellow,
Layd Homers Works under his royall pillow;
I'm but a poore Commander, yet in stead
Of those, I'le lay this Boulster for my head."

"*I'd ne're seene any curtaine nor partition.*"] A more explanatory comment on this line it is not likely will be found than in the following passage from Brathwait's address in the *Strappado* to *Mounsieur Bacchus*.

——————————— "I'le expresse
What motiues there be of licentiousnesse
Within thy brothel closures, and with all
Complaine of thy partitions, how the fall
Of many a simple virgine (though shee's loath
To do't, poore wench) coms from a painted cloath,
A curtaine, or some hanging of like sort,
Which done, God wot, they'ue cause to curse thee for't."

Ad Translatorem.] To the Translator.—Whatever opinion may be entertained of the insufficiency of the English compared with the Latin text, there cannot

be any reason for questioning that they were both the production of Brathwait. Upon translating the *Arcadian Princess* from the Italian of Mariano Silesio, he observes: "If this new dresse doe not become him, all that I can say in mine owne defence is this, and no other: 'there is great difference betwixt Taylor and Translator.' Sure I am, that the *loome* is the same, if not the *lustre;* the *stuffe* the same, though not the *colour.*" Which may be equally applied to the Itinerary; and that he translated when sober what obtained birth from his more convivial hours, according to his own quotation—

"When I'm drunke as any Rattin,
Then I rap out nought but Lattin."
Law of Drinking, 1617.

We shall contentedly drop the question by exhibiting specimens of our author's English poetry in the same manner as he recites his travels:—

To Dorinda, successiue Nuptials.

"Purest Nimph that Hybla bred,
With ambrosia nourished,
Beautie's glorie, nature's mirror,
Heauen's blest Trophie, worlde's terror,
Nature made thee and thy feature
As it seemes to put downe nature,
Most admir'd, when most deiected,
Humble most, when most erected."
The Poet's Willow, 1614.

"An Epigramme called *The Cambrian Alchymist.*

"The planet-stroken Albumazor
Shaues the Muses like a razor;
Fayry like we therefore shun them,
Cause there is no haire vpon them,

Muses loose their ornament,
Cambria has their excrement.——

In a clowde? it's rather showne,
Like the man that's in the moone,
Where our Iles Ardelio,
Descants of Tom Trinkillo;
Form'd like one that's all in mist,
Like a second Alchymist.

Strange the object was, I wis,
Of this metamorphosis;
Nought was, if I understood,
Good, but what it was deem'd good
By the great; O worthy feate,
To be worthlesse deemed great."

Strappado for the Devil, 1615, p. 114.

"Care who loves then, let him liue
Single; whereas such need lesse
As themselves to marriage giue,
For these want what they possesse;
Care whereof breedes now and then
Broken sleeps in many men."

Vpon the Single Life, published with *Description of a Good Wife*, 1619.

"Nor the crazie citizen
But is furr'd up to the chin:
Oister-callet, slie Upholster,
Hooking Huxster, merrie Malster,
Cutting Haxter, courting Roister,
Cunning Sharke, nor sharking Foister."

Nature's Embassie, 1621, p. 254.

"Haplesse-hopelesse is that clime,
Which is of this humour sicke,
And in sleep consumes her time,
Ruine to states politicke:
States are ever most secure,
When they hold themselves least sure."

Arcadian Princess, 1635, p. 126.

Banbury.] Barnabee was the determined foe of the Puritans, between whom and the poets a few skirmishes had taken place in the time of Queen Elizabeth; but the brunt of the battle was sustained during the two following reigns, until the Puritans were totally discomfited at the Restoration. Some one, not inaptly, has said, "The poets were pert and the Puritans petulant." The first in their satires exposed the others as hypocrites, who in return, in the pestilent heat of their doctrines, attempted to brand their opponents as Atheists. Jonson condescended, by his character of "Zeal-o-the-land-busy,"* to enlist as a distinguished leader, followed by our author,† with Randolph, Cokain, Cartwright, and others of minor import, each having a cut at this big body of deformity, until it was finally dissected by the unrivalled Butler.

The story of hanging the cat, true or invented, was first related by Brathwait, in a short poem in the *Strappado*, p. 109, addressed

To the Precisian.

"For the Precisian that dares hardly looke,
(Because th' art pure forsooth) on any booke
Saue homilies, and such as tend to th' good
Of thee and of thy zealous brother-hood:
Know *my time-noting lines* ayme not at thee,
For thou art too too curious for mee.
I will not taxe that man that's wont to slay
"His cat for killing mise on th' Sabboth day:
No; know my resolution it is thus,
I'de rather be thy foe than be thy pus:

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* See comedy of *Bartholomew Fair*, first acted 31 October 1614.

† Brathwait, on another occasion, says of the Puritan—

"A walking Hypocrite there was, whose pace,
Trunk hose, small ruffe, deminutiue in forme,
Shew'd to each man *He* was the *child of grace.*"

And more should I gaine by 't : for I see
The daily fruits of thy fraternity :" &c.

This was published in 1615, and probably alludes to a current story, as the inverted commas before the eighth line seem to imply the subject borrowed: though no such distinction appears when repeated by John Taylor, the water-poet, in describing a Brownist :

" The spirit still directs him how to pray,
Nor will he dresse his meat the Sabbath day,
Which doth a mighty mysterie vnfold,
His zeale is hot, although his meat be cold,
Suppose his cat on Sunday kill a rat,
She on the Munday must be hang'd for that." *

Again it occurs in a poem " *Upon Lutestrings Cat-eaten.*"

" Pusse, I will curse thee, maist thou dwell
With some dry Hermit in a cel,
Where Rat ne're peep'd, where Mouse ne're fed,
And flies go supperlesse to bed :
Or with some close-par'd Brother, where
Thoul't fast each Sabbath in the yeare,
Or else, profane, be hang'd on Monday,
For butchering a Mouse on Sunday." †

This conventicle rap was also introduced upon the stage by William Sampson, in the play of *The Vow-Breaker.*‡ In the third act we have : " Enter Joshua, his cat in a string, Miles, Ball." The scene is too

* *The praise of Hemp-seed.* Taylor's Works, fol. 1630.

† *Musarum Deliciæ : or the Muses Recreation. By Sir J. M. and Ja. S.* 1655, 2d. ed. 1656, 12mo.

‡ *The Vow-Breaker, or, The Faire Maide of Clifton, In Nottinghamshire, as it hath beene divers times acted by severall Companies with great applause. By William Sampson.*—1636. 4to.

long to be repeated here. Joshua is made to exclaim against "the heathen bables, the may-poles of time, and pageants of vanity; but I will convince them of error, and scoure their pollutions away with the waters of my exhortations." Of the cat he observes: "She did kill a mouse, I but when? on the forbidden day, and therefore she must die on Munday:" and afterwards passes sentence thus: "I adjudge thee to be hanged this Munday for killing a mouse yesterday, being the high day."

No apology can be required for preserving here the following ballad, which is now little known. The old printed copy has been corrected by another in manuscript, but neither of them enables us to fix the year when originally written, however certain it was contemporary with our author.

SONG.

"A presbyterian Cat sat watching of her prey,
And in the house
She caught a mouse
Upon the Sabbath day.

The Minister offended at such a deed profane,
Threw by his book,
The Cat he took,
And bound her in a chain.

'Thou damn'd confounded creature, and blood sucker (says he),
'Tis enough to throw
To hell, below,
My holy house and me.

Thou well may'st be assured thou blood for blood shall pay
That in thy strife
Took mouse's life
Upon the Sabbath day.

O then he took his Bible book, and earnestly he pray'd
That the great sin,
The Cat was in,
Might not on him be laid.

And straight to execution was poor Grimalkin drawn,
Where on a tree
There hang'd was she,
While Pres. John sung a psalm.

Since the act of Puritan and they that bear such sway,
You ne'er must kill
A louse nor mouse
Upon the Sabbath day." *

This passage of our author was happily applied, in the course of a debate in the House of Commons, by the late Mr Courtenay, against two of the Members whose zeal appeared rather overstrained. It was in March 1795, on a Bill for the better observ-

* Printed from an excellent collection of popular lyrical pieces, called *The Aviary, or Magazine of British Melody*, oblong, no date (about 1740), corrected by a copy in manuscript from the collection of a literary gentleman.—Mr Franks of Stockton, nephew to Mr Ritson, obligingly communicated the transcript of an old copy, from *The Raven: a choice Collection of Roaring Songs, calculated for the sole use and benefit of such Gentlemen as have little Judgment and no Voice.* 8vo. MS. The Aviary is nearly the same as the latter, except wanting the title of "The Sabbath Breaker, or Murder Reveng'd." Another variation of the above song, with two additional verses that form an impotent conclusion, is collected among the *Jacobite Relics* by James Hogg, 1819, p. 37. It is there described as a "popular country song," and entitled the *Cameronian Cat*, though evidently an English composition. By the arrangement the editor to whom we are indebted for this interesting collection, appears to have believed it a Jacobite production of the time of James II.; but it was undoubtedly levelled against the unbending Oliverians, who never intended a king should enjoy his own again. Mr Hogg describes it as "always sung by the wags in mockery of the great pretended strictness of the Covenanters."

ance of Sunday being introduced into Parliament by Sir William Dolben and Sir Richard Hill. In debate it was warmly as well as wittily attacked by Mr Courtenay, who, among other things, said he would read to the House six lines, whimsically prophetical of this very Bill, extracted from a curious little book called "*Rowland's Itinerary.*"

"In Oxford, much against my will,
I met two knights, Dolben and Hill;
The first he was a most profane one,
The next a rigid puritane one,
Who hang'd his wicked cat on Monday,
Because she catch'd a mouse on Sunday."

Sir William Dolben, in reply, treated the quotation as a mere fiction, and compared his antagonist to Lauder the calumniator of Milton. Mr Courtenay, in explanation, said the Honourable Baronet had given him more credit than he deserved in ascribing the lines to him; they were taken from a book called "*Drunken Barnaby's Travels.*"*

That our author should particularly satirise the town of Banbury for its puritanism might arise from the greater number of the inhabitants being of that persuasion. "There is a credible story (says Bishop Gibson), that while Philemon Holland was carrying on his English edition of the *Britannia*, Mr Camden came accidentally to the press, when this sheet was working off; and looking on, he found, that to his own observation of Banbury being famous for cheese, the translator had added cakes and ale. But Mr Camden thinking it too light in expression, chang'd the word *ale* into *zeal;* and so it pass'd, to the great

* See Debates, 26th March 1795, in the *Parliamentary Register*, vol. xli. p. 151.


Marcel

indignation of the Puritans, who abounded in this town." *

Brathwait was well acquainted with *Camden's Britannia*, as appears by a note on the Itinerary, and no stranger to this anecdote at the time of writing his epistle to the Cottoneers, where it is indirectly made the subject of his muse. See note on Bradford.

Another equally facetious traveller, Bishop Corbet, in the *Iter Boreale*, also remarked the number and variety of sectaries with which Banbury abounded—

> " The Puritan, the Anabaptist, Brownist,
> Like a grand sallet of Tinkers, what a towne is't." †

And in "a Poem [by Cleveland] in defence of the decent ornaments of Christ Church Oxon, occasioned by a Banbury brother, who called them idolatries," it is asked

> ———————————" Shall we say
> Banbury is turned Rome, because we may
> See the Holy Lamb and Christopher? nay, more,
> The altar stone set at the tavern doore?" ‡

Queen's College horn.] This ancient drinking-horn, one of the lions of the College to which it belongs, is supposed to be the finest in existence, and long celebrated for its antiquity, beauty, and richness.

By the assistance of my valuable friend, the Rev. Dr Bliss, a representation is given of this curious drinking-horn.

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* *Camden's Britannia*, ed. 1753, c. 300.

† *Poems of Richard Corbet, late Bishop of Oxford and of Norwich. Edited by Octavius Gilchrist, F.S.A.* 1807. p. 202.

‡ *Parnassus Biceps*, 8vo. 1656, p. 3.

The substance of the horn itself is semitransparent, like tortoiseshell. It was presented to the College by the foundress, Philippa, queen of Henry III.; and, according to tradition, served to convey a valuable manor in Dorsetshire. It is still used very frequently on gaudies and festivals, and contains two quarts Winchester measure.

It is richly ornamented with gold. The eagle on the top of the lid is hollow; while the other end, or tip, terminates with the head of a leopard, or some other heraldic animal, curved round (towards the animal's right) to the body of the horn, and appears in the act of snarling. On the circular border surrounding the elevated centre of the cover on which the bird stands, the legend wassayl occurs thrice; also repeated as often on the rim of gold nearest the lip; and again upon the rim to which the two fore-feet are attached; but not on that supported by the hind-leg. A semicircle of gold connects the extremities of the talons of each foot to each other; but the hind-claw of each of the three legs stands unconnected.

	F.	I.
The horn, from the crest of the bird to the soles of the two claws, is in height	1	8
Of that height the eagle measures	0	7
From the crest to the extreme curve of the animal's head is	2	4¾
From the point of the beak to the animal's mouth, in a straight line	1	8
The circumference of the mouth	1	3
The longest diameter of the oval mouth . . .	0	5¼
The shortest diameter of the oval mouth . . .	0	4¼
The height of the two fore-claws	0	3½
The height of the hind-claw	0	1½
The circumference of the first legendic band . .	1	0¾
The circumference of the second legendic band . .	0	9
The breadth of the first band	0	2½
The breadth of the second band	0	2½

The breadth of the third band	0	$1\frac{3}{4}$
The length of the gold ornament at the extremity terminating in the snarling head	0	7

We have been the more particular in this description, from the uncommon beauty and size of the original, which is probably matchless.

Of the ancient custom of giving estates in fee and also granting honourable offices by the gift, and the retainment by possession of a drinking-horn, the late Dr Pegge collected several instances in his *Observations on the Horn, as a Charter.** The present horn is larger, but otherwise similar to the Borstal Horn, of any described by the learned antiquary; and that was "supposed to have belonged to the Bison or Buffalo." It is remarkable, from the inscription appearing to direct that the gift of the donor should be annually commemorated by a wassail pledge in the Christmas revels. How the horn was to pass is uncertain. We have heard of long narrow drinking-cups, now in use for a single draught, denominated "a Long Conscience" and "a Short Conscience,"—the one holding three pints, and the other a quart; and therefore doubt if this horn, although for magnitude it might have been borne by the Sanga or Galla Ox,† was not anciently used for a like effort of conviviality, and thereby spoke "pure Athenian." The Wassail Bowl went from lip to lip without replenishing: but the horn was probably a pledge filled for every guest, and expected to be emptied without breathing or spilling; according to the tippling law for a long or short conscience, and in some places

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* *Archæologia*, vol. iii.

† See *Voyage to Abyssinia*, by Henry Salt, Esq. 1814. 4to. p. 259.

for drinking a yard of ale. Of the Wassail our author says—

"Every day we dranke our Sheepherds health
In wassell cups ; not caring for our heards,
How well or ill they far'd, a figg for wealth,
Wee made our chopps wagg, and our grisled beards."*

Brackley.] The Mayor the chief magistrate, "tho' now, says Gibson, only titular." *Camden's Britannia.*

Donec creta fregit fidem.] A poetical fiction. Our author states in the *Address to Mon. Bacchus,*

——"I could say, and truly say, far more,
I neuer ran ten shillings on thy skore,
Which may seem strange, that I which am so grown
Into acquaintance, and to thee well knowne,
Should in thy booke haue such a diffidence,
As not be chalkt for want of ready pence." †

Gottam.] There seems intended a humorous transposition of the proverbial wisdom of the men to the women of Gotham. The female gull dancing in moonshine was probably founded on an accident which happened in the presence of Brathwait, who relates it as a *moot point*, whether to ascribe the same to Fate or the Taylor.

"Upon a time it chanced that I came
To Gottam, a small towne nere Nottingham,
About which time they kept a solemne wake,
Where every liuely lad tooke in his make, ‡
Each lasse her lad, so as you need not feare
But ere they parted they made dancing deare ;
Amongst the rest a frolicke youth there was,
Who tooke to him a lustie bouncing lasse ;

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* Hobbinol's dialogue in *Times Curtaine Drawne*, 1621.
† *Strappado for the Divel*, 1615. ‡ *i.e.* Mate.

Up went the crowd, the viole, and the fiddle,
While he right smoothly takes her by the middle,
Beginning with a kisse, for so they do it,
Which done right mannerly they went unto it.
Lightly he caper'd, youth is free from care,
And she as nimble, bates him not a haire;
But long they had not danc'd, till this yong maid,
In a frest stammell petticote array'd,
With vellure sleues, and bodies tied with points,
Began to feel a loosenesse in her joynts;
So as about the may-pole while she tripps,
Downe fell under-bodie from her hipps,
And show'd the naked truth, for all espide it,
Till one lent her his cloake that she might hide it.
Now pray you say whom ought we most to blame,
Fate, or the Taylor rather for the same,
Or neither, both, but the fashion sure I weene,
But for her points she had not naked been:
So as it may a caveat be to such
Who use to stand upon their *points* too much." *

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* Lines of Fate in *Time's Cvrtaine Drawne*, &c., 1621. In the same year was published *The Shepheard's Tales*, and in the third Eglogve Linus the Shepheard describes his wife, Lesbia, to

"Observe the fashion, do I what I could,
Bearing a port far higher in a word,
Than my abilitie could well afford:
That she I say into this fashion got,
(As what was th' fashion she affected not)
Of tying on with points her looser waste;
Now I obseruing how her points were plast,
The euen before she to a wake should go,
I all her points did secretly vndo,
Yet therwithall such easie knots did make,
That they might hold till she got to the wake.
Which she not minding;
Cor. On, good Linus, on.
Lin. She hyes her to the wake (my Coridon)
Where she no sooner came, then she's tane in,
And nimbly falls vnto her reuelling.
But see the luck on't, while she scuds and skips,
Her vnderbody falls from off her hips,

Mortimeriados.] This name is borrowed from the original title-page of Drayton's: '*Mortimeriados*, the lamentable ciuell warres of Edward the Second, and the Barons.' 1596.

Aberford.] A little town, "famous for its art of pin-making; the pins made here being in particular request among the ladies."—*Camden.*

Wakefield.] Every description of the valiant Pindar is worth preserving: the following lines are from the poem *To the Cottoneers.**

————" that I intend to show,
Is merry Wakefield and her Pindar too;
Which fame hath blaz'd, with all that did belong
Unto that towne in many gladsome song:
The Pindars valour, and how firme he stood
In th' towne's defence 'gainst th' rebel Robin-hood,
How stoutly he behav'd himselfe, and would,
In spite of Robin, bring his horse to th' fold:
His many May games which were to be seene,
Yeerely presented upon Wakefield greene,
Where louely Jugge and lustie Tibb would go,
To see Tom liuely turne vpon the toe;
Hob, Lob, and Crowde the fidler would be there,
And many more I will not speake of here:
Good God! how glad hath been this hart of mine
To see that towne, which hath in former time

Whereat some laught, while others tooke some ruth,
That she vncas'd, should shew the naked truth."

Breaking the points was a common joke against the prevailing fashion. A similar incident is related in *Kempes Nine Dayes Wonder*, 1600, as happening when he arrived at the Cross at Norwich.

* *Strappado for the Devil*, 1615.

So flourish'd, and so gloried in her name,
Famous by th' Pindar who first rais'd the same?
Yea, I haue paced ore that greene and ore,
And th' more I saw 't, I tooke delight the more;
For where we take contentment in a place,
A whole daies walke seems as a cinque pace:
Yet as there is no solace vpon earth,
Which is attended euermore with mirth:
But when we are transported most with gladnesse
Then suddenly our joye's reduc'd to sadnesse,
So far'd with me to see the Pindar gone,
And of those iolly laddes that were, not one
Left to suruiue: I grieu'd more then I'll say:
But now *for Bradford*"—— (*See next note.*)

Bradford.] The same story is related, more at large, in the Epistle to *The Cottoneers*, just referred to.

——"for Bradford I must hast away.
Bradford if I should rightly set it forth,
Stile it I might *Banberry of the North*,
And well this title with the towne agrees,
Famous for twanging *ale*, ZEALE, *cakes, and cheese:*
But why should I set zeale behinde their ale!
Because zeale is for some, but ale for all;
Zealous indeed some are (for I do heare
Of many zealous sempring sister there)
Who loue their brother, from their heart iffaith,
For it is charity, as Scripture saith:
But I am charm'd, God pardon what's amisse,
For what will th' wicked say that heare of this,
How by some euil brethren 't hath been sed,
Th' brother was found in 's zealous sister's bed."

"Yet *bon-socios* and good fellows."

"A bonus socjus in good company."*

* Poem *To the Cottoneers.*

Giggleswick.] The scenery of this place is accurately delineated by our author. The 'fresh spring' that continually ebbs and flows is described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, Song 28th, first published in 1612, and is still earlier noticed in the following lines, from a manuscript poem by another popular writer of that period—

" At Giggleswick, there many springes doe rise
That ebbe and flowe in strange and wondrous wise:
When 'tis at highest 'tis nyne ynches deepe,
At ebbe it doth but one ynche water keepe :
It ebbes and flowes ech quarter of an howre." *

Clapham.] Index hand : This peculiarity of the press often occurs in Brathwait's prose works, to note a new sentence, proverb, &c. Here it appears uselessly or inadvertently introduced by the printer.

Staveley.] The etymology of this name is given in the *Epistle to the Cottoneers*, describing as the tutelar patroness of their trade, Carmentis, who established the Phrygian works, and coming from Rome to this Isle with Aquila, the fleet divided, and she arrived in the haven of Workington. After giving name to " Cartmell or Carment-hill," she continued her journey, and

——————" on Stauelaies Cliffes, they say,
She laid her staffe, whence comes the name Staffelay ;
Corruptly Staulay, where she staid a space,
But seeing it a most notorious place,

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* *The Newe Metamorphosis, or a Feaste of Fancie, or Poetical Legendes. Written by J. M. Gent.* 1600. 4to. MS. [Compare Randolph's *Works*, by Hazlitt, p. 7.]

And that th' trades-men were so giuen to the pot,
That they would drinke far more then ere they got ;
She turn'd from thence, yet left some maids behinde,
That might acquaint them in this wool-worke kinde,
While she did plant, as ancient records be,
Neerer to Kendall in th' Barronrie." *

Epigram.] Something similar had before come from the same mint. In *The Smoaking Age* 1617, occurs "Bacchus Ivie-bush," and "bottle-nosed Bacchus," and Brathwait also inscribed a poem—

"To the true discouerer of secrets Mounsieur Bacchus, sole Soueraigne of the Ivy-bush, master-gunner of the pottle-pot ordinance, &c. &c." It begins

"Bottle-nos'd Bacchus with thy bladder face,
To thee my muse comes reeling for a place." †

Again—

"Bacchus cares not for outward signes a rush,
Good wine needs not the hanging of a bush." ‡

The same proverb is given in a madrigal—

"I am no merchant that will sell my breath,
Good wine needs not a bush to set it forth." §

Stanza 2 to 5.] It is conjectured the allusion here is to Tom Coriate.—*Park.*

Isle of Rhé.] This place was fruitlessly attacked by the Duke of Buckingham in 1627, some of whose

* *Strappado for the Divel.*
† Ibid.
‡ Ibid.
§ *Golden Fleece*, 1611.

official communications thereon are printed with *Miscellaneous State Papers*, 1778, 4to. vol. ii. p. 23. For "An Elegie upon the Death of Sir John Burrowes, slaine at the Isle of Ree," see *Parnassus Biceps*, 1656.

This is the only public event in the first two journeys that militates against the conjecture of their being written about 1615, but it might have been introduced afterwards. At a later period Tom D'Urfey wrote *The Travels of Drunkard, the famous Curr* for his faithful attachment, when

> "Away went he and crost the sea,
> With's master, to the Isle of *Rhea*,
> A good way beyond Callicè."*

John a Gaunt.] By this allusion to John a Gaunt the town was undoubtedly Lancaster. It has a similar description and is made the principal scene of action in the *Two Lancashire Lovers*, 1640, which begins: "Neare to that ancient towne of famous and time-honoured Gaunt, for her antiquity of site no lesse memorable recorded then for those eminent actions of her princely progenitors, renowned." Barnabee proceeds to Ashton, which is "near to that ancient town," and where the "militem and heroinam" were no doubt the Androgeus and Euryclea, father and mother of Doriclea, in that history.

Preston.] At the time Taylor, the water-poet, made his *Penniless Pilgrimage*, he records Master Banister as the Mayor of Preston.

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* *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. vi.

"Unto my lodging often did repaire
Kinde Master Thomas Banister, the mayor,
Who is of worship, and of good respect.
And in his charge discreet and circumspect;
For I protest to God I neuer saw
A Towne more wisely gouern'd by th' law."*

Rose.] In the encomiastic note upon Rose, the author seems to have borne in memory the following epitaph upon Rosamund, which he probably met with in his first journey at Woodstock; or in Camden's *Britannia.*

"*Hic jacet in tumba Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda,*
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet."

"Rose of the world, not Rose the fresh pure flow'r,
Within this tomb hath taken up her bow'r;
She scenteth now and nothing sweet doth smell,
Which earst was wont to savour passing well."†

Cent-foot.] Thus again by our author—

"Let st. foote be, such follies lust affoord,
For fairest play is euer aboue boord."‡

"Or to play at foot-st. with him."§

Skimmington.] "This burlesque ceremony was the invention of a woman, who thereby vindicated the character of a neighbour of hers, who had stoutly beaten her husband for being so saucy as to accuse his wife of being unfaithful to his bed."||

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* *Taylor's Works*, 1630, p. 126.
† *Camden*, vol. i. col. 299.
‡ *Morall to the Ciuell Duell, Strappado*, &c.
§ *Franke's Anatomie*, ibid.
|| [*Popular Antiquities of Gr. Britain*, 1870, ii. 127–31.]

Coventry.] Our author records the fame of 'Coventry blew,' yet rather singularly omits the opportunity of applying the popular allusion to the Puritans. Cleveland, 'in a new Litany,' says

> "From a holy sister Coventry-blew,
> *Libera nos*, *Domine*."

Stratford.] Frank Green was, probably, the female to whom Brathwait was "quondam friend," and subject of a poem entitled "An Embleme which the author composed in honour of his Mistris, to whom he rests euer deuoted: Allusiuely shadowing her name in the title of the Embleme, which hee enstiles His Frankes Anatomie." Her person is described with all the minuteness and freedom of the school of Donne and other contemporary poets. It is followed by another address "Upon his Mistris Nuptialls, entitled His Frankes Farewell."*

It may also be conjectured, 'for the name's sake,' she was joined afterwards with his wife in a complimentary effusion, as

An Hymne Thalassicall or Nuptiall; implying two worths included in one name, paradoxally intimating the true happie state of contented Love.

> "What I have, that I craue,
> Frank I lost, yet Frank I haue ;
> Happie am I in possessing
> Of her that giues Love a blessing :
> Blessed loue 'boue earthly ranke,
> Stated in my style of Franke ;
> Happie style that thinkes no shame
> In respect of nature, name,

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* *Strappado for the Divel*, 1615, p. 78–86.

Forme, affection, and in all
To be Franke, as we her call.—
Thus two Franks in beauty one,
Yeelds enough to dote upon ;
Equall both in favour, feature,
Honour, order, name, and nature ;
Both inclining to one stature,
Equall'd by no earthly creature.—
Yet if need's one th' *best* doe craue,
In my thoughts it's she I haue :
She whose vertues doe excell,
As they seeme imparalell ;
Modest, yet not too precise,
Wise, yet not conceited wise.—
With this poem and a pearle,
Sent to Franke my faithful girle ;
I conclude with friendly vow,
To my Frank her neighbour too."*

Orlando Furioso.] See book xxiii. Brathwait, in a poem called "How Fancie is a Phrensie," says—

"Tell them the bookes I reade be such as treate
Of *Amadis de Gaul*, and *Pelmerin*,
Furious *Orlando*, and *Gerilion ;*
Where I obserue each fashion and each feate
Of amorous humours, which, in my conceipt,
Seeme to to rare : that they that were so strong
Should be so mad, and I be tame so long."†

Skinkers.] Of Cornelius Vandunk it is said, "there is no monument hee so highly admires, as that great vessell of Heidelberge, which he holds a competent draught (and no more than competent) for any *Skinker* in Europe."‡ The Skinker was therefore

* *Time's Curtaine Drawne,* &c. oct. 1621.
† *Strappado for the Divel*, p. 103.
‡ *The Laws of Drinking*, 1617.

considered a great drinker as well as a Tapster.* In the *Address to Bacchus* the author is to devise larger pots, and the others are to become forfeited—

> "Which goods confiscate for their great abuse,
> Nay, afterward redound unto the use
> Of all such noble *skinkers* (by confession)
> As were deceiv'd by men of this profession."†

Saint Alban.] Our author appears to have extended the sense as to this Calendar Saint, whom, according to Camden, Fortunatus Presbyter mentions thus—

> "*Albanum egregium fœcunda Britannia profert.*
> And fruitful Britain holy Alban shews."

Highgate.] We have it by tradition that our author, upon Highgate Hill, should say—

> "Fare thee well, London, thou 'rt good for nought else
> But whoredom, and Durdam,‡ and ringing of belles."

Islington.] The prevalence of the sign of the Lion at alehouses, is accounted for in Brathwait's character of 'A Painter'—

"My Lord Maiors day (says our author) is his Jubile, if any such inferior artist be admitted to so serious a solemnity: If not, Countrey presentments

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* See *Shakespeare*, ed. 1803, vol. ii. p. 271, [and Dyce's *Shakespeare Glossary*, v. Underskinker.]

† *Strappado for the Divel.*

‡ An uproar or tumult, see Jamieson's *Dictionary*. So the old Scotch ballad—

> "Sic *hurdum durdam*, and sic din,
> Sic fiddling and sic dancing, &c."

are his preferment; or else hee bestowes his pencile on an aged peece of decayed canvas in a sooty ale-house, where *Mother Redcap* must be set out in her colours. Here hee and his barmy Hostesse draw both together, but not in like nature; she in ale, hee in oyle. But her commoditie goes better downe, which he meanes to have his full share of, when his worke is done. If she aspire to the conceit of a *signe*, and desire to have her *birch-pole* pull'd downe, hee will supply her with one; which hee performes so poorely, as none that sees it but would take it for a *signe* hee was drunke when he made it. A long consultation is had, before they can agree what signe must be rear'd. A *Meere-maide*, sayes shee, for that will sing catches to the youths of the parish. A *Lyon*, sayes he, for that's the onely signe that he can make. And this he formes so artlesly, as it requires his expression: *This is a Lion.* Which old Ellenor Rumming, his Tap-dame, denies, saying, *It should have been a Meere-maid.*" *

Three Cranes.] The sign of the Three Cranes was in the Vintry, [and was well known in the middle of the 16th century as the printing-house of William Copland.] This house remained long in repute, as, by the sign, it appears to be mentioned in a satirical *Character of a Coffee House with the Symptoms of a Town Wit*, 1673, fol., where the 'Stygian-Puddle Seller' is said to provide "back-recruiting Chocolet for the consumptive Gallant, Herefordshire Red-streak made of rotten Apples at the *three Cranes*, true Brunswick-mum brew'd at S. Katherine's, and Ale in peny mugs, not so big as a taylor's thimble."

* *Whimzies*, 1631.

Bacco.] Young, who is mentioned here as a vendor of tobacco, was probably the most noted Abel Drugger of that period, and thereby well known to our author, who very early in life "aspired to a pipe of rich smoake with a tinder-box," * and seems to have lent his aid in a posthumous fashion to the Tobacconists, "In a little Tract entitled *Tobacco:* published by especiall direction of the author upon his death-bed, dedicated to Humphrey King, one well experienced in the use, benefit, and practice of that herbe, and printed for Will. Barley (with Tobacco armes), then keeping shop in Gracious Street." †

Iacco.] Refers to any popular house where wine was sold.

Ware.] The allusion to Sir Hugh Middleton being enriched by the project of the New River, is fixed upon by the editor of the fifth edition as internal evidence of the time when the journal was written being 1613. It is more probable the lines under consideration were written at a later period by thirty years, when the undertaking began to repay the projectors: and to show how little there is in the former editor's hypothesis, the following stanzas are given from an Elegy upon Prince Henry,‡ wherein Brathwait pointedly refers to the 'cost' of the concern—

"Why should men thinke th' inuention half so rare,
Or worth record, to bring a streame from Ware,

* *Holy Memorials*, &c., 1638.

† See the observations collected as from this tract reprinted in *The Smoaking Age*, 1617. [Haslewood printed *Barlow.* See Herbert's *Ames*, p. 1277.]

‡ Printed in *The Poet's Willow*, 1614.

Of pure spring water? for without *lesse charge*
I could haue dreind a riuer full as large
Without ere pumping for't : and with a sluse
As artificiall : which could no way chuse
(Such is the force of an obsequious pitty)
But conuey water to most parts o' th' city.

And this without a Jacobs staffe, or ought
Saue the dimensions of an aierie thought ;
Which measures each proportion, onely griefe
Excepted, which the measure of reliefe
Could neuer compasse : yet there would be fault
In my conueiance, for my spring is salt,
And mixt with briny vapors which distill
Like pond or marish waters from a hill :
But theirs more sweet, so could I mine allay,
If I had been at *so much cost as they*."

Again in 1617 he comments upon the cost of the undertaking by saying, "thou makest us never thinke of our poverty, drawne in sluces from Ware, and in pipes to London." *

Royston.] At this town James I. had a residence for the purpose of enjoying the sport of hunting, and probably Brathwait was among those who participated with royalty in that amusement. In the ballad of *Corydon*, or the *Western Huntsman*, Brathwait says—

"Blaze not the fame-spred chace of Marathon,
Of hillie Oeta, heathie Calidon,
For th' chearefull coasts of peacefull Albyon,
May show New-market, *Roiston*, Maribon ;
And boast as much vpon their game,
As any one could doe of them,
And amongst their doggs not one
Could match matchless Corydon." †

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* *The Smoaking Age*, 1617, p. 151.
† *Time's Curtaine Drawn*, 1621.

Stonegate-hole.] There is great similitude between the ludicrous adventure of the attorney's clerk and part of the ancient tale of Dan Hew, monk of Leicester, inserted in the [*Popular Poetry of England*, iii. 130]. The same story was published by Brathwait, in an anonymous work, in 1640, which we shall repeat here, as it wears all the imposing appearance of being founded on truth.

"To inlay this our lecture with mixt stories, I shall adde one only tale of a spritely male, who, for love of a female, lost his maile, and afterwards runne post naked down Sautry-laine.

"There was an atturney's clarke, who comming along with his master by Stanegate-hole (or the Purser's prize), and hovering a little behind his master, purposely to ease himselfe, tyed his gelding to a stake in the hedge, and went over into the thicket adjoyning: where he no sooner enter'd than he perceived a dainty young wench, of an amiable presence, cheerefull countenance, and a wooing eye, beckning unto him, as if she affected nothing more than dalliance: The clarke, whose heate of youth prompted him on, though his master's speed call'd him back, friendly and freely accoasted her, preferring his owne sport before his master's speed. But while they were clozing up their youth-full bargaine, two lustie *takers* leapt out of a brake and surprised him, calling him to a sharpe account for the dishonour hee had offered their sister: Hee, who had no time admitted him to put in his plea, besought them that hee might bee dismist: which motion they inclined to, but by no means till he had *payd his fees*. To bee short, they stript him naked to his skinne, seazed on his port-mantua: and tying his hands behind him, mounted him, mother-naked as hee was, into his sadle. His gelding missing his master's horse, fell a

galloping and neying after him. The master with another fellow-traveller, hearing such a noyse and clattering behind them, though a good distance from them, looking back, might see one in white with great speed pursuing them : They imagining it to be one in white armour, put spurrs to their horses: where all along *Sautry-laine* this eager chace continued; the man harmelessly following, they fearefully flying: till they got to *Stilten*, where they thought themselves happy in such an harbour: where they reposed, till that *armed-man* appeared a *naked-man;* whom we will leave to the correction of his master: to whom he made a free discovery of his misfortune, and consequently deserved more favour." *

Newfounded College.] The *Collegium purum* which our traveller went a little out of the way to visit, was the recent establishment by Nicholas Ferrar, at Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire. This foundation was laid about the year 1625 by this learned and pious man, who, having been Deputy Governor of the Virginia Company, after the violent dissolution of that body retired from public life, purchased the manor of Little Gidding, entered into holy orders, and there founded what was called a *Protestant nunnery*, composed of his mother, brothers, sisters, and their children; in all about forty persons. The establishment was the subject of much difference of opinion, and much odium was attached to Archbishop Laud, who had ordained the founder, for his encouragement of an endowment so nearly allied to Popery. It is pleasant, however, to find our

* *Ar't asleepe, Husband? A Boulster Lecture*, oct. 1640, p. 64.

traveller paying, in his graceless ramble, a just tribute to the uprightness of the motives and conduct of the rigid devotees. The last descendant of this once eminent and singular family of Ferrar, a very worthy man, is now clerk of the parish of St Michael Stamford.—*Gilchrist.*

See *The Arminian Nvnnery: or a Briefe Description and Relation of the late erected Monasticall Place, called the Arminian Nvnnery at Little Gidding in Hvntington-Shire*, 1641; and No. ix. and x. of Hearne's Appendix to the Preface to *Peter Langtoft's Chronicle*, 1725: also the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1772, vol. xlii. p. 322 and 364: and *Ecclesiastical Biography, by C. Wordsworth, LL.D.* 1810, vol. v. p. 73.

Wansforth-Brigs.] The melancholy circumstances under which Barnabee visited Wansforth-Brigs enable us to fix [1636]* as the year in which part of his third Itinerary was written. The plague then ravaged the village, and the usual *Miserere mihi!* on the portals, which denoted the infected dwelling, serves to restore our apparently thoughtless wanderer to his sober senses. Another customary remark of that dreadful mortality pervading the house was a bloody cross on the door-posts, as we learn from the Water-Poet, where the inherent horror of the subject has rapt the sculler into strains of real poetry.

" In some whole street, perhaps, a shop or twaine
Stands open for small takings and less gayne,
And every closed window, door, and stall,
Makes each day seem a solemn festival.
Dead corses carried and received still,
While fiftie bodies scarce one grave doth fill.

* [Not 1642, as stated in a note to ed. 1820. The plague of 1636 was very widely spread.]

While *Lord have mercie on us!* on the door,
Altho the words be good, do grieve men sore,
And *o'er the door posts* fixed a CROSS of red,
Betokening that there Death some blood hath shed." *

A very excellent inn, the property of His Grace the Duke of Bedford, still perpetuates the perilous adventure of Barnabee in the Sign of the Haycock, on which he is represented as passing under "Wansforth-brigs" interlocuting the inhabitants as to the origin of his voyage.—*Gilchrist.*

Stamford.] Leland says "that a greate voice rennith that sumtyme readinges of Liberalle Sciences were at Staunforde." †

Thus Camden:—"University of Stamford.—In Edward the Third's reign [not to mention what the fragment of an old manuscript history says, concerning an University here, long before our Saviour,] an University for the study and profession of liberal arts and sciences was begun here; which the inhabitants look upon as their greatest glory. For when the hot contests at Oxford broke out between the students of the North and the South, a great number of them withdrew and settled here. However, a little while after they return'd to Oxford, and put an end to the new University which they had so lately begun; and from thenceforward it was provided, by an oath to that purpose, that no Oxford man should profess at Stamford. [Here are still the remains of two Colleges,‡ one call'd *Black-hall*, and the other *Brazen-nose;* on

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* *The fearful Summer*, p. 59. fo. ed. 1630.

† *Itinerary*, 1711, vol. vi. fol. 29.

‡ These Colleges of Brazen-nose were pulled down 1688. See *Britannia*, by Gough, 1806, vol. ii. p. 352.

the gate whereof is a great brazen nose and a ring through it, like that of the same name at Oxford. And it is evident that this did not take its pattern from Oxford, but Oxford from it; inasmuch as that at Oxford was not built before the reign of Henry the Seventh, and this is at least as old as Edward the Third, and probably older." *]

The following old provincial rhyme confirms the truth and propriety of Barnabee's observation on the 'swarming beggars at Stamford.'

> "Peterborough for pride, *Stamford for poor*,
> Deeping for a rogue, and Bourn for a whore."

Foramen Saræ.] This was a popular alehouse, still flourishing, called "the Hole i' the wall;" and the *Bona Roba*, as Justice Shallow has it, who entertained our traveller, was Sarah Edwards, whose decease is recorded in the parish register in 1646. This "drunkard's cave," not less in esteem than when visited by honest Barnabee, is at this hour owned and occupied by a right worthy landlord and sportsman ycleped Anthony Baker, and is probably the oldest *hospitium* in the place, for "The Maidenhead," where the Water-Poet rested on his "penilesse pilgrimage," has been long suppressed.—*Gilchrist.*

Witham.] If we had not the utmost confidence in our Traveller's accuracy, we might perhaps suspect him on this occasion of having reversed an old proverb, which says that

> "*Ankham eel* and Witham *pike*,
> In all England is none sike."

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* *Britannia*, by Gibson, 1753, col. 555.

Barnabee is, however, correct, for those minute recorders of momentous events, and ancient chroniclers, recount an eel of enormous dimensions being stranded near the outlet of that river at Boston :—and indeed a similar prodigy was taken at no great distance in recent days. To have hooked one of such portentous size as put the fisher's safety in jeopardy *so high up the river* was reserved for the singular good-fortune of honest Barnabee, since the Witham has its origin in the village where our traveller rested, and may be stepped across anywhere between its source and the village of Colterworth (where Sir Isaac Newton was born) two miles lower. But there is the poet's licence ; so we trust, notwithstanding, that Barnabee's veracity will 'moult no feather' from this untoward circumstance.—*Gilchrist.*

The largest fresh-water eel I ever saw was caught in the river Witham, opposite Bardney. The boy who drew it to the bank with his line was terrified at its bulk, and cried out "a snake, a snake!" but the prize was secured by his companions, and carried home in juvenile triumph.—*P.*

Grantham.] This town has long been celebrated for whetstones, a small cake shaped like a whetstone, and for a handsome church, 'whose spire rises to a great height,' says Camden, 'and is famous for the many stories told about it.' Barnabee has added an imperfect one to the number: it were to be wished that he had been more explicit. The height of the spire was 273 feet. A few years before Barnabee undertook his third peregrination the church and spire of Grantham were in such a ruinous state that a petition was presented to the Lord Keeper stating that the parish church of the said ancient borough, 'being very spacious and the steeple

thereof famous for its eminent height, were at that present likely to fall into ruin,' expressing at the same time an utter inability to repair it. In this state it seems to have remained till 1661, when it was blown down and rebuilt. The engravings of Hollar, and the history of Dugdale, represent St. Paul's at the time Barnabee travelled as wanting only a spire to complete the building; and it is likely that the gossip ran among those who shared drunken Barnabee's compotations, that this elegant spire of Grantham was about to be transplanted thence to perfect the splendid cathedral of St. Paul's.—*Gilchrist.*

To this communication of a literary friend we are enabled to add Brathwait's relation of the same story in another work. It is introduced in the *Arcadian Princess*, with the name of GRANTAM transposed into MARGANT, and may therefore be unhesitatingly applied to that place. An index hand is placed in the margin better to secure notice. ☞ "They may wel seem to be ranked and endenized amongst that credulous plebeian society of *Margant*, who were made to beleeve, upon the ruines of a sumptuous and magnificent abbey-spire, that the State intended their spire (though many miles distant, should supply it: to divert which intendment, in all humble and petitionary manner, with joynt consent according to their weak conceit, they beseeched the State (with ample gratuities to some interceding favorites, for their better successe) to commiserate their case, and spare their spire. To which the State, pretending them all favour, after much laughter, pleasantly condescended." *

Retford.] Versifying the old adage that a fish should swim thrice: in water, in butter, and in wine.

* *The Arcadian Princess*, 1635, p. 203.

Robin Hood's Well.] Evelyn in his Tour through Yorkshire, in August 1654, says: "We all alighted in the highway to drink at a cristal spring which they called Robin Hood's Well; neere it is a stone chaire, and an iron ladle, to drink out of, chain'd to the seate." *Memoirs of John Evelyn*, 1818, vol. i. p. 278.

Tadcaster.] "Really (says Camden), considering the many currents that fall into [the Wherf] this so shallow and easie stream under the bridge is very strange, and might well give occasion to what a certain gentleman, who passed it in the summer-time, said of it—

> '*Nil* Tadcaster *habet Musis vel carmine dignum,*
> *Præter magnificè structum sine flumine pontem.*
> Itinerary of T. Edes (*marginal Note*).

> 'Nothing at *Tadcaster* deserves a name,
> But the fair bridge that's built without a stream.' "*

Alerton.] "The throngest beast-fair on St. Bartholomew's day that I ever saw."—*Camden.*

Nesham.] At this town there was a Benedictine Nunnery, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and of which no vestige remains. Here Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., slept in her progress to Scotland. The last prioress was Johanna Lawson, who remained an annuitant in 1553. It was granted 32 Hen. VIII. to James Lawson, who appears to have been great-grandfather of Frances L., who married R. Braithwait. Nesham is in the parish

* Camden's *Britannia.*

of Hurworth, a beautiful village three miles from Darlington, on the banks of the Tees, and noted as the place where Emerson the celebrated mathematician resided. In right of his wife Brathwait possessed the manor of Nesham, which afterwards passed out of the family, and was sold by Sir Charles Turner to a Mr Wrightson, who offered it again for sale.

Richmund.] "Built by Alan the first earl, and honoured by him with this name which signifies a rich mount."—*Camden.*

Middlam.] "Robert Fitz-Ralph had all Wentseddle bestow'd on him by Conanus earl of Bretagne and Richmond, and built a very strong castle at Middleham."—*Camden.*

Kendall.] A Charter of Incorporation was granted to this town in 18 Eliz., and another charter with additional privileges in the eleventh year of Charles I. The Itinerary being written when only the original charter existed, our author declares there was "nothing but a mayor wanted," which civic appointment was granted by the new charter. Probably the townspeople were applying for an extension of their privileges when the text was written, and after the obtainment of their request in 1636, it became necessary to add a record of it, by a note, which shows that additions were made long after the Itinerary was first written.

Si vitulum, &c.] From the third Eclogue of Virgil, but applied in a widely different sense, is on that account very neat.—*A.*

Malt-worm.] The following selection of passages, casually made, supply a further trait of the mannerism of our author, where he introduces a favourite metaphor of the worm; and the passages might probably be increased to every work he produced, with trifling labour.

O then thou earth-bred worme, why shouldest thou vant?—*Strappado for the Devil*, 1615.

Lick-wimbles, malt-wormes, vine-fretters, &c.—*Laws of Drinking*, 1617.

The gem soiled by a canker-worme.—As the glistering of the glow-worme from the light and splendour of the sunne.—The barraine braine-wormes of this time.—*The Smoaking Age*, 1617.

Cheering the wormes that on his body feed.—Death is wormes' caterer.—*Description of Death*, 1618.

Now, wormeling, let me speak.—*Discourse on moderate weeping*, 1618.

Thou sillie worme, compact of slimie mud.—Art thou a crauling worme, a feeble creature?—*Natvre's Embassie*, 1621.

Thou wouldst wonder how this dunghil-worm.—*Shepheard's Tales*, 1621.

And the sonne of man wormes meat.—Which these earth-wormes of ours can never do.—The very tetter or ring-worme that eats into womens good name.—*English Gentleman*, 1630.

A wittie, waggish, braine-worme.—This malt-worme encounters with a portion of Frontineacke.—This worme will turne againe.—These glo-wormes they are soiles to the purest paper.—Till this yealous earth-worme is forgot.—Most politickly compound upon indifferent tearmes with his malt-worms.—*Whimzies*, 1631.

Taking of a red-worme from his gall.—The folly of a poore-wormlin.—*Arcadian Princess*, 1635.

When corruption shall bee my mother and wormes my brethren and sisters.—*Spiritual Spicerie*, 1638.

The poore worme of herselfe neither greatly harmefull nor profitable.—By scurrilous or factious braine-wormes hatched.—*Survey of History*, 1638.

Engage my fancy to an earth-worm.—*Two Lancashire Lovers*, 1640.

A little worme may lye under a great stone.—*Boulster Lecture*, 1640.

Lodges for wormes.—Poor passionate worme.—Where the worme is ever gnawing.—An earth-worme stript of his estate.—*Penitent Pilgrim*, 1641.

The worm will turn again.—*Comment upon Chaucer*, 1665.

Oppression is such a ring-worm as it spreads all over the face of his estate.—*Captive Captain*, 1665.

Closing scene.] The *vale* here introduced enumerates above a hundred different places; and as several names are not before mentioned, it may be concluded they were places where our tourist only took a 'whet.' Indeed, if there is excepted the long chalking at Daintry; the armour at Mansfield; the night and day work at Kendall; a seven-days tarrying at Preston; and being no starter, when once housed at the Three Cranes, our said Barnabee cannot be deemed a loiterer. He is modelled for novelty and new quarters; following the author's adopted adage—

Unius noctis peramicus hospes,
Proximæ gratus minùs est amicis,
Tertiæ vultus patietur hostis
Dira minantis.

Guests of one night stay may be kindly welcome,
Guests of a next night are not held so toothsome,

Guests of a third night are reputed noisome
To the receiver.*

Malton.] In the *Strappado for the Diuell* is a long humoursome poem 'Vpon a Poets Palfrey, lying in Lauander, for the discharge of his Prouender,' which accords in part with the description here given—

" Here stands a beast that eats and has no teeth,
Wiske out and winches, and *yet has no tayle*,
Looks like death's-head, and yet he is not death,
Neighs like an asse, and crawleth like a snayle,
All bones above, no belly vnderneath,
Legg'd like a cammell, with a sea-horse foote,
' So bigg's his head he cannot be got out.' "

Rippon.] Brathwait had early experience of some of the tricks used by jockeys. The following lines from his character as the shepherd Technis confirm this presumption, when he

—— " did eat, did drinke, and merry make,
For no delight saue these did Technis take.
For I may say to you if so I had,
My lucke to *horse-flesh* had not beene so bad,
As by some yeeres experience I haue found:"——

Appleby.] The 'ancient seat' refers to the castle built there, "for its central as well as strong and beautiful situation in the barony." †

Hauxide.] This place, as well as a few others, are only named to say 'Farewell,' as though Barnabee made no long tarrying therein. For these partial

* *Survey of History*, 1638, p. 321.
† *History of Craven*, p. 350.

omissions it is difficult to assign a reason, unless it may be conjectured that it is not attributable to dearth of incident, but that Brathwait knew himself to be too intimately known in the neighbourhood of particular towns to remain, if they were described, long undiscovered as author of the poem. To notice one instance that must have been an intentional omission. He seems peculiarly anxious to avoid mentioning Catterick in his Itinerary; although Barnabee goes to Richmond and Middlam, and it was hardly probable, if even possible, in those days, for him to have gone from one to the other and avoid Catterick Bridge, and an inn there of great antiquity; always celebrated and even now one of the first in the North. Indeed the above conjecture seems tenable from the circumstance that Hauxide is omitted; and there a kinsman of our author resided, who obtained much popular influence and probably had property and a family established in that town. This appears by some lines "Vpon the late decease of his much lamented friend and kinsman Allen Nicholson, a zealous and industrious member both in Church and Commonweale."

Hauxide laments thy death, *Grasmyre* not so,
Wishing thou hadst beene dead ten yeeres agoe,
For then her market had not so beene done,
But had suruiu'd thy age in time to come:
And well may Hauxide grieue at thy departure,
Since shee receiu'd from thee her ancient charter, &c.*

Garestang.] Noted for an extraordinary breed of cattle. In May 1772, a gentleman refused 30 guineas for a three-year-old cow, sold a calf of a

* *Remains after death*, 1618.

month's age for ten guineas, and bulls for a hundred. He killed an ox weighing twenty-one stone per quarter, exclusive of hide, offal, &c. so that well might *honest Barnabee* at the beginning of the 17th century celebrate the cattle of that place, notwithstanding the misfortune he met with in one of its great fairs.—*A*.

Lonesdale.] The copy of the Itinerary already alluded to as possessed by Mr Wilson, contained the following sarcastic lines in manuscript—

Villa egena, populus elatus,
Templum damnosum ruiq; lautus,
Obelistus jam novatus.

A poor town, and a proud people,
An old church, and a new steeple.

Richmund.] "To Nesham with my *woman.*" Brathwait, for an unlaboured rhyme, applies what now appears a homely expression to his wife, whom he seeks on all occasions to extol as the model of her sex. In "*Free, yet Bound; an Epigram upon Marriage,*" he says—

—"Thanks to heauen, I haue got such an one,
Who though shee be no profest monitor,
Shall, as shee merits, be my counsellour ;
For shee is firme aboue comparison,
And loues all *Musique* saue *Division :*
Nor yet assumes shee to herselfe that power,
As her instructions were so absolute,
As first with reason shee should not dispute."*

Kendall.] Leland, in his Itinerary, remarks of Kendall, or Kirkby Kendall, "in the town is but one chirch ;" and therefore the pastor, whose example

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* *Times Curtaine Drawne*, 1621.

was so little attended to, is probably the same person who had many years before obtained the like notice from the author in addressing the inhabitants of Kendall.

"But of all blessings that were reckoned yet,
In my opinion there is none so great,
As that especiall one which they receiue,
By th' graue and reuerend Pastor which they haue,
Whose life and doctrine are so ioint together,
(As both sincere, there's no defect in either.)
For in him both Urim and Thummim be;
O that we had more pastors such as he:
For then in Sion should God's flocke encrease,
"Hauing such shepheards would not flea but fleece;
Thus what wants Kendal that she can desire,
Tyrer's her Pastor, and her selfe is Tyre;
He to instruct her people, she to bring
Wealth to her towne by forraine trafficking."

Address *to the Cottoneers*, 1615.

John Dory.] For the ballad of John Dory see Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 163. This lyrical piece continued popular near a century. It was first inserted in the *Deuteromelia: or the second part of Musicks melodie, or melodius musicke*," 1609. To the farce called *The Empress of Morocco*, 1674, 4to. (which was an humorous burlesque upon the Opera with similar title by E. Settle) there is attached an "Epilogue being a new fancy after the old, and most surprising way of Macbeth, perform'd with new and costly machines, which were invented and managed by the most ingenious operator Mr. Henry Wright, P.G.Q." which was introduced to the audience by "the most renowned and melodious song of *John Dory*, being heard as it were in the air sung in parts by Spirits, to raise the expectation and charm the audience with thoughts

sublime, and worthy of that heroick scene which follows."

In Playford's *Second Book of the Pleasant Musical Companion*, 1687, this ballad is succeeded by the well-known satire upon Sir John Suckling as "a second part of *John Dory* made to the same tune, upon Sir John S—— expedition into Scotland, 1639." The same collection contains a song on the power of women, to the tune of the Blacksmith, beginning

"Will you give me leave and I'll tell you a story,
Of what has been done by your fathers before ye,
It shall do you more good than ten of John Dory,
Which nobody can deny."

Barnabee's censure of those who had rather hear "pipe than sermon," and next bidding to "dance lively with John Dory," is similar to Brathwait's address to the Cottoneers, where, after morally recommending the advantages of Charity, he proceeds in the following singular manner—

"So time shall crowne you with an happy end,
And consummate the wishes of a friend;
So each (through peace of conscience) rapt with pleasure
Shall ioifully begin to dance his measure.
One footing actiuely *Wilson's* delight,
Descanting on this note, *I haue done what's right*,
Another ioying to be nam'd 'mongst them
Were made men-fishers of poore fisher-men.
The third as blith as any tongue can tell,
Because he's found a faithfull Samuel.
The fourth is chanting of his notes as gladly,
Keeping the tune for th' honour of *Arthur a Bradley*.*
The fifth so pranke, he scarce can stand on ground,
Asking who'll sing with him *Mal Dixon's* round?"

* This ballad is printed in the Appendix to Ritson's *Robin Hood*, 1795.

A new English version of this apology for *errata* appeared in poems by Lawrence Whyte, Dub. 1742, 12mo.—*Park.*

It was the fashion of that age for authors to implore favour of the reader for the supposed discrepancies of the press. One contemporary instance may be cited from a volume of considerable rarity entitled: *Marsh his mickle Monument*, 1645. A copy that belonged to the author has the following lines in manuscript—

The printer was too blame, for hee hath made
  My verse speak nonsence, in a many places :
But gentle reader let mee now perswade
  Thee for to help to mend theyr halting paces :
And whatsoere I put to printing next,
  Ile watch him so hee shall not mar the text.

JOHN MARSH.

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*** The references to the *Itinerary* itself and to the *Notes* are given by signatures.

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